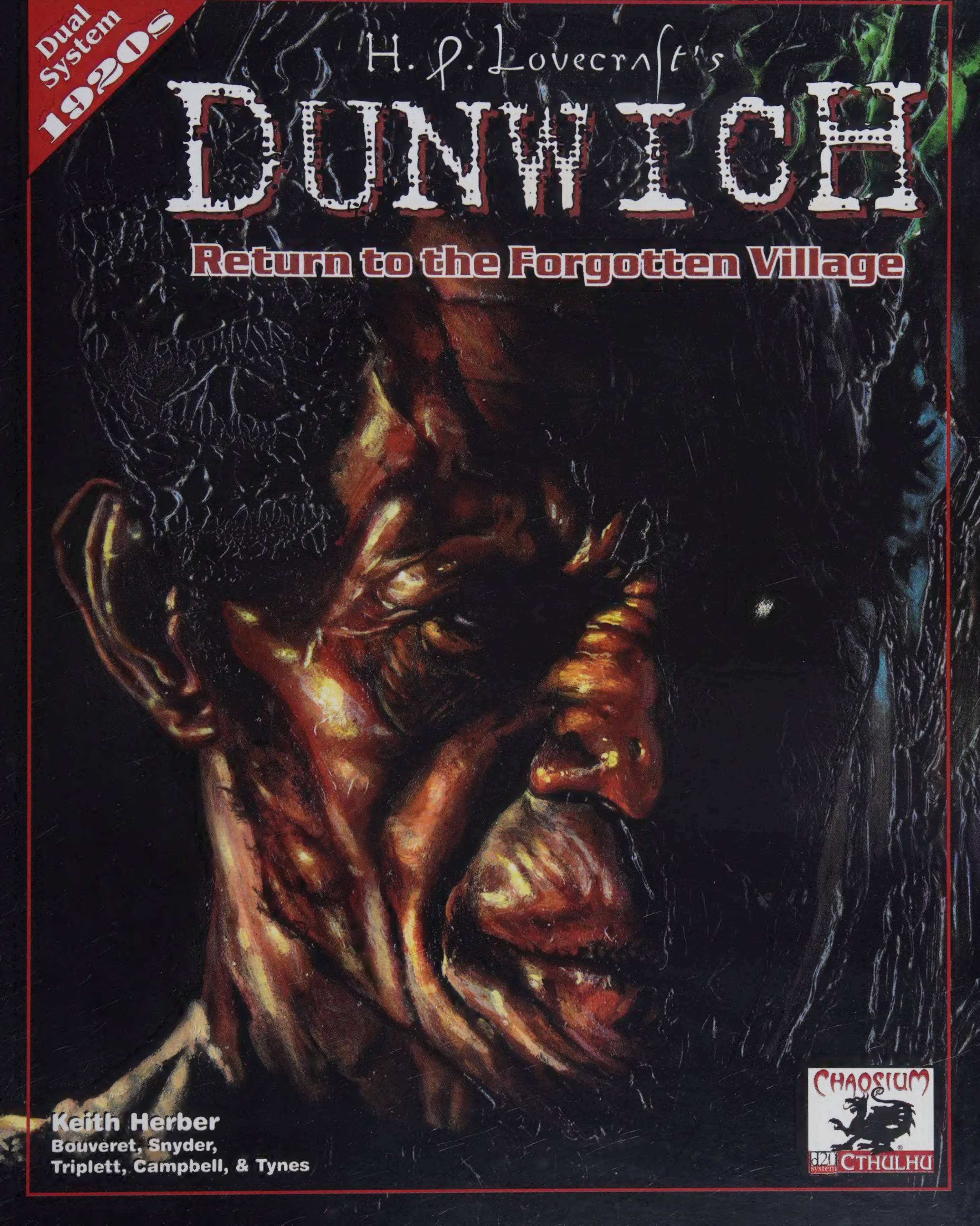
CALL OF CTHULHU® 8802

Dual System
1920s

H. P. Lovecraft's

DUNWICH

Return to the Forgotten Village



Keith Herber
Bouveret, Snyder,
Triplett, Campbell, & Tynes

CHAOSIUM
d20 system
CTHULHU

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

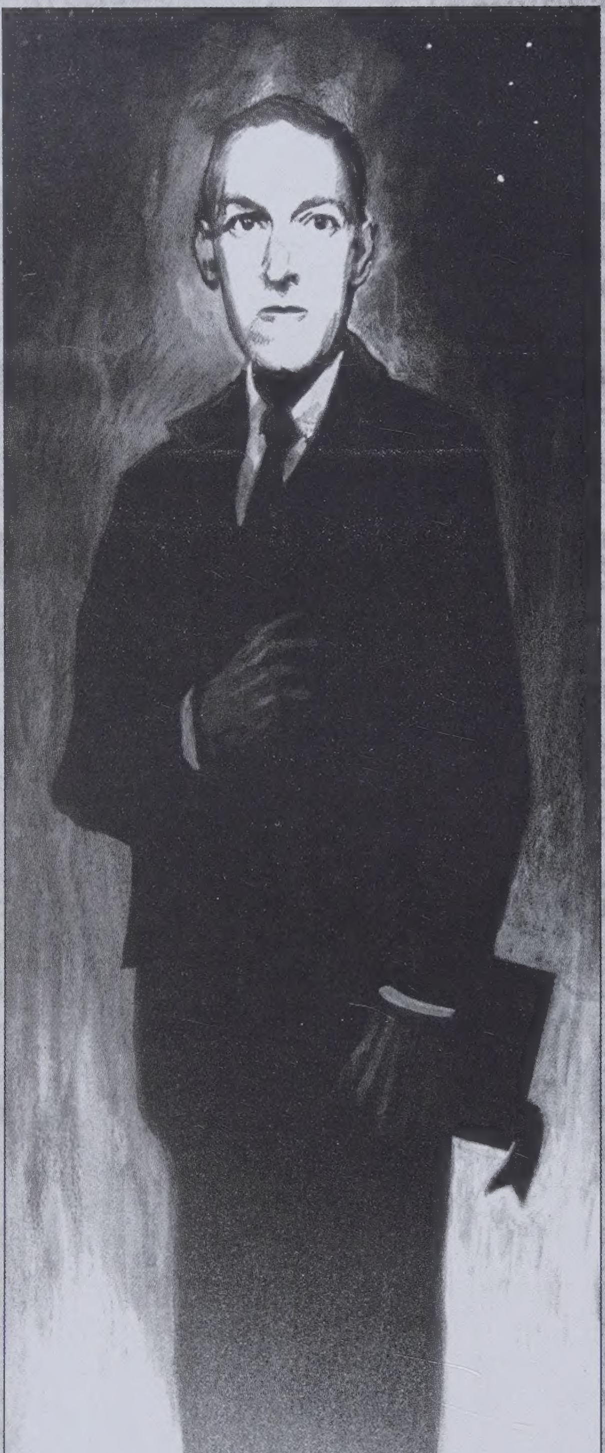
https://archive.org/details/hplovecraftsdunw0000keit

H. P. Lovecraft's

DUNWICH

Adventures and Background
for a Forgotten Village
in Lovecraft Country

Published August 2002
Originally published May 1991
as "Return to Dunwich"



H. P. Lovecraft

1890-1937

For my Aunt Shirley.

Thanks for the support, the backing, and everything else.
Over the years you've done more for me than
you'll probably ever realize.
—Keith Herber.

H.P. Lovecraft's Dunwich is published by Chaosium Inc.

H.P. Lovecraft's Dunwich is copyright © 1991, 2002 by Chaosium Inc.; all rights reserved.

Call of Cthulhu® is the registered trademark of Chaosium Inc.

Similarities between characters in *H.P. Lovecraft's Dunwich* and persons living or dead are strictly coincidental.

H. P. Lovecraft's works are copyright © 1963, 1964 1965 by August Derleth and are quoted for purposes of illustration.

Except in this publication and related advertising, or unless otherwise agreed to, artwork original to *H.P. Lovecraft's Dunwich* remains the property of the individual artist, and is copyright by that artist under his or her separate copyright.

This Chaosium Inc. product contains no Open Game Content. No portion of this work may be reproduced in any form without written permission.

To learn more about the Open Game License and the d20 System License, please visit www.wizards.com/d20.

This d20 System supplement utilizes mechanics developed for the new *Dungeons & Dragons* game by Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Richard Baker, and Peter Adkison.

D&D, Dungeons & Dragons, Wizards of the Coast and the Wizards of the Coast Logo are registered trademarks owned by Wizards of the Coast, a subsidiary of Hasbro, Inc. The d20 System logo is a trademark owned by Wizards of the Coast, Inc. See www.wizards.com/cthulhu for more infomation about the d20 edition of *Call of Cthulhu*.

"Goin' Down to Dunwich" © 2002 The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, used with permission. www.holycow.com/thickets for more information

Address questions and comments by mail to
Chaosium, Inc.
900 Murmansk Street, Suite 5
Oakland CA 94607-5018 U.S.A.
Please do not phone in game questions; the quickest answer may not be the best answer. Our web site **www.chaosium.com** always contains the latest release information and current prices.

Chaosium publication 8802. ISBN 1-56882-164-6.

Published in August 2002. Printed in the United States.

H. P. Lovecraft's

DUNWICH

Keith Herber

original text

introduction: Keith Herber

d20 System conversions: Brian Campbell

"Earth, Sky, Soul": John Tynes

layout: David Mitchell and Ben Monroe

editorial: Lynn Willis

based on the page design from: Pegasus Spiele

cover painting: Philippe Bouveret

interior illustrations: John T. Snyder and Paul Carrick

maps: Carol Triplett-Smith

Chaosium is: Lynn Willis, Charlie Krank,
Ben Monroe, David Mitchell, Dustin Wright,
& various odd critters

CHAOSIUM® INC.

Table of Contents

Introduction 5
Lovecraft Country 6-7

"The Dunwich Horror" 9

Welcome to Dunwich 27
Chronology 29-32
Village Directory 35

Secrets of Dunwich 37
Dunwich Village 41
The Mill Area 60

A Guide to Dunwich Environs 64
Region 1: Divide Ridge 64
Region 2: Sulfur Springs 71
Region 3: North Fork Valley 74
Region 4: Prescott/Dunlock Valley 79
Region 5: Sentinel Hill 87
Region 6: Eastern Uplands 95
Region 7: Wheeler Ridge 100
Region 8: Dunwich Valley 105
Region 9: Indian Hill 113

The Underground 119
The Upper Caves 120
The Mi-go Complex 131
The Greater Caverns 133
The Pyramid 135

Adventures

Return to Dunwich 140
Earth, Sky, Soul 151

Appendices

Appendix 1: The Dunwich Horror 155
Appendix 2: Mysteries, Legends, and Rumors 161
Appendix 3: d20 System Conversions 165
Appendix 4: Player Handouts 175

Introduction

Outsiders visit Dunwich as seldom as possible, and since a certain season of horror, all the sign boards pointing toward it have been taken down.

—H. P. Lovecraft, "The Dunwich Horror."

H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich is the first book in the Lovecraft Country series to be revised for use with both the Chaosium and the d20 versions of the *Call of Cthulhu* roleplaying game. Although designed to stand alone, *H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich* can be used in conjunction with other books in the series, such as *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham, H. P. Lovecraft's Innsmouth, H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport,* and *Beyond the Mountains of Madness.*

This volume is based on Lovecraft's tale "The Dunwich Horror," but goes beyond the narrow region described in that story to outline and describe more than 100 square miles of farmland and wilderness territory surrounding the centuries old village. All of Lovecraft's characters are described, as well as numerous other residents.

For the enjoyment of the keeper, we have presented the complete text of H. P. Lovecraft's "The Dunwich Horror." There is no better source for delving into the atmosphere of inbred decay of the area. Keepers who have not yet read the story are strongly recommended to do so before reading the rest of the book. Players should also be encouraged to read the story. This book was written keeping in mind that many players will be familiar with the events of the story. It has been designed so that knowledge of the story will not detract from a player's enjoyment, but in fact enhance his adventure.

The scenario included with this book, "Return to Dunwich," is a comprehensive adventure that picks up where "The Dunwich Horror" leaves off. Both the keeper and investigators have an opportunity to get to know Dunwich and explore the larger area. The scenario begins in Arkham, but most of the adventure takes place in the township itself. Also included is an appendix with a synopsis of events surrounding the Dunwich Horror and statistics for some of the more important characters. Keepers may use this information to devise their own scenarios based on the story.

In addition, this book also includes "Earth, Sky, Soul," a mini-adventure/encounter that can be incorporated into a larger scenario taking place in Dunwich. This adventure was first printed in *The Unspeakable Oath* fanzine, issue four, Fall 1991.

For keepers who wish to use this book with the d20 version of the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, allowances have been made. In every instance where a task roll is called for we have given both the Classic Cthulhu and d20 Cthulhu requirements. d20 System information is always in brackets: for instance, "[INT, DC 11]" means "Intelligence check at DC 11," while [Knowledge (geology), DC 16]" means "Knowledge (geology) check at DC 16." Furthermore, Appendix 3 offers the d20 statistics for every creature and character encountered in the book.

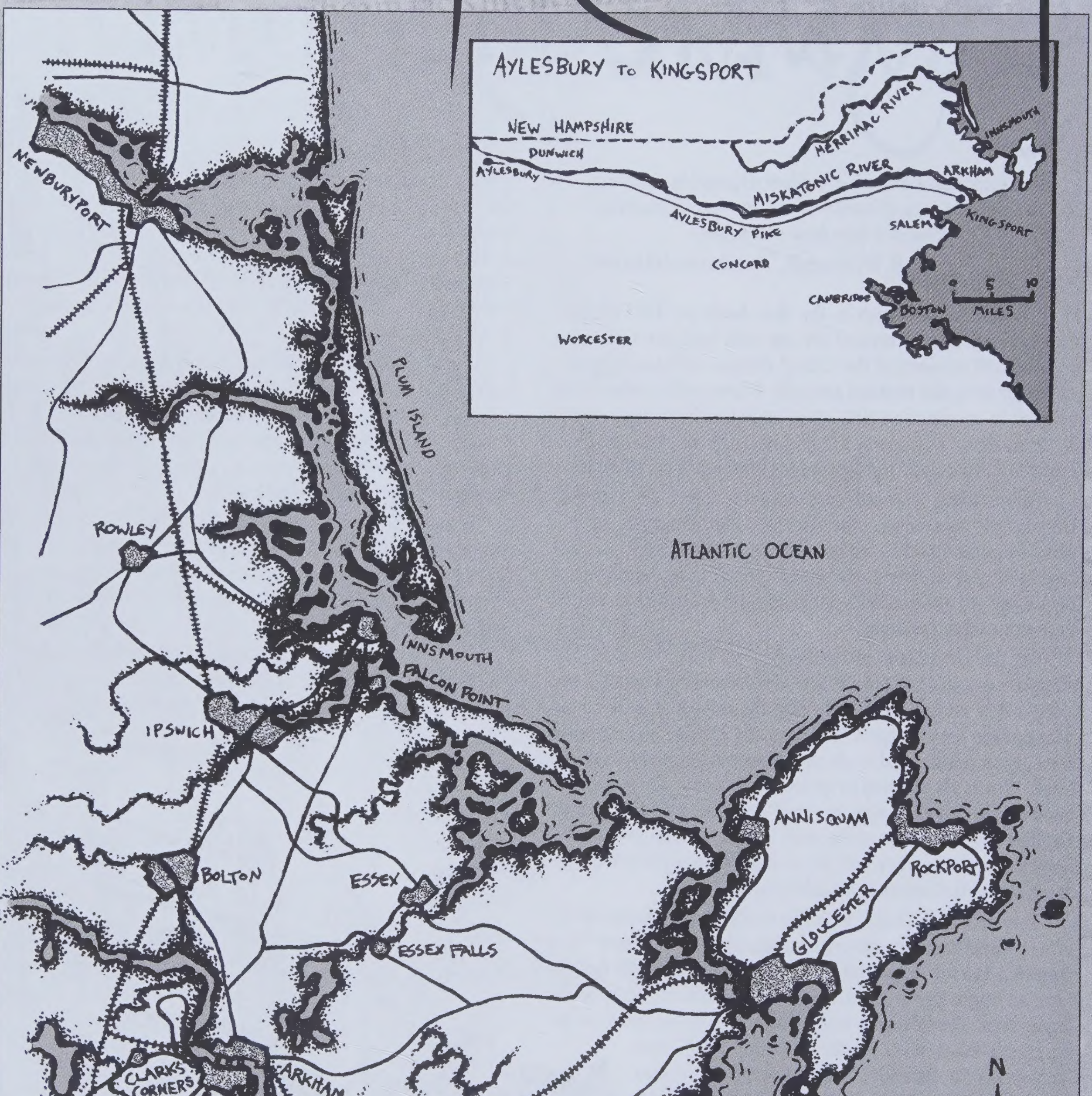
The large foldout map of Dunwich is to be used by players to find their way around. Smaller maps detailing the village and nine different regions of the township are found within the book. These maps are designed so the keeper can add his own creations to Dunwich, including new people, farms, or points of interest simply by sketching them in.

Keepers should feel free to customize Dunwich to suit their own taste. Change or eliminate characters as you see fit. The many abandoned farms in the area are waiting to be occupied by special characters or things the keeper might wish to see in his version of Dunwich.

The following people deserve special thanks for help with this project: Jackie Blake, Brian Campbell, David Ray Condon, Kevin Ross, Lynn Willis, Tom Esposito, and Scott Aniolowski.

AYLESBURY 20 MILES
DEANS CORNER 1 MILE
JOHN SNYDER

Lovecraft Country


AYLESBURY TO KINGSPORT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
MERRIMAC RIVER
INNSMOUTH
DUNWICH
AYLESBURY
MISKATONIC RIVER
ARKHAM
AYLESBURY PIKE
SALEM
KINGSPORT
CONCORD
CAMBRIDGE
BOSTON
0 5 10
MILES
WORCESTER
NEWBURYPORT
PLUM ISLAND
ROWLEY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INNSMOUTH
FALCON POINT
IPSWICH
ANNISQUAM
ROCKPORT
GLOUCESTER
BOLTON
ESSEX
ESSEX FALLS
CLARK'S CORNERS
ARKHAM
BEVERLY
MANCHESTER
MARTIN'S BEACH
KINGSPORT
SALEM
Lovecraft Country
MASSACHUSETTS
0 1 2 3 4 5 6
MILES
-ROAD
-RIVER
-RAILROAD
N
W
E
S

Lovecraft Country is a land located in the northeast of Massachusetts. The most important portion stretches along the Miskatonic river valley, from Dunwich in the far west to where it enters the Atlantic Ocean, between Arkhm, Kingsport, and Martin's Beach. References to other books in the Lovecraft Country series are noted when they contain central information.

Annisquam—A summer resort community that is located within Gloucester (see below).

Arkham—pop. 22,562, settled in 1692, incorporated in 1699. Textiles form the bulk of the present industry. Home of Miskatonic University. Mysterious sitings have occurred in the nearby Billington's Woods and at Nahum Gardner's farm, both located west of town. Detailed in *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham.*

Aylesbury—pop. 16,539, founded in 1802 on the site of the former village of Broton. A planned industrial city financed by Arkham and Boston industrialists. Textiles are the main industry.

Beverly—pop. 27,478, settled in 1626 as part of Salem, incorporated in 1688. Home of the first cotton mill in the U.S. (1788). Shoes and shoe manufacturing machinery are its main industries.

Bolton—pop. 15,539, founded in 1650. An industrial town specializing in shoes, leather goods, and textiles.

Boston—pop. 782,623, first settled in 1630. The capital of Massachusetts. Site of Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, the Boston Massacre, and the Boston Tea Party. Important libraries include the Boston Public Library with over a million volumes, The Boston Athenaeum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the New England Historial Genealogical library, and the the Boston Society of Natural History. Major industries include printing and publishing, men's and women's clothing, and shipping. Boston is an international port.

Cambridge—pop 124,451, first settled in 1630. Home of Harvard University, Radcliffe college, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Cambridge is the site of the first printing press in America. Industries include printing and publishing, and the manufacture of soap, candy, and electrical apparatus.

Concord—pop. 7056, founded 1635. Site of "the shot heard round the world." Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, and Louisa May Alcott.

Danvers—pop. 11,893, located approximately three miles west of Beverly. Settled in 1626 and until 1757 known as Salem Village. The center of witchcraft activity in 1692 and the birthplace of Israel Putnam. Nearby is the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Insane.

Dean's Corners—pop. 83, settled in 1821. A small town on the Aylesbury Pike, last stop before Aylesbury. Originally a stop on the stage line, now Dean's Corners occasionally trades with motorists on their way to Aylesbury. A combined Boston Society for American Indian Research and Miskatonic University archeological Dig is being conducted just a few miles southeast. Detailed in *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley.*

Dunwich—pop. 373, settled in 1692. A small farming community. Formerly the site of several large lumber mills. Dark forces seem ascendent among the decadent inhabitants of Dunwich.

Essex—pop. 1654, first settled in 1634, incorporated in 1819. Famous for its small shipyards and its clam beds.

Falcon Point—pop. 56, settled in 1696. A small fishing village just south of Innsmouth. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth* and *Adventures in Arkham Country.*

Fitchburg—pop. 45,448, located ten miles southeast of Dunwich, past the Aylesbury Pike. Incorporated in 1764. It is a large paper manufacturing industry and a Worcester county seat.

Framingham—pop. 25,118, located fifteen miles west of Boston. first settled in 1640, incorporated 1700. Industries include straw hats, boots and shoes, rubber goods, boilers, and patent medicines. It is the seat of the state arsenal and the location of the state reformatory for women.

Gloucester—pop. 25,101, first settled by English fishermen in 1623, incorporated 1642. A popular summer resort and the greatest salt-water fishing port in the U.S. Within the city limits is the summer resort community of Annisquam.

Innsmouth—pop. 367, founded in 1643. Originally active in the China trade. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. Fishing is the main industry. A small gold refinery is still in operation. Innsmouth is being controlled by the decadent Marsh family, and for years there have been hints of a malevolent force living beneath the sea, at nearby Devil's Reef. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth.*

Ipswich—pop. 6098, first settled in 1633 as Aggawam, incorporated in 1634. A popular summer resort and site of the oldest arched bridge in America. The home to the Rev. Nathaniel Ward.

Kingsport—pop. 7834, founded in 1639, incorporated in 1651. Home port of numerous privateers during the Revolutionary War. A summer resort and artist colony, fishing is the main industry. Rumors abound of a strange fire cult worshiping beneath the streets of Kingsport. Detailed in *H. P. Lovecraft Kingsport* and *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley.*

Lexington—pop. 7785, located five miles northwest of Cambridge along the 3. Founded 1642. Site of the first armed conflict of the American Revolution and the destination of Paul Revere's ride. Truck gardening and dairying are the principal industries.

Lowell—pop. 114,759, located ten miles north of Concord on the Merrimac River. Incorporated in 1826. Home to many textile mills and the birthplace of James McNeil Whistler. A Middlesex county seat.

Lynn—pop. 106,081, located five miles southwest of Salem. Founded 1629. An industrial city famous for its shoes and boots, an industry it began in 1636. The first smelting works in New England were established here in 1643.

Manchester—pop. 2599, settled 1630. A resort area thought by some to be the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast and a favorite summer residence with many foreign diplomats.

Marblehead—pop. 8414, located just southeast of Salem. Settled in 1629, seperated from Salem in 1649. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. A popular summer resort and a yacheting center. Principal industries include the manufacture of children's shoes, fishing, and yacht and launch building. Claimed by some to be "the birthplace of the American Navy."

Martin's Beach—pop. 867, first settled in 1644. A small fishing village and vacation spot. On occasion, a strange creature has been seen in the ocean. Detailed in *Dead Reckonings.*

Mayotteville—pop. 1,997, founded in 1667 by settlers from Bolton, located just a few miles down the road. Recently the source of a strange winged apparition. Detailed in *Adventures in Arkham Country.*

Newburyport—pop. 16,618, settled in 1635, separated from Newbury in 1764. A manufacturing town and shipping port, Newburyport was active in privateering during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. The town was also famous for its smugglers and before the Civil War an active fishing, whaling, and trading port. An Essex county seat.

Peabody—pop. 21,677, located just west of Salem, which it was originally part of. It was incorporated in 1855. The town specializes in the manufacture of leather, leather-working machinery, and cotton goods.

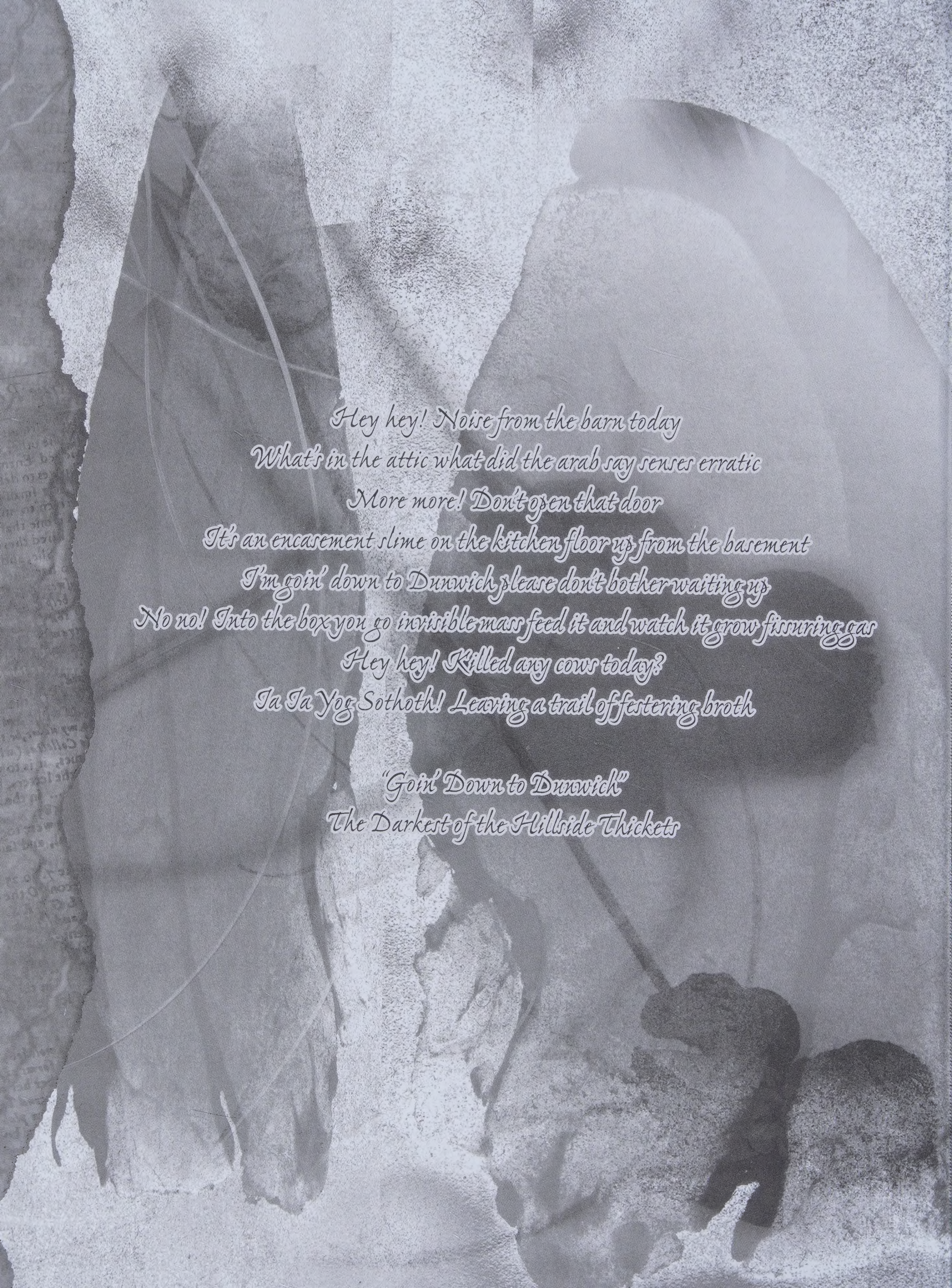
Quincy—pop. 67,655, originally settled in 1625 as Merry Mount, a community reputed to have danced around maypoles and worshipped Dagon. The original settlers were finally driven off by members of the nearby Puritan communities. Now the home of modern naval shipyards. The birthplace of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and John Hancock.

Rockport—pop 2345, originally settled in 1690, seperated from Gloucester in 1840. A summer resort famous for its large artist colony.

Salem—pop. 44,688, founded in 1626 by Roger Conant. Site of the Salem witch trials of 1692 and birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Salem was once very active in the China trade and was home of America's first millionaire, Elias Haskett Derby. The town launched many privateers during the Seven Years War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. Home of the Essex Institute, the Peabody Maritime Museum, and the Salem Athenaeum.

Waltham—pop. 38,144, located ten miles west of Cambridge along the 117. Incorporated 1738. Home of the world's largest watch factory and the site of the first cotton power mill in America (1814).

Worcester—pop. 197,788, first settled in 1657 but twice abandoned due to Indian attacks, first in 1675 then in 1702. Incorporated in 1722. Industries include wire and wire products. The home of Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic, the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross, and Assumption college. Site of the American Antiquarian Society, the Worcester Natural History Society, and the Worcester Historical Society, all with mueseums and libraries. Home at one time or another to Elias Howe, Eli Whitney, Dorothea Lynde Dix, and Clara Barton. ■



Hey hey! Noise from the barn today
What's in the attic what did the arab say senses erratic
More more! Don't open that door
It's an encasement slime on the kitchen floor up from the basement
I'm goin' down to Dunwich please don't bother waiting up
No no! Into the box you go invisible mass feed it and watch it grow fissuring gas
Hey hey! Killed any cows today?
Ia Ia Yog Sothoth! Leaving a trail of festering broth

"Goin' Down to Dunwich"
The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets

The Dunwich Horror

by H. P. Lovecraft

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras—dire stories of Celaeno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. *They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false come to affect us at all? Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? O, least of all!* These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—*or without the body, they would have been the same.... That the kind of fear here treated is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless on earth, that it predominates in the period of our sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.*

—Charles Lamb: "Witches and Other Night-Fears"

i

When a traveller in north central Massachusetts takes the wrong fork at the junction of the Aylesbury pike just beyond Dean's Corners he comes upon a lonely and curious country. The ground gets higher, and the brier-bordered stone walls press closer and closer against the ruts of the dusty, curving road. The trees of the frequent forest belts seem too large, and the wild weeds, brambles, and grasses attain a luxuriance not often found in settled regions. At the same time the planted fields appear singularly few and barren; while the sparsely scattered houses wear a surprisingly uniform aspect of age, squalor, and dilapidation. Without knowing why, one hesitates to ask directions from the gnarled, solitary figures spied now and then on crumbling doorsteps or on the sloping, rock-strown meadows. Those figures are so silent and furtive that one feels somehow confronted by forbidden things, with which it would be better to have nothing to do. When a rise in the road brings the mountains in view above the deep woods, the feeling of strange uneasiness is increased. The summits are too rounded and symmetrical to give a sense of comfort and naturalness, and sometimes the sky silhouettes with especial clearness the queer circles of tall stone pillars with which most of them are crowned.

Gorges and ravines of problematical depth intersect the way, and the crude wooden bridges always seem of dubious safety. When the road dips again there are stretches of marshland that one instinctively dislikes, and indeed almost fears at evening when unseen whippoorwills chatter and the fireflies come out in abnormal profusion to dance to the raucous, creepily insistent rhythms of stridently piping bull-frogs. The thin, shining line of the Miskatonic's upper reaches has an oddly serpent-like suggestion as it winds close to the feet of the domed hills among which it rises.

As the hills draw nearer, one heeds their wooded sides more than their stone-crowned tops. Those sides loom up so darkly and precipitously that one wishes they would keep their distance, but there is no road by which to escape them. Across a covered bridge one sees a small village huddled between the stream and the vertical slope of Round Mountain, and wonders at the cluster of rotting gambrel roofs bespeaking an earlier architectural period than that of the neighbouring region. It is not reassuring to see, on a closer glance, that most of the houses are deserted and falling to ruin, and that the broken-steepled church now harbours the one slovenly mercantile establishment of the hamlet. One dreads to trust the tenebrous tunnel of the bridge, yet there is no way to avoid it. Once across, it is hard to prevent the impression of a faint, malign odour about the village street, as of the massed mould and decay of centuries. It is always a relief to get clear of the place, and to follow the narrow road around the base of the hills and across the level country beyond till it rejoins the Aylesbury pike. Afterward one sometimes learns that one has been through Dunwich.

Outsiders visit Dunwich as seldom as possible, and since a certain season of horror all the signboards pointing toward it have been taken down. The scenery, judged by any ordinary aesthetic canon, is more than commonly beautiful; yet there is no influx of artists or summer tourists. Two centuries ago, when talk of witchblood, Satan-worship, and strange forest presences was not laughed at, it was the custom to give reasons for avoiding the locality. In our sensible age—since the Dunwich horror of 1928 was hushed up by those who had the town's and the world's welfare at heart—people shun it without knowing exactly why. Perhaps one reason—though it cannot apply to uninformed strangers—is that the natives are now repellently decadent, having gone far along that path of retrogression so common in many New England backwaters. They have come to form a race by themselves, with the well-defined mental and physical stigmata of degeneracy and inbreeding. The average of their intelligence is woefully low, whilst their annals reek of overt viciousness and of half-hidden murders, incests, and deeds of almost unnamable violence and perversity. The old gentry, representing the two or three armigerous families which came from Salem in 1692, have kept somewhat above the general level of decay; though many branches are sunk into the sordid populace so deeply that only their names remain as a key to the origin they disgrace. Some of the Whateleys and Bishops still send their eldest sons to Harvard and Miskatonic, though those sons seldom return to the mouldering gambrel roofs under which they and their ancestors were born.

No one, even those who have the facts concerning the recent horror, can say just what is the matter with Dunwich; though old legends speak of unhallowed rites and conclaves of the Indians, amidst which they called forbidden shapes of shadow out of the great rounded hills, and made wild orgiastic prayers that were answered by loud crackings and rumblings from the ground below. In 1747 the Reverend Abijah Hoadley, newly come to the Congregational Church at Dunwich Village, preached a memorable sermon on the close presence of Satan and his imps; in which he said:

> "It must be allow'd, that these Blasphemies of an infernall Train of Daemons are Matters of too common Knowledge to be deny'd; the cursed Voices of *Azazel* and *Buzrael*, of *Beelzebub* and *Belial*, being heard now from under Ground by above a Score of credible Witnesses now living. I my self did not more than a Fortnight ago catch a very plain Discourse of evill Powers in the Hill behind my House; wherein there were a Rattling and Rolling, Groaning, Screeching, and Hissing, such as no Things of this Earth cou'd raise up, and which must needs have come from those Caves that only black Magick can discover, and only the Divell unlock."

Mr. Hoadley disappeared soon after delivering this sermon; but the text, printed in Springfield, is still extant. Noises in the hills continued to be reported from year to year, and still form a puzzle to geologists and physiographers.

Other traditions tell of foul odours near the hill-crowning circles of stone pillars, and of rushing airy presences to be heard faintly at certain hours from stated points at the bottom of the great ravines; while still others try to explain the Devil's Hop Yard—a bleak, blasted hillside where no tree, shrub, or grass-blade will grow. Then too, the natives are mortally afraid of the numerous whippoorwills which grow vocal on warm nights. It is vowed that the birds are psychopomps lying in wait for the souls of the dying, and that they time their eerie cries in unison with the sufferer's struggling breath. If they can catch the fleeing soul when it leaves the body, they instantly flutter away chittering in daemoniac laughter; but if they fail, they subside gradually into a disappointed silence.

These tales, of course, are obsolete and ridiculous; because they come down from very old times. Dunwich is indeed ridiculously old—older by far than any of the communities within thirty miles of it. South of the village one may still spy the cellar walls and chimney of the ancient Bishop house, which was built before 1700; whilst the ruins of the mill at the falls, built in 1806, form the most modern piece of architecture to be seen. Industry did not flourish here, and the nineteenth-century factory movement proved short-lived. Oldest of all are the great rings of rough-hewn stone columns on the hill-tops, but these are more generally attributed to the Indians than to the settlers. Deposits of skulls and bones, found within these circles and around the sizeable table-like rock on Sentinel Hill, sustain the popular belief that such spots were once the burial-places of the Pocumtucks; even though many ethnologists, disregarding the absurd improbability of such a theory, persist in believing the remains Caucasian.

II

It was in the township of Dunwich, in a large and partly inhabited farmhouse set against a hillside four miles from the village and a mile and a half from any other dwelling, that Wilbur Whateley was born at 5 a.m. on Sunday, the second of February, 1913. This date was recalled because it was Candlemas, which people in Dunwich curiously observe under another name; and because the noises in the hills had sounded, and all the dogs of the countryside had barked persistently, throughout the night before. Less worthy of notice was the fact that the mother was one of the decadent Whateleys, a somewhat deformed, unattractive albino woman of thirty-five, living with an aged and half-insane father about whom the most frightful tales of wizardry had been whispered in his youth. Lavinia Whateley had no known husband, but according to the custom of the region made no attempt to disavow the child; concerning the other side of whose ancestry the country folk might—and did—speculate as widely as they chose. On the contrary, she seemed strangely proud of the dark, goatish-looking infant who formed such a contrast to her own sickly and pink-eyed albinism, and was heard to mutter many curious prophecies about its unusual powers and tremendous future.

Lavinia was one who would be apt to mutter such things, for she was a lone creature given to wandering amidst thunderstorms in the hills and trying to read the great odorous books which her father had inherited through two centuries of Whateleys, and which were fast falling to pieces with age and worm-holes. She had never been to school, but was filled with disjointed scraps of ancient lore that Old Whateley had taught her. The remote farmhouse had always been feared because of Old Whateley's reputation for black magic, and the unexplained death by violence of Mrs. Whateley when Lavinia was twelve years old had not helped to make the place popular. Isolated among strange influences, Lavinia was fond of wild and grandiose day-dreams and singular occupations; nor was her leisure much taken up by household cares in a home from which all standards of order and cleanliness had long since disappeared.

There was a hideous screaming which echoed above even the hill noises and the dogs' barking on the night Wilbur was born, but no known doctor or midwife presided at his coming. Neighbours knew nothing of him till a week afterward, when Old Whateley drove his sleigh through the snow into Dunwich Village and discoursed incoherently to the group of loungers at Osborn's general store. There seemed to be a change in the old man—an added element of furtiveness in the clouded brain which subtly transformed him from an object to a subject of fear—though he was not one to be perturbed by any common family event. Amidst it all he skewed some trace of the pride later noticed in his daughter, and what he said of the child's paternity was remembered by many of his hearers years afterward.

"I dun't keer what folks think—ef Lavinny's boy looked like his pa, he wouldn't look like nothin' ye expeck. Ye needn't think the only folks is the folks hereabaouts. Lavinny's read some, an' has seed some things the most o' ye only tell abaout. I calc'late her man is as good a husban' as ye kin find this side of Aylesbury; an' of ye knowed as much abaout the hills as I dew, ye wouldn't ast no better church weddin' nor her'n. Let me tell ye suthin'—*some day yew folks'll hear a child o'Lavinny's a-callin' its father's name on the top o' Sentinel Hill!*"

The only persons who saw Wilbur during the first month of his life were old Zechariah Whateley, of the undecayed Whateleys, and Earl Sawyer's common-law wife, Mamie Bishop. Mamie's visit was frankly one of curiosity, and her subsequent tales did justice to her observations; but Zechariah came to lead a pair of Alderney cows which Old Whateley had bought off his son Curtis. This marked the beginning of a course of cattle-buying on the part of small Wilbur's family which ended only in 1928, when the Dunwich horror came and went; yet at no time did the ramshackle Whateley barn seem overcrowded with livestock. There came a period when people were curious enough to steal up and count the herd that grazed precariously on the steep hillside above the old farmhouse, and they could never find more than ten or twelve anaemic, bloodless-looking specimens. Evidently some blight or distemper, perhaps sprung from the unwholesome pasturage or the diseased fungi and timbers of the filthy barn, caused a heavy mortality amongst the Whateley animals. Odd wounds or sores, having something of the aspect of incisions, seemed to afflict the visible cattle; and once or twice during the earlier months certain callers fancied they could discern similar sores about the throats of the grey, unshaven old man and his slatternly, crinkly-haired albino daughter.

In the spring after Wilbur's birth Lavinia resumed her customary rambles in the hills, bearing in her misproportioned arms the swarthy child. Public interest in the Whateleys subsided after most of the country folk had seen the baby, and no one bothered to comment on the swift development which that newcomer seemed every day to exhibit. Wilbur's growth was indeed phenomenal, for within three months of his birth he had attained a size and muscular power not usually found in infants under a full year of age. His motions and even his vocal sounds shewed a restraint and deliberateness highly peculiar in an infant, and no one was really unprepared when, at seven months, he began to walk unassisted, with falterings which another month was sufficient to remove.

It was somewhat after this time—on Hallowe'en—that a great blaze was seen at midnight on the top of Sentinel Hill where the old table-like stone stands amidst its tumulus of ancient bones. Considerable talk was started when Silas Bishop—of the undecayed Bishops—mentioned having seen the boy running sturdily up that hill ahead of his mother about an hour before the blaze was remarked. Silas was rounding up a stray heifer, but he nearly forgot his mission when he fleetingly spied the two figures in the dim light of his lantern. They darted almost noiselessly through the underbrush, and the astonished watcher seemed to think they were entirely unclothed. Afterward he could not be sure about the boy, who may have had some kind of a fringed belt and a pair of dark trunks or trousers on. Wilbur was never subsequently seen alive and conscious without complete and tightly buttoned attire, the disarrangement or threatened disarrangement of which always seemed to fill him with anger and alarm. His contrast with his squalid mother and grandfather in this respect was thought very notable until the horror of 1928 suggested the most valid of reasons.

The next January gossips were mildly interested in the fact that "Lavinny's black brat" had commenced to talk, and at the age of only eleven months. His speech was somewhat remarkable both because of its difference from the ordinary accents of the region, and because it displayed a freedom from infantile lisping of which many children of three or four might well be proud. The boy was not talkative, yet when he spoke he seemed to reflect some elusive element wholly unpossessed by Dunwich and its denizens. The strangeness did not reside in what he said, or even in the simple idioms he used; but seemed vaguely linked with his intonation or with the internal organs that produced the spoken sounds. His facial aspect, too, was remarkable for its maturity; for though he shared his mother's and grandfather's chinlessness, his firm and precociously shaped nose united with the expression of his large, dark, almost Latin eyes to give him an air of quasi-adulthood and well-nigh preternatural intelligence. He was, however, exceedingly ugly despite his appearance of brilliancy; there being something almost goatish or animalistic about his thick lips, large-pored, yellowish skin, coarse crinkly hair, and oddly elongated ears. He was soon disliked even more decidedly than his mother and grandsire, and all conjectures about him were spiced with references to the bygone magic of Old Whateley, and how the hills once shook when he shrieked the dreadful name of *Yog-Sothoth* in the midst of a circle of stones with a great book open in his arms before him. Dogs abhorred the boy, and he was always obliged to take various defensive measures against their barking menace.

• • •

III

Meanwhile Old Whateley continued to buy cattle without measurably increasing the size of his herd. He also cut timber and began to repair the unused parts of his house—a spacious, peaked-roofed affair whose rear end was buried entirely in the rocky hillside, and whose three least-ruined ground-floor rooms had always been sufficient for himself and his daughter. There must have been prodigious reserves of strength in the old man to enable him to accomplish so much hard labour; and though he still babbled dementedly at times, his carpentry seemed to shew the effects of sound calculation. It had already begun as soon as Wilbur was born, when one of the many tool-sheds had been put suddenly in order, clapboarded, and fitted with a stout fresh lock. Now, in restoring the abandoned upper story of the house, he was a no less thorough craftsman. His mania shewed itself only in his tight boarding-up of all the windows in the reclaimed section—though many declared that it was a crazy thing to bother with the reclamation at all. Less inexplicable was his fitting up of another downstairs room for his new grandson—a room which several callers saw, though no one was ever admitted to the closely boarded upper story. This chamber he lined with tall, firm shelving; along which he began gradually to arrange, in apparently careful order, all the rotting ancient books and parts of books which during his own day had been heaped promiscuously in odd corners of the various rooms.

"I made some use of 'em," he would say as he tried to mend a torn black-letter page with paste prepared on the rusty kitchen stove, "but the boy's fitten to make better use of 'em. He'd orter hev 'em as well sot as he kin, for they're goin' to be all of his larnin'."

When Wilbur was a year and seven months old—in September of 1914—his size and accomplishments were almost alarming. He had grown as large as a child of four, and was a fluent and incredibly intelligent talker. He ran freely about the fields and hills, and accompanied his mother on all her wanderings. At home he would pore diligently over the queer pictures and charts in his grandfather's books, while Old Whateley would instruct and catechise him through long, hushed afternoons. By this time the restoration of the house was finished, and those who watched it wondered why one of the upper windows had been made into a solid plank door. It was a window in the rear of the east gable end, close against the hill; and no one could imagine why a cleated wooden runway was built up to it from the ground. About the period of this work's completion people noticed that the old tool-house, tightly locked and windowlessly clapboarded since Wilbur's birth, had been abandoned again. The door swung listlessly open, and when Earl Sawyer once stepped within after a cattle-selling call on Old Whateley he was quite discomposed by the singular odour he encountered—such a stench, he averred, as he had never before smelt in all his life except near the Indian circles on the hills, and which could not come from anything sane or of this earth. But then, the homes and sheds of Dunwich folk have never been remarkable for olfactory immaculateness.

The following months were void of visible events, save that everyone swore to a slow but steady increase in the mysterious hill noises. On May Eve of 1915 there were tremors which even the Aylesbury people felt, whilst the following Hallowe'en produced an underground rumbling queerly synchronised with bursts of flame—"them witch Whateleys' doin's"—from the summit of Sentinel Hill. Wilbur was growing up uncannily, so that he looked like a boy of ten as he entered his fourth year. He read avidly by himself now; but talked much less than formerly. A settled taciturnity was absorbing him, and for the first time people began to speak specifically of the dawning look of evil in his goatish face. He would sometimes mutter an unfamiliar jargon, and chant in bizarre rhythms which chilled the listener with a sense of unexplainable terror. The aversion displayed toward him by dogs had now become a matter of wide remark, and he was obliged to carry a pistol in order to traverse the countryside in safety. His occasional use of the weapon did not enhance his popularity amongst the owners of canine guardians.

The few callers at the house would often find Lavinia alone on the ground floor, while odd cries and footsteps resounded in the boarded-up second story. She would never tell what her father and the boy were doing up there, though once she turned pale and displayed an abnormal degree of fear when a jocose fish-peddler tried the locked door leading to the stairway. That peddler told the store loungers at Dunwich Village that he thought he heard a horse stamping on that floor above. The loungers reflected, thinking of the door and runway, and of the cattle that so swiftly disappeared. Then they shuddered as they recalled tales of Old Whateley's youth, and of the strange things that are called out of the earth when a bullock is sacrificed at the proper time to certain heathen gods. It had for some time been noticed that dogs had begun to hate and fear the whole Whateley place as violently as they hated and feared young Wilbur personally.

In 1917 the war came, and Squire Sawyer Whateley, as chairman of the local draft board, had hard work finding a quota of young Dunwich men fit even to be sent to a development camp. The government, alarmed at such signs of wholesale regional decadence, sent several officers and medical experts to investigate; conducting a survey which New England newspaper readers may still recall. It was the publicity attending this investigation which set reporters on the track of the Whateleys, and caused the *Boston Globe* and *Arkham Advertiser* to print flamboyant Sunday stories of young Wilbur's precociousness, Old Whateley's black magic, the shelves of strange books, the sealed second story of the ancient farmhouse, and the weirdness of the whole region and its hill noises. Wilbur was four and a half then, and looked like a lad of fifteen. His lips and cheeks were fuzzy with a coarse dark down, and his voice had begun to break.

Earl Sawyer went out to the Whateley place with both sets of reporters and camera men, and called their attention to the queer stench which now seemed to trickle down from the sealed upper spaces. It was, he said, exactly like a smell he had found in the toolshed abandoned when the house was finally repaired; and like the faint odours which he sometimes thought he caught near the stone circles on the mountains. Dunwich folk read the stories when they appeared, and grinned over the obvious mistakes. They wondered, too, why the writers made so much of the fact that Old Whateley always paid for his cattle in gold pieces of extremely ancient date. The Whateleys had received their visitors with ill-concealed distaste, though they did not dare court further publicity by a violent resistance or refusal to talk.

IV

For a decade the annals of the Whateleys sink indistinguishably into the general life of a morbid community used to their queer ways and hardened to their May-Eve and All-Hallows orgies. Twice a year they would light fires on the top of Sentinel Hill, at which times the mountain rumblings would recur with greater and greater violence; while at all seasons there were strange and portentous doings at the lonely farmhouse. In the course of time callers professed to hear sounds in the sealed upper story even when all the family were downstairs, and they wondered how swiftly or how lingeringly a cow or bullock was usually sacrificed. There was talk of a complaint to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but nothing ever came of it, since Dunwich folk are never anxious to call the outside world's attention to themselves.

About 1923, when Wilbur was a boy of ten whose mind, voice, stature, and bearded face gave all the impressions of maturity, a second great siege of carpentry went on at the old house. It was all inside the sealed upper part, and from bits of discarded lumber people concluded that the youth and his grandfather had knocked out all the partitions and even removed the attic floor, leaving only one vast open void between the ground story and the peaked roof. They had torn down the great central chimney, too, and fitted the rusty range with a flimsy outside tin stovepipe.

In the spring after this event Old Whateley noticed the growing number of whippoorwills that would come out of Cold Spring Glen to chirp under his window at night. He seemed to regard the circumstance as one of great significance, and told the loungers at Osborn's that he thought his time had almost come.

"They whistle jest in tune with my breathin' naow," he said, "an' I guess they're gittin' ready to ketch my soul. They know it's a-goin' aout, an' dun't calc'late to miss it. Yew'll know, boys, arter I'm gone, whether they git me er not. Ef they dew, they'll keep up a-singin' an' laffin' till break o' day. Ef they dun't they'll kinder quiet daown like. I expeck them an' the souls they hunts fer hev some pretty tough tussles sometimes."

On Lammas Night, 1924, Dr. Houghton of Aylesbury was hastily summoned by Wilbur Whateley, who had lashed his one remaining horse through the darkness and telephoned from Osborn's in the village. He found Old Whateley in a very grave state, with a cardiac action and stertorous breathing that told of an end not far off. The shapeless albino daughter and oddly bearded grandson stood by the bedside, whilst from the vacant abyss overhead there came a disquieting suggestion of rhythmical surging or lapping, as of the waves on some level beach. The doctor, though, was chiefly disturbed by the chattering night birds outside; a seemingly limitless legion of whippoorwills that cried their endless message in repetitions timed diabolically to the wheezing gasps of the dying man. It was uncanny and unnatural—too much, thought Dr. Houghton, like the whole of the region he had entered so reluctantly in response to the urgent call.

Toward one o'clock Old Whateley gained consciousness, and interrupted his wheezing to choke out a few words to his grandson.

"More space, Willy, more space soon. Yew grows—an' *that* grows faster. It'll be ready to sarve ye soon, boy. Open up the gates to Yog-Sothoth with the long chant that ye'll find on page 751 *of the complete edition*, an' *then* put a match to the prison. Fire from airth can't burn it nohaow."

He was obviously quite mad. After a pause, during which the flock of whippoorwills outside adjusted their cries to the altered tempo while some indications of the strange hill noises came from afar off, he added another sentence or two.

"Feed it reg'lar, Willy, an' mind the quantity; but dun't let it grow too fast fer the place, fer ef it busts quarters or gits aout afore ye opens to Yog-Sothoth, it's all over an' no use. Only them from beyont kin make it multiply an' work.... Only them, the old uns as wants to come back..."

But speech gave place to gasps again, and Lavinia screamed at the way the whippoorwills followed the change. It was the same for more than an hour, when the final throaty rattle came. Dr. Houghton drew shrunken lids over the glazing grey eyes as the tumult of birds faded imperceptibly to silence. Lavinia sobbed, but Wilbur only chuckled whilst the hill noises rumbled faintly.

"They didn't git him," he muttered in his heavy bass voice.

Wilbur was by this time a scholar of really tremendous erudition in his one-sided way, and was quietly known by correspondence to many librarians in distant places where rare and forbidden books of old days are kept. He was more and more hated and dreaded around Dunwich because of certain youthful disappearances which suspicion laid vaguely at his door; but was always able to silence inquiry through fear or through use of that fund of old-time gold which still, as in his grandfather's time, went forth regularly and increasingly for cattle-buying. He was now tremendously mature of aspect, and his height, having reached the normal adult limit, seemed inclined to wax beyond that figure. In 1925, when a scholarly correspondent from Miskatonic University called upon him one day and departed pale and puzzled, he was fully six and three-quarters feet tall.

Through all the years Wilbur had treated his half-deformed albino mother with a growing contempt, finally forbidding her to go to the hills with him on May-Eve and Hallowmass; and in 1926 the poor creature complained to Mamie Bishop of being afraid of him.

"They's more abaout him as I knows than I kin tell ye, Mamie," she said, "an' naowadays they's more nor what I know myself. I vaow afur Gawd, I dun't know what he wants nor what he's a-tryin' to dew."

That Hallowe'en the hill noises sounded louder than ever, and fire burned on Sentinel Hill as usual; but people paid more attention to the rhythmical screaming of vast flocks of unnaturally belated whippoorwills which seemed to be assembled near the unlighted Whateley farmhouse. After midnight their shrill notes burst into a kind of pandaemoniac cachinnation which filled all the countryside, and not until dawn did they finally quiet down. Then they vanished, hurrying southward where they were fully a month overdue. What this meant, no one could quite be certain till later. None of the country folk seemed to have died—but poor Lavinia Whateley, the twisted albino, was never seen again.

In the summer of 1927 Wilbur repaired two sheds in the farmyard and began moving his books and effects out to them. Soon afterward Earl Sawyer told the loungers at Osborn's that more carpentry was going on in the Whateley farmhouse. Wilbur was closing all the doors and windows on the ground floor, and seemed to be taking out partitions as he and his grandfather had done upstairs four years before. He was living in one of the sheds, and Sawyer thought he seemed unusually worried and tremulous. People generally suspected him of knowing something about his mother's disappearance, and very few ever approached his neighbourhood now. His height had increased to more than seven feet, and shewed no signs of ceasing its development.

V

The following winter brought an event no less strange than Wilbur's first trip outside the Dunwich region. Correspondence with the Widener Library at Harvard, the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, the British Museum, the University of Buenos Aires, and the Library of Miskatonic University of Arkham had failed to get him the loan of a book he desperately wanted; so at length he set out in person, shabby, dirty, bearded, and uncouth of dialect, to consult the copy at Miskatonic, which was the nearest to him geographically. Almost eight feet tall, and carrying a cheap new valise from Osborn's general store, this dark and goatish gargoyle appeared one day in Arkham in quest of the dreaded volume kept under lock and key at the college library—the hideous *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred in Olaus Wormius' Latin version, as printed in Spain in the seventeenth century. He had never seen a city before, but had no thought save to find his way to the university grounds; where, indeed, he passed heedlessly by the great white-fanged watchdog that barked with unnatural fury and enmity, and tugged frantically at its stout chain.

Wilbur had with him the priceless but imperfect copy of Dr. Dee's English version which his grandfather had bequeathed him, and upon receiving access to the Latin copy he at once began to collate the two texts with the aim of discovering a certain passage which would have come on the 751st page of his own defective volume. This much he could not civilly refrain from telling the librarian—the same erudite Henry Armitage (A.M. Miskatonic, Ph.D. Princeton, Litt.D. Johns Hopkins) who had once called at the farm, and who now politely plied him with questions. He was looking, he had to admit, for a kind of formula or incantation containing the frightful name *Yog-Sothoth*, and it puzzled him to find discrepancies, duplications, and ambiguities which made the matter of determination far from easy. As he copied the formula he finally chose, Dr. Armitage looked involuntarily over his shoulder at the open pages; the left-hand one of which, in the Latin version, contained such monstrous threats to the peace and sanity of the world.

> "Nor is it to be thought," ran the text as Armitage mentally translated it, "that man is either the oldest or the last of earth's masters, or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know, but *between* them, They walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen. *Yog-Sothoth* knows the gate. *Yog-Sothoth* is the gate. *Yog-Sothoth* is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in Yog-Sothoth. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again. He knows where They have trod earth's fields, and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread. By Their smell can men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know, *saving only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind*; and of those are there many sorts, differing in likeness from man's truest eidolon to that shape without sight or substance which is *Them*. They walk unseen and foul in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at their Seasons. The wind gibbers with Their voices, and the earth mutters with Their consciousness. They bend the forest and crush the city, yet may not forest or city behold the hand that smites. Kadath in the cold waste hath known Them, and what man knows Kadath? The ice desert of the South and the sunken isles of Ocean hold stones whereon Their seal is engraven, but who hath seen the deep frozen city or the sealed tower long garlanded with seaweed and barnacles? Great Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet can he spy Them only dimly. *Iä! Shub-Niggurath!* As a foulness shall ye know Them. Their hand is at your throats, yet ye see Them not; and Their habitation is even one with your guarded threshold. *Yog-Sothoth* is the key to the gate, whereby the spheres meet. Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now. After summer is winter, and after winter summer. They wait patient and potent, for here shall They reign again."

Dr. Armitage, associating what he was reading with what he had heard of Dunwich and its brooding presences, and of Wilbur Whateley and his dim, hideous aura that stretched from a dubious birth to a cloud of probable matricide, felt a wave of fright as tangible as a draught of the tomb's cold clamminess. The bent, goatish giant before him seemed like the spawn of another planet or dimension; like something only partly of mankind, and linked to black gulfs of essence and entity that stretch like titan phantasms beyond all spheres of force and matter, space and time. Presently Wilbur raised his head and began speaking in that strange, resonant fashion which hinted at sound-producing organs unlike the run of mankind's.

"Mr. Armitage," he said, "I calc'late I've got to take that book home. They's things in it I've got to try under sarten conditions that I can't git here, an' it 'ud be a mortal sin to let a red-tape rule hold me up. Let me take it along, Sir, an' I'll swar they wun't nobody know the difference. I dun't need to tell ye I'll take good keer of it. It wa'n't me that put this Dee copy in the shape it is. . . ."

He stopped as he saw firm denial on the librarian's face, and his own goatish features grew crafty. Armitage, half-ready to tell him he might make a copy of what parts he needed, thought suddenly of the possible consequences and checked himself. There was too much responsibility in giving such a being the key to such blasphemous outer spheres. Whateley saw how things stood, and tried to answer lightly.

"Wal, all right, ef ye feel that way abaout it. Maybe Harvard wun't be so fussy as yew be." And without saying more he rose and strode out of the building, stooping at each doorway.

Armitage heard the savage yelping of the great watchdog, and studied Whateley's gorilla-like lope as he crossed the bit of campus visible from the window. He thought of the wild tales he had heard, and recalled the old Sunday stories in the *Advertiser*; these things, and the lore he had picked up from Dunwich rustics and villagers during his one visit there. Unseen things not of earth—or at least not of tri-dimensional earth—rushed foetid and horrible through New England's glens, and brooded obscenely on the mountaintops. Of this he had long felt certain. Now he seemed to sense the close presence of some terrible part of the intruding horror, and to glimpse a hellish advance in the black dominion of the ancient and once passive nightmare. He locked away the *Necronomicon* with a shudder of disgust, but the room still reeked with an unholy and unidentifiable stench. "As a foulness shall ye know them," he quoted. Yes—the odour was the same as that which had sickened him at the Whateley farmhouse less than three years before. He thought of Wilbur, goatish and ominous, once again, and laughed mockingly at the village rumours of his parentage.

"Inbreeding?" Armitage muttered half-aloud to himself. "Great God, what simpletons! Shew them Arthur Machen's Great God Pan and they'll think it a common Dunwich scandal! But what thing—what cursed shapeless influence on or off this three-dimensioned earth—was Wilbur Whateley's father? Born on Candlemas—nine months after May-Eve of 1912, when the talk about the queer earth noises reached clear to Arkham— What walked on the mountains that May-Night? What Roodmas horror fastened itself on the world in half-human flesh and blood?"

During the ensuing weeks Dr. Armitage set about to collect all possible data on Wilbur Whateley and the formless presences around Dunwich. He got in communication with Dr. Houghton of Aylesbury, who had attended Old Whateley in his last illness, and found much to ponder over in the grandfather's last words as quoted by the physician. A visit to Dunwich Village failed to bring out much that was new; but a close survey of the *Necronomicon*, in those parts which Wilbur had sought so avidly, seemed to supply new and terrible clues to the nature, methods, and desires of the strange evil so vaguely threatening this planet. Talks with several students of archaic lore in Boston, and letters to many others elsewhere, gave him a growing amazement which passed slowly through varied degrees of alarm to a state of really acute spiritual fear. As the summer drew on he felt dimly that something ought to be done about the lurking terrors of the upper Miskatonic valley, and about the monstrous being known to the human world as Wilbur Whateley.

VI

The Dunwich horror itself came between Lammas and the equinox in 1928, and Dr. Armitage was among those who witnessed its monstrous prologue. He had heard, meanwhile, of Whateley's grotesque trip to Cambridge, and of his frantic efforts to borrow or copy from the *Necronomicon* at the Widener Library. Those efforts had been in vain, since Armitage had issued warnings of the keenest intensity to all librarians having charge of the dreaded volume. Wilbur had been shockingly nervous at Cambridge; anxious for the book, yet almost equally anxious to get home again, as if he feared the results of being away long.

Early in August the half-expected outcome developed, and in the small hours of the 3rd Dr. Armitage was awakened suddenly by the wild, fierce cries of the savage watchdog on the college campus. Deep and terrible, the snarling, half-mad growls and barks continued; always in mounting volume, but with hideously significant pauses. Then there rang out a scream from a wholly different throat—such a scream as roused half the sleepers of Arkham and haunted their dreams ever afterward—such a scream as could come from no being born of earth, or wholly of earth.

Armitage, hastening into some clothing and rushing across the street and lawn to the college buildings, saw that others were ahead of him; and heard the echoes of a burglar-alarm still shrilling from the library. An open window shewed black and gaping in the moonlight. What had come had indeed completed its entrance; for the barking and the screaming, now fast fading into a mixed low growling and moaning, proceeded unmistakably from within. Some instinct warned Armitage that what was taking place was not a thing for unfortified eyes to see, so he brushed back the crowd with authority as he unlocked the vestibule door. Among the others he saw Professor Warren Rice and Dr. Francis Morgan, men to whom he had told some of his conjectures and misgivings; and these two he motioned to accompany him inside. The inward sounds, except for a watchful, droning whine from the dog, had by this time quite subsided; but Armitage now perceived with a sudden start that a loud chorus of whippoorwills among the shrubbery had commenced a damnably rhythmical piping, as if in unison with the last breaths of a dying man.

The building was full of a frightful stench which Dr. Armitage knew too well, and the three men rushed across the hall to the small genealogical reading-room whence the low whining came. For a second nobody dared to turn on the light, then Armitage summoned up his courage and snapped the switch. One of the three—it is not certain which—shrieked aloud at what sprawled before them among disordered tables and overturned chairs. Professor Rice declares that he wholly lost consciousness for an instant, though he did not stumble or fall.

The thing that lay half-bent on its side in a foetid pool of greenish-yellow ichor and tarry stickiness was almost nine feet tall, and the dog had torn off all the clothing and some of the skin. It was not quite dead, but twitched silently and spasmodically while its chest heaved in monstrous unison with the mad piping of the expectant whippoorwills outside. Bits of shoe-leather and fragments of apparel were scattered about the room, and just inside the window an empty canvas sack lay where it had evidently been thrown. Near the central desk a revolver had fallen, a dented but undischarged cartridge later explaining why it had not been fired. The thing itself, however, crowded out all other images at the time. It would be trite and not wholly accurate to say that no human pen could describe it, but one may properly say that it could not be vividly visualised by anyone whose ideas of aspect and contour are too closely bound up with the common life-forms of this planet and of the three known dimensions. It was partly human, beyond a doubt, with very man-like hands and head, and the goatish, chinless face had the stamp of the Whateleys upon it. But the torso and lower parts of the body were teratologically fabulous, so that only generous clothing could ever have enabled it to walk on earth unchallenged or uneradicated.

Above the waist it was semi-anthropomorphic; though its chest, where the dog's rending paws still rested watchfully, had the leathery, reticulated hide of a crocodile or alligator. The back was piebald with yellow and black, and dimly suggested the squamous covering of certain snakes. Below the waist, though, it was the worst; for here all human resemblance left off and sheer phantasy began. The skin was thickly covered with coarse black fur, and from the abdomen a score of long greenish-grey tentacles with red sucking mouths protruded limply. Their arrangement was odd, and seemed to follow the symmetries of some cosmic geometry unknown to earth or the solar system. On each of the hips, deep set in a kind of pinkish, ciliated orbit, was what seemed to be a rudimentary eye; whilst in lieu of a tail there depended a kind of trunk or feeler with purple annular markings, and with many evidences of being an undeveloped mouth or throat. The limbs, save for their black fur, roughly resembled the hind legs of prehistoric earth's giant saurians; and terminated in ridgy-veined pads that were neither hooves nor claws. When the thing breathed, its tail and tentacles rhythmically changed colour, as if from some circulatory cause normal to the non-human side of its ancestry. In the tentacles, this was observable as a deepening of the greenish tinge, whilst in the tail it was manifest as a yellowish appearance which alternated with a sickly greyish-white in the spaces between the purple rings. Of genuine blood there was none; only the foetid greenish-yellow ichor which trickled along the painted floor beyond the radius of the stickiness, and left a curious discolouration behind it.

As the presence of the three men seemed to rouse the dying thing, it began to mumble without turning or raising its head. Dr. Armitage made no written record of its mouthings, but asserts confidently that nothing in English was uttered. At first the syllables defied all correlation with any speech of earth, but toward the last there came some disjointed fragments evidently taken from the *Necronomicon*, that monstrous blasphemy in quest of which the thing had perished. These fragments, as Armitage recalls them, ran something like “*N'gai, n'gha 'ghaa, bugg-shoggog, y'hah; Yog-Sothoth, Yog-Sothoth. . . .*” they trailed off into nothingness as the whippoorwills shrieked in rhythmical crescendoes of unholy anticipation.

Then came a halt in the gasping, and the dog raised its head in a long, lugubrious howl. A change came over the yellow, goatish face of the prostrate thing, and the great black eyes fell in appallingly. Outside the window the shrilling of the whippoorwills had suddenly ceased, and above the murmurs of the gathering crowd there came the sound of a panic-struck whirring and fluttering. Against the moon vast clouds of feathery watchers rose and raced from sight, frantic at that which they had sought for prey.

All at once the dog started up abruptly, gave a frightened bark, and leaped nervously out of the window by which it had entered. A cry rose from the crowd, and Dr. Armitage shouted to the men outside that no one must be admitted till the police or medical examiner came. He was thankful that the windows were just too high to permit of peering in, and drew the dark curtains carefully down over each one. By this time two policemen had arrived; and Dr. Morgan, meeting them in the vestibule, was urging them for their own sakes to postpone entrance to the stench-filled reading-room till the examiner came and the prostrate thing could be covered up.

Meanwhile frightful changes were taking place on the floor. One need not describe the *kind* and *rate* of shrinkage and disintegration that occurred before the eyes of Dr. Armitage and Professor Rice; but it is permissible to say that, aside from the external appearance of face and hands, the really human element in Wilbur Whateley must have been very small. When the medical examiner came, there was only a sticky whitish mass on the painted boards, and the monstrous odour had nearly disappeared. Apparently Whateley had had no skull or bony skeleton; at least, in any true or stable sense. He had taken somewhat after his unknown father.

VII

Yet all this was only the prologue of the actual Dunwich horror. Formalities were gone through by bewildered officials, abnormal details were duly kept from press and public, and men were sent to Dunwich and Aylesbury to look up property and notify any who might be heirs of the late Wilbur Whateley. They found the countryside in great agitation, both because of the growing rumblings beneath the domed hills, and because of the unwonted stench and the surging, lapping sounds which came increasingly from the great empty shell formed by Whateley's boarded-up farmhouse. Earl Sawyer, who tended the horse and cattle during Wilbur's absence, had developed a woefully acute case of nerves. The officials devised excuses not to enter the noisome boarded place; and were glad to confine their survey of the deceased's living quarters, the newly mended sheds, to a single visit. They filed a ponderous report at the court-house in Aylesbury, and litigations concerning heirship are said to be still in progress amongst the innumerable Whateleys, decayed and undecayed, of the upper Miskatonic valley.

An almost interminable manuscript in strange characters, written in a huge ledger and adjudged a sort of diary because of the spacing and the variations in ink and penmanship, presented a baffling puzzle to those who found it on the old bureau which served as its owner's desk. After a week of debate it was sent to Miskatonic University, together with the deceased's collection of strange books, for study and possible translation; but even the best linguists soon saw that it was not likely to be unriddled with ease. No trace of the ancient gold with which Wilbur and Old Whateley always paid their debts has yet been discovered.

It was in the dark of September 9th that the horror broke loose. The hill noises had been very pronounced during the evening, and dogs barked frantically all night. Early risers on the 10th noticed a peculiar stench in the air. About seven o'clock Luther Brown, the hired boy at George Corey's, between Cold Spring Glen and the village, rushed frenziedly back from his morning trip to Ten-Acre Meadow with the cows. He was almost convulsed with fright as he stumbled into the kitchen; and in the yard outside the no less frightened herd were pawing and lowing pitifully, having followed the boy back in the panic they shared with him. Between gasps Luther tried to stammer out his tale to Mrs. Corey.

"Up that in the rud beyont the glen, Mis' Corey—they's suthin' ben thar! It smells like thunder, an' all the bushes an' little trees is pushed back from the rud like they'd a haouse ben moved along of it. An' that ain't the wust, nuther. They's *prints* in the rud, Mis' Corey—great raound prints as big as barrel-heads, all sunk daown deep like a elephant had ben along, *only they's a sight more nor four feet could make!* I looked at one or two afore I run, an' I see every one was covered with lines spreadin' aout from one place, like as if big palm-leaf fans—twict or three times as big as any they is—hed of ben paounded daown into the rud. An' the smell was awful, like what it is araound Wizard Whateley's of haouse. . . ."

Here he faltered, and seemed to shiver afresh with the fright that had sent him flying home. Mrs. Corey, unable to extract more information, began telephoning the neighbours; thus starting on its rounds the overture of panic that heralded the major terrors. When she got Sally Sawyer, housekeeper at Seth Bishop's, the nearest place to Whateley's, it became her turn to listen instead of transmit; for Sally's boy Chauncey, who slept poorly, had been up on the hill toward Whateley's, and had dashed back in terror after one look at the place, and at the pasturage where Mr. Bishop's cows had been left out all night.

"Yes, Mis' Corey," came Sally's tremulous voice over the party wire, "Cha'ncey he just come back a-postin', and couldn't haff talk fer bein' scairt! He says Ol' Whateley's haouse is all blowed up, with the timbers scattered raound like they'd ben dynamite inside; only the bottom floor ain't through, but is all covered with a kind o' tarlike stuff that smells awful an' drips daown offen the aidges onto the graoun' whar the side timbers is blowed away. An' they's awful kinder marks in the yard, tew—great raound marks bigger raound than a hogshead, an' all sticky with stuff like is on the blowed-up haouse. Cha'ncey he says they leads off into the medders, whar a great swath wider'n a barn is matted daown, an' all the stun walls tumbled every whichway wherever it goes.

"An' he says, says he, Mis' Corey, as haow he sot to look fer Seth's caows, frighted ez he was; an' faound 'em in the upper pasture nigh the Devil's Hop Yard in an awful shape. Haff on 'em's clean gone, an' nigh haft o' them that's left is sucked most dry o' blood, with sores on 'em like they's ben on Whateley's cattle ever senct Lavinny's black brat was born. Seth he's gone aout naow to look at 'em, though I'll vaow he wun't keer ter git very nigh Wizard Whateley's! Cha'ncey didn't look keerful ter see what the big matted-daown swath led arter it leff the pasturage, but he says he thinks it p'inted towards the glen rud to the village.

"I tell ye, Mis' Corey, they's suthin' abroad as hadn't orter be abroad, an' I for one think that black Wilbur Whateley, as come to the bad eend he desarved, is at the bottom of the breedin' of it. He wa'n't all human hisself, I allus says to everybody; an' I think he an' Ol' Whateley must a raised suthin' in that there nailed-up haouse as ain't even so human as he was. They's allus ben unseen things araound Dunwich—livin' things—as ain't human an' ain't good fer human folks.

"The graoun' was a-talkin' lass night, an' towards mornin' Cha'ncey he heerd the whippoorwills so laoud in Col' Spring Glen he couldn't sleep nun. Then he thought he heerd another faint-like saound over towards Wizard Whateley's—a kinder rippin' or tearin' o' wood, like some big box er crate was bein' opened fur off. What with this an' that, he didn't git to sleep at all till sunup, an' no sooner was he up this mornin', but he's got to go over to Whateley's an' see what's the matter. He see enough, I tell ye, Mis' Corey! This dun't mean no good, an' I think as all the men-folks ought to git up a party an' do suthin'. I know suthin' awful's abaout, an' feel my time is nigh, though only Gawd knows jest what it is.

"Did your Luther take accaount o' whar them big tracks led tew? No? Wal, Mis' Corey, ef they was on the glen rud this side o' the glen, an ain t got to your haouse yet, I calc'late they must go into the glen itself. They would do that. I allus says Col' Spring Glen ain't no healthy nor decent place. The whippoorwills an' fireflies there never did act like they was creaters o' Gawd, an' they's them as says ye kin hear strange things a-rushin' an' a-talkin' in the air daown that of ye stand in the right place, atween the rock falls an' Bear's Den."

By that noon fully three-quarters of the men and boys of Dunwich were trooping over the roads and meadows between the new-made Whateley ruins and Cold Spring Glen, examining in horror the vast, monstrous prints, the maimed Bishop cattle, the strange, noisome wreck of the farmhouse, and the bruised, matted vegetation of the fields and roadsides. Whatever had burst loose upon the world had assuredly gone down into the great sinister ravine; for all the trees on the banks were bent and broken, and a great avenue had been gouged in the precipice-hanging underbrush. It was as though a house, launched by an avalanche, had slid down through the tangled growths of the almost vertical slope. From below no sound came, but only a distant, undefinable foetor; and it is not to be wondered at that the men preferred to stay on the edge and argue, rather than descend and beard the unknown Cyclopean horror in its lair. Three dogs that were with the party had barked furiously at first, but seemed cowed and reluctant when near the glen. Someone telephoned the news to the *Aylesbury Transcript*; but the editor, accustomed to wild tales from Dunwich, did no more than concoct a humorous paragraph about it; an item soon afterward reproduced by the Associated Press.

That night everyone went home, and every house and barn was barricaded as stoutly as possible. Needless to say, no cattle were allowed to remain in open pasturage. About two in the morning a frightful stench and the savage barking of the dogs awakened the household at Elmer Frye's, on the eastern edge of Cold Spring Glen, and all agreed that they could hear a sort of muffled swishing or lapping sound from somewhere outside. Mrs. Frye proposed telephoning the neighbours, and Elmer was about to agree when the noise of splintering wood burst in upon their deliberations. It came, apparently, from the barn; and was quickly followed by a hideous screaming and stamping amongst the cattle. The dogs slavered and crouched close to the feet of the fear-numbed family. Frye lit a lantern through force of habit, but knew it would be death to go out into that black farmyard. The children and the womenfolk whimpered, kept from screaming by some obscure, vestigial instinct of defence which told them their lives depended on silence. At last the noise of the cattle subsided to a pitiful moaning, and a great snapping, crashing, and crackling ensued. The Fryes, huddled together in the sitting-room, did not dare to move until the last echoes died away far down in Cold Spring Glen. Then, amidst the dismal moans from the stable and the daemoniac piping of late whippoorwills in the glen, Selina Frye tottered to the telephone and spread what news she could of the second phase of the horror.

The next day all the countryside was in a panic; and cowed, uncommunicative groups came and went where the fiendish thing had occurred. Two titan swaths of destruction stretched from the glen to the Frye farmyard, monstrous prints covered the bare patches of ground, and one side of the old red barn had completely caved in. Of the cattle, only a quarter could be found and identified. Some of these were in curious fragments, and all that survived had to be shot. Earl Sawyer suggested that help be asked from Aylesbury or Arkham, but others maintained it would be of no use. Old Zebulon Whateley, of a branch that hovered about half way between soundness and decadence, made darkly wild suggestions about rites that ought to be practiced on the hill-tops. He came of a line where tradition ran strong, and his memories of chantings in the great stone circles were not altogether connected with Wilbur and his grandfather.

Darkness fell upon a stricken countryside too passive to organise for real defence. In a few cases closely related families would band together and watch in the gloom under one roof; but in general there was only a repetition of the barricading of the night before, and a futile, ineffective gesture of loading muskets and setting pitchforks handily about. Nothing, however, occurred except some hill noises; and when the day came there were many who hoped that the new horror had gone as swiftly as it had come. There were even bold souls who proposed an offensive expedition down in the glen, though they did not venture to set an actual example to the still reluctant majority.

When night came again the barricading was repeated, though there was less huddling together of families. In the morning both the Frye and the Seth Bishop households reported excitement among the dogs and vague sounds and stenches from afar, while early explorers noted with horror a fresh set of the monstrous tracks in the road skirting Sentinel Hill. As before, the sides of the road shewed a bruising indicative of the blasphemously stupendous bulk of the horror; whilst the conformation of the tracks seemed to argue a passage in two directions, as if the moving mountain had come from Cold Spring Glen and returned to it along the same path. At the base of the hill a thirty-foot swath of crushed shrubbery saplings led steeply upward, and the seekers gasped when they saw that even the most perpendicular places did not deflect the inexorable trail. Whatever the horror was, it could scale a sheer stony cliff of almost complete verticality; and as the investigators climbed around to the hill's summit by safer routes they saw that the trail ended—or rather, reversed—there.

It was here that the Whateleys used to build their hellish fires and chant their hellish rituals by the table-like stone on May-Eve and Hallowmass. Now that very stone formed the centre of a vast space thrashed around by the mountainous horror, whilst upon its slightly concave surface was a thick and foetid deposit of the same tarry stickiness observed on the floor of the ruined Whateley farmhouse when the horror escaped. Men looked at one another and muttered. Then they looked down the hill. Apparently the horror had descended by a route much the same as that of its ascent. To speculate was futile. Reason, logic, and normal ideas of motivation stood confounded. Only old Zebulon, who was not with the group, could have done justice to the situation or suggested a plausible explanation.

Thursday night began much like the others, but it ended less happily. The whippoorwills in the glen had screamed with such unusual persistence that many could not sleep, and about 3 a.m. all the party telephones rang tremulously. Those who took down their receivers heard a fright-mad voice shriek out, "Help, oh, my Gawd! . . ." and some thought a crashing sound followed the breaking off of the exclamation. There was nothing more. No one dared do anything, and no one knew till morning whence the call came. Then those who had heard it called everyone on the line, and found that only the Fryes did not reply. The truth appeared an hour later, when a hastily assembled group of armed men trudged out to the Frye place at the head of the glen. It was horrible, yet hardly a surprise. There were more swaths and monstrous prints, but there was no longer any house. It had caved in like an egg-shell, and amongst the ruins nothing living or dead could be discovered. Only a stench and a tarry stickiness. The Elmer Fryes had been erased from Dunwich.

VIII

In the meantime a quieter yet even more spiritually poignant phase of the horror had been blackly unwinding itself behind the closed door of a shelf-lined room in Arkham. The curious manuscript record or diary of Wilbur Whateley, delivered to Miskatonic University for translation, had caused much worry and bafflement among the experts in languages both ancient and modern; its very alphabet, notwithstanding a general resemblance to the heavily shaded Arabic used in Mesopotamia, being absolutely unknown to any available authority. The final conclusion of the linguists was that the text represented an artificial alphabet, giving the effect of a cipher; though none of the usual methods of cryptographic solution seemed to furnish any clue, even when applied on the basis of every tongue the writer might conceivably have used. The ancient books taken from Whateley's quarters, while absorbingly interesting and in several cases promising to open up new and terrible lines of research among philosophers and men of science, were of no assistance whatever in this matter. One of them, a heavy tome with an iron clasp, was in another unknown alphabet—this one of a very different cast, and resembling Sanscrit more than anything else. The old ledger was at length given wholly into the charge of Dr. Armitage, both because of his peculiar interest in the Whateley matter, and because of his wide linguistic learning and skill in the mystical formulae of antiquity and the Middle Ages.

Armitage had an idea that the alphabet might be something esoterically used by certain forbidden cults which have come down from old times, and which have inherited many forms and traditions from the wizards of the Saracenic world. That question, however, he did not deem vital; since it would be unnecessary to know the origin of the symbols if, as he suspected, they were used as a cipher in a modern language. It was his belief that, considering the great amount of text involved, the writer would scarcely have wished the trouble of using another speech than his own, save perhaps in certain special formulae and incantations. Accordingly he attacked the manuscript with the preliminary assumption that the bulk of it was in English.

Dr. Armitage knew, from the repeated failures of his colleagues, that the riddle was a deep and complex one; and that no simple mode of solution could merit even a trial. All through late August he fortified himself with the massed lore of cryptography; drawing upon the fullest resources of his own library, and wading night after night amidst the arcana of Trithemius' *Poligraphia*, Giambattista Porta's *De Furtivis Literarum Notis*, De Vigenere's *Traite des Chiffres*, Falconer's *Cryptomenysis Patefacta*, Davys' and Thicknesse's eighteenth-century treatises, and such fairly modern authorities as Blair, von Marten, and Kluber's *Kryptographik*. He interspersed his study of the books with attacks on the manuscript itself, and in time became convinced that he had to deal with one of those subtlest and most ingenious of cryptograms, in which many separate lists of corresponding letters are arranged like the multiplication table, and the message built up with arbitrary key-words known only to the initiated. The older authorities seemed rather more helpful than the newer ones, and Armitage concluded that the code of the manuscript was one of great antiquity, no doubt handed down through a long line of mystical experimenters. Several times he seemed near daylight, only to be set back by some unforeseen obstacle. Then, as September approached, the clouds began to clear. Certain letters, as used in certain parts of the manuscript, emerged definitely and unmistakably; and it became obvious that the text was indeed in English.

On the evening of September 2nd the last major barrier gave way, and Dr. Armitage read for the first time a continuous passage of Wilbur Whateley's annals. It was in truth a diary, as all had thought; and it was couched in a style clearly shewing the mixed occult erudition and general illiteracy of the strange being who wrote it. Almost the first long passage that Armitage deciphered, an entry dated November 26, 1916, proved highly startling and disquieting. It was written, he remembered, by a child of three and a half who looked like a lad of twelve or thirteen.

> "Today learned the Aklo for the Sabaoth," it ran, "which did not like, it being answerable from the hill and not from the air. That upstairs more ahead of me than I had thought it would be, and is not like to have much earth brain. Shot Elam Hutchins' collie Jack when he went to bite me, and Elam says he would kill me if he dast. I guess he won't. Grandfather kept me saying the Dho formula last night, and I think I saw the inner city at the 2 magnetic poles. I shall go to those poles when the earth is cleared off, if I can't break through with the Dho-Hna formula when I commit it. They from the air told me at Sabbat that it will be years before I can clear off the earth, and I guess grandfather will be dead then, so I shall have to learn all the angles of the planes and all the formulas between the Yr and the Nhhngr. They from outside will help, but they cannot take body without human blood. That upstairs looks it will have the right cast. I can see it a little when I make the Voorish sign or blow the powder of Ibn Ghazi at it, and it is near like them at May-Eve on the Hill. The other face may wear off some. I wonder how I shall look when the earth is cleared and there are no earth beings on it. He that came with the Aklo Sabaoth said I may be transfigured, there being much of outside to work on."

Morning found Dr. Armitage in a cold sweat of terror and a frenzy of wakeful concentration. He had not left the manuscript all night, but sat at his table under the electric light turning page after page with shaking hands as fast as he could decipher the cryptic text. He had nervously telephoned his wife he would not be home, and when she brought him a breakfast from the house he could scarcely dispose of a mouthful. All that day he read on, now and then halted maddeningly as a reapplication of the complex key became necessary. Lunch and dinner were brought him, but he ate only the smallest fraction of either. Toward the middle of the next night he drowsed off in his chair, but soon woke out of a tangle of nightmares almost as hideous as the truths and menaces to man's existence that he had uncovered.

On the morning of September 4th Professor Rice and Dr. Morgan insisted on seeing him for a while, and departed trembling and ashen-grey. That evening he went to bed, but slept only fitfully. Wednesday—the next day—he was back at the manuscript, and began to take copious notes both from the current sections and from those he had already deciphered. In the small hours of that night he slept a little in an easy-chair in his office, but was at the manuscript again before dawn. Some time before noon his physician, Dr. Hartwell, called to see him and insisted that he cease work. He refused; intimating that it was of the most vital importance for him to complete the reading of the diary, and promising an explanation in due course of time.

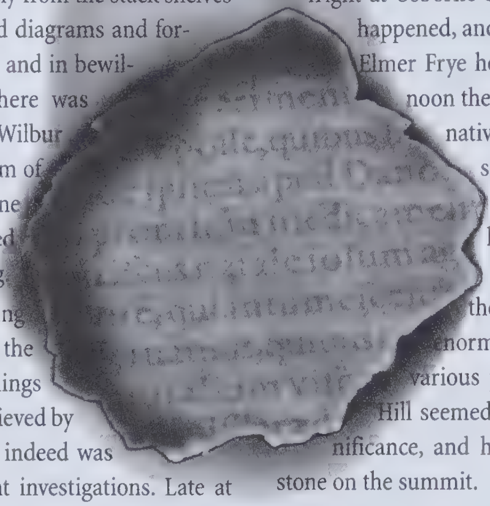
That evening, just as twilight fell, he finished his terrible perusal and sank back exhausted. His wife, bringing his dinner, found him in a half-comatose state; but he was conscious enough to warn her off with a sharp cry when he saw her eyes wander toward the notes he had taken. Weakly rising, he gathered up the scribbled papers and sealed them all in a great envelope, which he immediately placed in his inside coat pocket. He had sufficient strength to get home, but was so clearly in need of medical aid that Dr. Hartwell was summoned at once. As the doctor put him to bed he could only mutter over and over again, *"But what, in God's name, can we do?"*

Dr. Armitage slept, but was partly delirious the next day. He made no explanations to Hartwell, but in his calmer moments spoke of the imperative need of a long conference with Rice and Morgan. His wilder wanderings were very startling indeed, including frantic appeals that something in a boarded-up farmhouse be destroyed, and fantastic references to some plan for the extirpation of the entire human race and all animal and vegetable life from the earth by some terrible elder race of beings from another dimension. He would shout that the world was in danger, since the Elder Things wished to strip it and drag it away from the solar system and cosmos of matter into some other plane or phase of entity from which it had once fallen, vigintillions of aeons ago. At other times he would call for the dreaded *Necronomicon* and the *Daemonolatreia* of Remigius, in which he seemed hopeful of finding some formula to check the peril he conjured up.

"Stop them, stop them!" he would shout. "Those Whateleys meant to let them in, and the worst of all is left! Tell Rice and Morgan we must do something—it's a blind business, but I know how to make the powder. . . . It hasn't been fed since the second of August, when Wilbur came here to his death, and at that rate. . . ."

But Armitage had a sound physique despite his seventy-three years, and slept off his disorder that night without developing any real fever. He woke late Friday, clear of head, though sober with a gnawing fear and tremendous sense of responsi-

"STOP THEM! STOP THEM!" 21



bility. Saturday afternoon he felt able to go over to the library and summon Rice and Morgan for a conference, and the rest of that day and evening the three men tortured their brains in the wildest speculation and the most desperate debate. Strange and terrible books were drawn voluminously from the stack shelves and from secure places of storage; and diagrams and formulae were copied with feverish haste and in bewildering abundance. Of scepticism there was none. All three had seen the body of Wilbur Whateley as it lay on the floor in a room of that very building, and after that not one of them could feel even slightly inclined to treat the diary as a madman's raving.

Opinions were divided as to notifying the Massachusetts State Police, and the negative finally won. There were things involved which simply could not be believed by those who had not seen a sample, as indeed was made clear during certain subsequent investigations. Late at night the conference disbanded without having developed a definite plan, but all day Sunday Armitage was busy comparing formulae and mixing chemicals obtained from the college laboratory. The more he reflected on the hellish diary, the more he was inclined to doubt the efficacy of any material agent in stamping out the entity which Wilbur Whateley had left behind him—the earth-threatening entity which, unknown to him, was to burst forth in a few hours and become the memorable Dunwich horror.

Monday was a repetition of Sunday with Dr. Armitage, for the task in hand required an infinity of research and experiment. Further consultations of the monstrous diary brought about various changes of plan, and he knew that even in the end a large amount of uncertainty must remain. By Tuesday he had a definite line of action mapped out, and believed he would try a trip to Dunwich within a week. Then, on Wednesday, the great shock came. Tucked obscurely away in a corner of the *Arkham Advertiser* was a facetious little item from the Associated Press, telling what a record-breaking monster the bootleg whiskey of Dunwich had raised up. Armitage, half stunned, could only telephone for Rice and Morgan. Far into the night they discussed, and the next day was a whirlwind of preparation on the part of them all. Armitage knew he would be meddling with terrible powers, yet saw that there was no other way to annul the deeper and more malign meddling which others had done before him.

IX

Friday morning Armitage, Rice, and Morgan set out by motor for Dunwich, arriving at the village about one in the afternoon. The day was pleasant, but even in the brightest sunlight a kind of quiet dread and portent seemed to hover about the strangely domed hills and the deep, shadowy ravines of the stricken region. Now and then on some mountain-top a gaunt circle of stones could be glimpsed against the sky. From the air of hushed fright at Osborn's store they knew something hideous had happened, and soon learned of the annihilation of the Elmer Frye house and family. Throughout that afternoon they rode around Dunwich; questioning the natives concerning all that had occurred, and seeing for themselves with rising pangs of horror the drear Frye ruins with their lingering traces of the tarry stickiness, the blasphemous tracks in the Frye yard, the wounded Seth Bishop cattle, and the enormous swaths of disturbed vegetation in various places. The trail up and down Sentinel Hill seemed to Armitage of almost cataclysmic significance, and he looked long at the sinister altar-like stone on the summit.

At length the visitors, apprised of a party of State Police which had come from Aylesbury that morning in response to the first telephone reports of the Frye tragedy, decided to seek out the officers and compare notes as far as practicable. This, however, they found more easily planned than performed; since no sign of the party could be found in any direction. There had been five of them in a car, but now the car stood empty near the ruins in the Frye yard. The natives, all of whom had talked with the policemen, seemed at first as perplexed as Armitage and his companions. Then old Sam Hutchins thought of something and turned pale, nudging Fred Farr and pointing to the dank, deep hollow that yawned close by.

"Gawd," he gasped, "I telled 'em not ter go daown into the glen, an' I never thought nobody'd dew it with them tracks an' that smell an' the whippoorwills a-screechin' daown thar in the dark o' noonday. . . ."

A cold shudder ran through natives and visitors alike, and every ear seemed strained in a kind of instinctive, unconscious listening. Armitage, now that he had actually come upon the horror and its monstrous work, trembled with the responsibility he felt to be his. Night would soon fall, and it was then that the mountainous blasphemy lumbered upon its eldritch course. *Negotium perambulans in tenebris*. . . . The old librarian rehearsed the formulae he had memorised, and clutched the paper containing the alternative one he had not memorised. He saw that his electric flashlight was in working order. Rice, beside him, took from a valise a metal sprayer of the sort used in combating insects; whilst Morgan uncased the big-game rifle on which he relied despite his colleague's warnings that no material weapon would be of help.

Armitage, having read the hideous diary, knew painfully well what kind of a manifestation to expect; but he did not add to the fright of the Dunwich people by giving any hints or clues. He hoped that it might be conquered without any revelation to the world of the monstrous thing it had escaped. As the shadows gathered, the natives commenced to disperse homeward, anxious to bar themselves indoors despite the present evidence that all human locks and bolts were useless before a force that could bend trees and crush houses when it chose. They shook their heads at the visitors' plan to stand guard at the Frye ruins near the glen; and as they left, had little expectancy of ever seeing the watchers again.

There were rumblings under the hills that night, and the whippoorwills piped threateningly. Once in a while a wind, sweeping up out of Cold Spring Glen, would bring a touch of ineffable foetor to the heavy night air; such a foetor as all three of the watchers had smelled once before, when they stood above a dying thing that had passed for fifteen years and a half as a human being. But the looked-for terror did not appear. Whatever was down there in the glen was biding its time, and Armitage told his colleagues it would be suicidal to try to attack it in the dark.

Morning came wanly, and the night-sounds ceased. It was a grey, bleak day, with now and then a drizzle of rain; and heavier and heavier clouds seemed to be piling themselves up beyond the hills to the northwest. The men from Arkham were undecided what to do. Seeking shelter from the increasing rainfall beneath one of the few undestroyed Frye outbuildings, they debated the wisdom of waiting, or of taking the aggressive and going down into the glen in quest of their nameless, monstrous quarry. The downpour waxed in heaviness, and distant peals of thunder sounded from far horizons. Sheet lightning shimmered, and then a forky bolt flashed near at hand, as if descending into the accursed glen itself. The sky grew very dark, and the watchers hoped that the storm would prove a short, sharp one followed by clear weather.

It was still gruesomely dark when, not much over an hour later, a confused babel of voices sounded down the road. Another moment brought to view a frightened group of more than a dozen men, running, shouting, and even whimpering hysterically. Someone in the lead began sobbing out words, and the Arkham men started violently when those words developed a coherent form.

"Oh, my Gawd, my Gawd," the voice choked out. "It's a-goin' agin, *an' this time by day!* It's aout—it's aout an' a-movin' this very minute, an' only the Lord knows when it'll be on us all!"

The speaker panted into silence, but another took up his message.

"Nigh on a haour ago Zeb Whateley here heerd the 'phone a-ringin', an' it was Mis' Corey, George's wife, that lives daown by the junction. She says the hired boy Luther was aout drivin' in the caows from the storm arter the big bolt, when he see all the trees a-bendin' at the maouth o' the glen—opposite side ter this—an' smelt the same awful smell like he smelt when he faound the big tracks las' Monday mornin'. An' she says he says they was a swishin', lappin' saound, more nor what the bendin' trees an' bushes could make, an' all on a suddent the trees along the rud begun ter git pushed one side, an' they was a awful stompin' an' splashin' in the mud. But mind ye, Luther he didn't see nothin' at all, only just the bendin' trees an' underbrush.

"Then fur ahead where Bishop's Brook goes under the rud he heerd a awful creakin' an' strainin' on the bridge, an' says he could tell the saound o' wood a-startin' to crack an' split. An' all the whiles he never see a thing, only them trees an' bushes a-bendin'. An' when the swishin' saound got very fur off—on the rud towards Wizard Whateley's an' Sentinel Hill—Luther he had the guts ter step up what he'd heerd it furst an' look at the graound. It was all mud an' water, an' the sky was dark, an' the rain was wipin' aout all tracks abaout as fast as could be; but beginnin' at the glen maouth, what the trees had moved, they was still some o' them awful prints big as bar'ls like he seen Monday."

At this point the first excited speaker interrupted.

"But *that* ain't the trouble naow—that was only the start. Zeb here was callin' folks up an' everybody was a-listenin' in when a call from Seth Bishop's cut in. His haousekeeper Sally was carryin' on fit ter kill—she'd jest seed the trees a-bendin' beside the rud, an' says they was a kind o' mushy saound, like a elephant puffin' an' treadin', a-headin' fer the haouse. Then she up an' spoke suddent of a fearful smell, an' says her boy Cha'ncey was a-screamin' as haow it was jest like what he smelt up to the Whateley rewins Monday mornin'. An' the dogs was all barkin' an' whinin' awful.

"An' then she let aout a turrible yell, an' says the shed daown the rud had jest caved in like the storm hed blowed it over, only the wind wa'n't strong enough to dew that. Everybody was a-listenin', an' we could hear lots o' folks on the wire a-gaspin'. All to onct Sally she yelled agin, an' says the front yard picket fence bed just crumbled up, though they wa'n't no sign o' what done it. Then everybody on the line could hear Cha'ncey an' of Seth Bishop a-yellin' tew, an' Sally was shriekin' aout that suthin' heavy bed struck the haouse—not lightnin' nor nothin', but suthin' heavy agin' the front, that kep' a-launchin' itself agin an' agin, though ye couldn't see nothin' aout the front winders. An' then . . . an' then . . . ."

Lines of fright deepened on every face; and Armitage, shaken as he was, had barely poise enough to prompt the speaker.

"An' then . . . Sally she yelled aout, 'O help, the haouse is a-cavin' in' . . . an' on the wire we could hear a turrible crashin', an' a hull flock o' screamin' . . . jest like when Elmer Frye's place was took, only wuss . . . ."

"IT'S A-GOIN' AGIN, AN' THIS TIME BY DAY!" 23

The man paused, and another of the crowd spoke.

"That's all—not a saound nor squeak over the 'phone arter that. Jest still-like. We that heerd it got aout Fords an' wagons an' raounded up as many able-bodied menfolks as we could git, at Corey's place, an' come up here ter see what yew thought best ter dew. Not but what I think it's the Lord's jedgment fer our iniquities, that no mortal kin ever set aside."

Armitage saw that the time for positive action had come, and spoke decisively to the faltering group of frightened rustics.

"We must follow it, boys." He made his voice as reassuring as possible. "I believe there's a chance of putting it out of business. You men know that those Whateleys were wizards—well, this thing is a thing of wizardry, and must be put down by the same means. I've seen Wilbur Whateley's diary and read some of the strange old books he used to read; and I think I know the right kind of spell to recite to make the thing fade away. Of course, one can't be sure, but we can always take a chance. It's invisible—I knew it would be—but there's a powder in this long-distance sprayer that might make it shew up for a second. Later on we'll try it. It's a frightful thing to have alive, but it isn't as bad as what Wilbur would have let in if he'd lived longer. You'll never know what the world has escaped. Now we've only this one thing to fight, and it can't multiply. It can, though, do a lot of harm; so we mustn't hesitate to rid the community of it.

"We must follow it—and the way to begin is to go to the place that has just been wrecked. Let somebody lead the way—I don't know your roads very well, but I've an idea there might be a shorter cut across lots. How about it?"

The men shuffled about a moment, and then Earl Sawyer spoke softly, pointing with a grimy finger through the steadily lessening rain.

"I guess ye kin git to Seth Bishop's quickest by cuttin' acrost the lower medder here, wadin' the brook at the low place, an' climbin' through Carrier's mowin' an' the timber-lot beyont. That comes aout on the upper rud mighty nigh Seth's—a leetle t'other side."

Armitage, with Rice and Morgan, started to walk in the direction indicated; and most of the natives followed slowly. The sky was growing lighter, and there were signs that the storm had worn itself away. When Armitage inadvertently took a wrong direction, Joe Osborn warned him and walked ahead to shew the right one. Courage and confidence were mounting; though the twilight of the almost perpendicular wooded hill which lay toward the end of their short cut, and among whose fantastic ancient trees they had to scramble as if up a ladder, put these qualities to a severe test.

At length they emerged on a muddy road to find the sun coming out. They were a little beyond the Seth Bishop place, but bent trees and hideously unmistakable tracks shewed what had passed by. Only a few moments were consumed in surveying the ruins just around the bend. It was the Frye incident all over again, and nothing dead or living was found in either of the collapsed shells which had been the Bishop house and barn. No one cared to remain there amidst the stench and tarry stickiness, but all turned instinctively to the line of horrible prints leading on toward the wrecked Whateley farmhouse and the altar-crowned slopes of Sentinel Hill.

As the men passed the site of Wilbur Whateley's abode they shuddered visibly, and seemed again to mix hesitancy with their zeal. It was no joke tracking down something as big as a house that one could not see, but that had all the vicious malevolence of a daemon. Opposite the base of Sentinel Hill the tracks left the road, and there was a fresh bending and matting visible along the broad swath marking the monster's former route to and from the summit.

Armitage produced a pocket telescope of considerable power and scanned the steep green side of the hill. Then he handed the instrument to Morgan, whose sight was keener. After a moment of gazing Morgan cried out sharply, passing the glass to Earl Sawyer and indicating a certain spot on the slope with his finger. Sawyer, as clumsy as most non-users of optical devices are, fumbled a while; but eventually focussed the lenses with Armitage's aid. When he did so his cry was less restrained than Morgan's had been.

"Gawd almighty, the grass an' bushes is a-movin'! It's a-goin' up—slow-like—creepin' up ter the top this minute, heaven only knows what fur!"

Then the germ of panic seemed to spread among the seekers. It was one thing to chase the nameless entity, but quite another to find it. Spells might be all right—but suppose they weren't? Voices began questioning Armitage about what he knew of the thing, and no reply seemed quite to satisfy. Everyone seemed to feel himself in close proximity to phases of Nature and of being utterly forbidden, and wholly outside the sane experience of mankind.

X

In the end the three men from Arkham—old, white-bearded Dr. Armitage, stocky, iron-grey Professor Rice, and lean, youngish Dr. Morgan—ascended the mountain alone. After much patient instruction regarding its focussing and use, they left the telescope with the frightened group that remained in the road; and as they climbed they were watched closely by those among whom the glass was passed around. It was hard going, and Armitage had to be helped more than once. High above the toiling group the great swath trembled as its hellish maker repassed with snail-like deliberateness. Then it was obvious that the pursuers were gaining.

Curtis Whateley—of the undecayed branch—was holding the telescope when the Arkham party detoured radically from the swath. He told the crowd that the men were evidently trying to get to a subordinate peak which overlooked the swath at a point considerably ahead of where the shrubbery was now bending. This, indeed, proved to be true; and the party were seen to gain the minor elevation only a short time after the invisible blasphemy had passed it.

Then Wesley Corey, who had taken the glass, cried out that Armitage was adjusting the sprayer which Rice held, and that something must be about to happen. The crowd stirred uneasily, recalling that this sprayer was expected to give the unseen horror a moment of visibility. Two or three men shut their eyes, but Curtis Whateley snatched back the telescope and strained his vision to the utmost. He saw that Rice, from the party's point of vantage above and behind the entity, had an excellent chance of spreading the potent powder with marvellous effect.

Those without the telescope saw only an instant's flash of grey cloud—a cloud about the size of a moderately large building—near the top of the mountain. Curtis, who had held the instrument, dropped it with a piercing shriek into the ankle-deep mud of the road. He reeled, and would have crumpled to the ground had not two or three others seized and steadied him. All he could do was moan half-inaudibly,

"Oh, oh, great Gawd . . . *that . . . that . . .* "

There was a pandemonium of questioning, and only Henry Wheeler thought to rescue the fallen telescope and wipe it clean of mud. Curtis was past all coherence, and even isolated replies were almost too much for him.

"Bigger'n a barn . . . all made o' squirmin' ropes . . . hull thing sort o' shaped like a hen's egg bigger'n anything, with dozens o' legs like hogsheads that haff shut up when they step . . . nothin' solid abaout it—all like jelly, an' made o' sep'rit wrigglin' ropes pushed clost together . . . great bulgin' eyes all over it . . . ten or twenty maouths or trunks a-stickin' aout all along the sides, big as stovepipes, an' all a-tossin' an' openin' an' shuttin' . . . all grey, with kinder blue or purple rings . . . *an' Gawd in heaven—that haff face on top! . . .*"

This final memory, whatever it was, proved too much for poor Curtis; and he collapsed completely before he could say more. Fred Farr and Will Hutchins carried him to the roadside and laid him on the damp grass. Henry Wheeler, trembling, turned the rescued telescope on the mountain to see what he might. Through the lenses were discernible three tiny figures, apparently running toward the summit as fast as the steep incline allowed. Only these—nothing more. Then everyone noticed a strangely unseasonable noise in the deep valley behind, and even in the underbrush of Sentinel Hill itself. It was the piping of unnumbered whippoorwills, and in their shrill chorus there seemed to lurk a note of tense and evil expectancy.

Earl Sawyer now took the telescope and reported the three figures as standing on the topmost ridge, virtually level with the altarstone but at a considerable distance from it. One figure, he said, seemed to be raising its hands above its head at rhythmic intervals; and as Sawyer mentioned the circumstance the crowd seemed to hear a faint, half-musical sound from the distance, as if a loud chant were accompanying the gestures. The weird silhouette on that remote peak must have been a spectacle of infinite grotesqueness and impressiveness, but no observer was in a mood for aesthetic appreciation. "I guess he's sayin' the spell," whispered Wheeler as he snatched back the telescope. The whippoorwills were piping wildly, and in a singularly curious irregular rhythm quite unlike that of the visible ritual.

Suddenly the sunshine seemed to lessen without the intervention of any discernible cloud. It was a very peculiar phenomenon, and was plainly marked by all. A rumbling sound seemed brewing beneath the hills, mixed strangely with a concordant rumbling which clearly came from the sky. Lightning flashed aloft, and the wondering crowd looked in vain for the portents of storm. The chanting of the men from Arkham now became unmistakable, and Wheeler saw through the glass that they were all raising their arms in the rhythmic incantation. From some farmhouse far away came the frantic barking of dogs.

The change in the quality of the daylight increased, and the crowd gazed about the horizon in wonder. A purplish darkness, born of nothing more than a spectral deepening of the sky's blue, pressed down upon the rumbling hills. Then the lightning flashed again, somewhat brighter than before, and the crowd fancied that it had shewed a certain mistiness around the altar-stone on the distant height. No one, however, had been using the telescope at that instant The whippoorwills continued their irregular pulsation, and the men of Dunwich braced themselves tensely against some imponderable menace with which the atmosphere seemed surcharged.

Without warning came those deep, cracked, raucous vocal sounds which will never leave the memory of the stricken group who heard them. Not from any human throat were they born, for the organs of man can yield no such acoustic perversions. Rather would one have said they came from the pit itself, had not their source been so unmistakably the altar-stone on the peak. It is almost erroneous to call them *sounds* at all, since so much of their ghastly, infra-bass timbre spoke to dim seats of consciousness and terror far subtler than the ear; yet one must do so, since their form was indisputably though vaguely that of half-articulate *words*. They were loud—loud as the rumblings and the thunder above which they echoed—yet did they come from no visible being. And because imagination might suggest a conjectural source in the world of non-visible beings, the huddled crowd at the mountain's base huddled still closer, and winced as if in expectation of a blow.

"Ygnaiih . . . ygnaiih . . . thflthkh'ngha . . . Yog-Sothoth . . ." rang the hideous croaking out of space. *"Y'bthnk . . . h'ehye–n grkdl'lh. . . ."*

The speaking impulse seemed to falter here, as if some frightful psychic struggle were going on. Henry Wheeler strained his eye at the telescope, but saw only the three grotesquely silhouetted human figures on the peak, all moving their arms furiously in strange gestures as their incantation drew near its culmination. From what black wells of Acherontic fear or feeling, from what unplumbed gulfs of extra-cosmic consciousness or obscure, long-latent heredity, were those half-articulate thunder-croakings drawn? Presently they began to gather renewed force and coherence as they grew in stark, utter, ultimate frenzy.

"*Eh-ya-ya-ya-yahaah–e'yayayayaaaa . . . ngh 'aaaaa . . . ngh 'aaaa . . .* h'yuh . . . h'yuh . . . HELP! HELP! . . . *ff–ff ff*–FATHER! FATHER! YOG-SOTHOTH! . . ."

But that was all. The pallid group in the road, still reeling at the *indisputably English* syllables that had poured thickly and thunderously down from the frantic vacancy beside that shocking altarstone, were never to hear such syllables again. Instead, they jumped violently at the terrific report which seemed to rend the hills; the deafening, cataclysmic peal whose source, be it inner earth or sky, no hearer was ever able to place. A single lightning-bolt shot from the purple zenith to the altar-stone, and a great tidal wave of viewless force and indescribable stench swept down from the hill to all the countryside. Trees, grass, and underbrush were whipped into a fury; and the frightened crowd at the mountain's base, weakened by the lethal foetor that seemed about to asphyxiate them, were almost hurled off their feet. Dogs howled from the distance, green grass and foliage wilted to a curious, sickly yellow-grey, and over field and forest were scattered the bodies of dead whippoorwills.

The stench left quickly, but the vegetation never came right again. To this day there is something queer and unholy about the growths on and around that fearsome hill. Curtis Whateley was only just regaining consciousness when the Arkham men came slowly down the mountain in the beams of a sunlight once more brilliant and untainted. They were grave and quiet, and seemed shaken by memories and reflections even more terrible than those which had reduced the group of natives to a state of cowed quivering. In reply to a jumble of questions they only shook their heads and reaffirmed one vital fact.

"The thing has gone forever," Armitage said. "It has been split up into what it was originally made of, and can never exist again. It was an impossibility in a normal world. Only the least fraction was really matter in any sense we know. It was like its father—and most of it has gone back to him in some vague realm or dimension outside our material universe; some vague abyss out of which only the most accursed rites of human blasphemy could ever have called him for a moment on the hills."

There was a brief silence, and in that pause the scattered senses of poor Curtis Whateley began to knit back into a sort of continuity; so that he put his hands to his head with a moan. Memory seemed to pick itself up where it had left off, and the horror of the sight that had prostrated him burst in upon him again.

"Oh, oh, my Gawd, that haff face—that haff face on top of it . . . that face with the red eyes an' crinkly albino hair, an' no chin, like the Whateleys. . . . It was a octopus, centipede, spider kind o' thing, but they was a haff-shaped man's face on top of it, an' it looked like Wizard Whateley's, only it was yards an' yards acrost. . . ."

He paused exhausted, as the whole group of natives stared in a bewilderment not quite crystallised into fresh terror. Only old Zebulon Whateley, who wanderingly remembered ancient things but who had been silent heretofore, spoke aloud.

"Fifteen year' gone," he rambled, "I heerd Ol' Whateley say as haow some day we'd hear a child o' Lavinny's a-callin' its father's name on the top o' Sentinel Hill. . . ."

But Joe Osborn interrupted him to question the Arkham men anew.

"*What was it, anyhaow*, an' haowever did young Wizard Whateley call it aout o' the air it come from?"

Armitage chose his words very carefully.

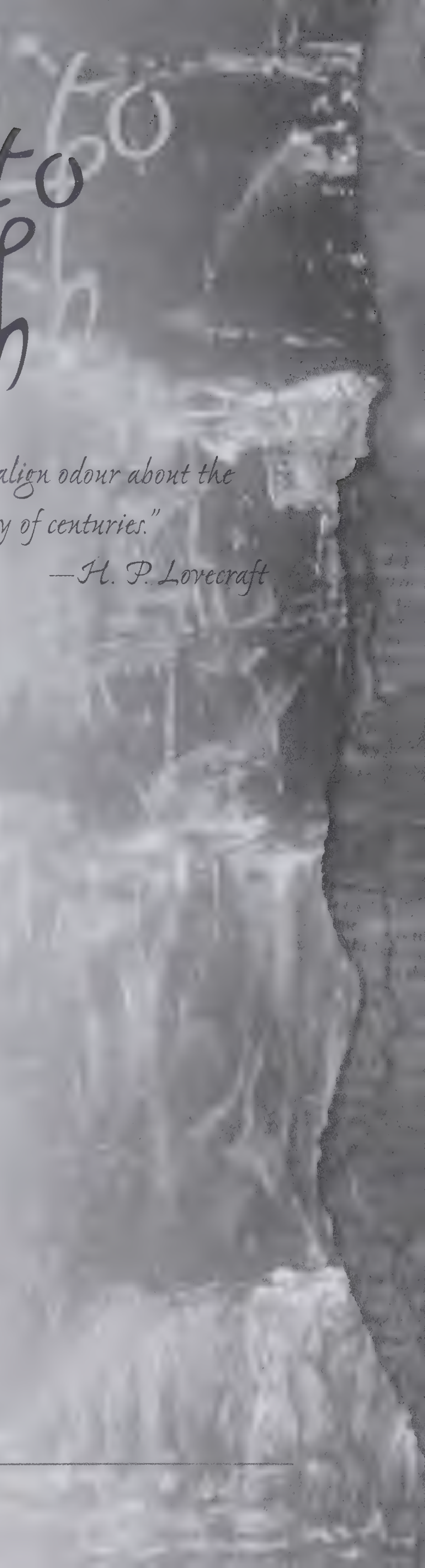
"It was—well, it was mostly a kind of force that doesn't belong in our part of space; a kind of force that acts and grows and shapes itself by other laws than those of our sort of Nature. We have no business calling in such things from outside, and only very wicked people and very wicked cults ever try to. There was some of it in Wilbur Whateley himself—enough to make a devil and a precocious monster of him, and to make his passing out a pretty terrible sight. I'm going to burn his accursed diary, and if you men are wise you'll dynamite that altar-stone up there, and pull down all the rings of standing stones on the other hills. Things like that brought down the beings those Whateleys were so fond of—the beings they were going to let in tangibly to wipe out the human race and drag the earth off to some nameless place for some nameless purpose.

"But as to this thing we've just sent back—the Whateleys raised it for a terrible part in the doings that were to come. It grew fast and big from the same reason that Wilbur grew fast and big—but it beat him because it had a greater share of the *outsideness* in it. You needn't ask how Wilbur called it out of the air. He didn't call it out. *It was his twin brother, but it looked more like the father than he did."*

Welcome to Dunwich

". . . it is hard to prevent the impression of a faint, malign odour about the village street, as of the marred mould and decay of centuries."

—H. P. Lovecraft



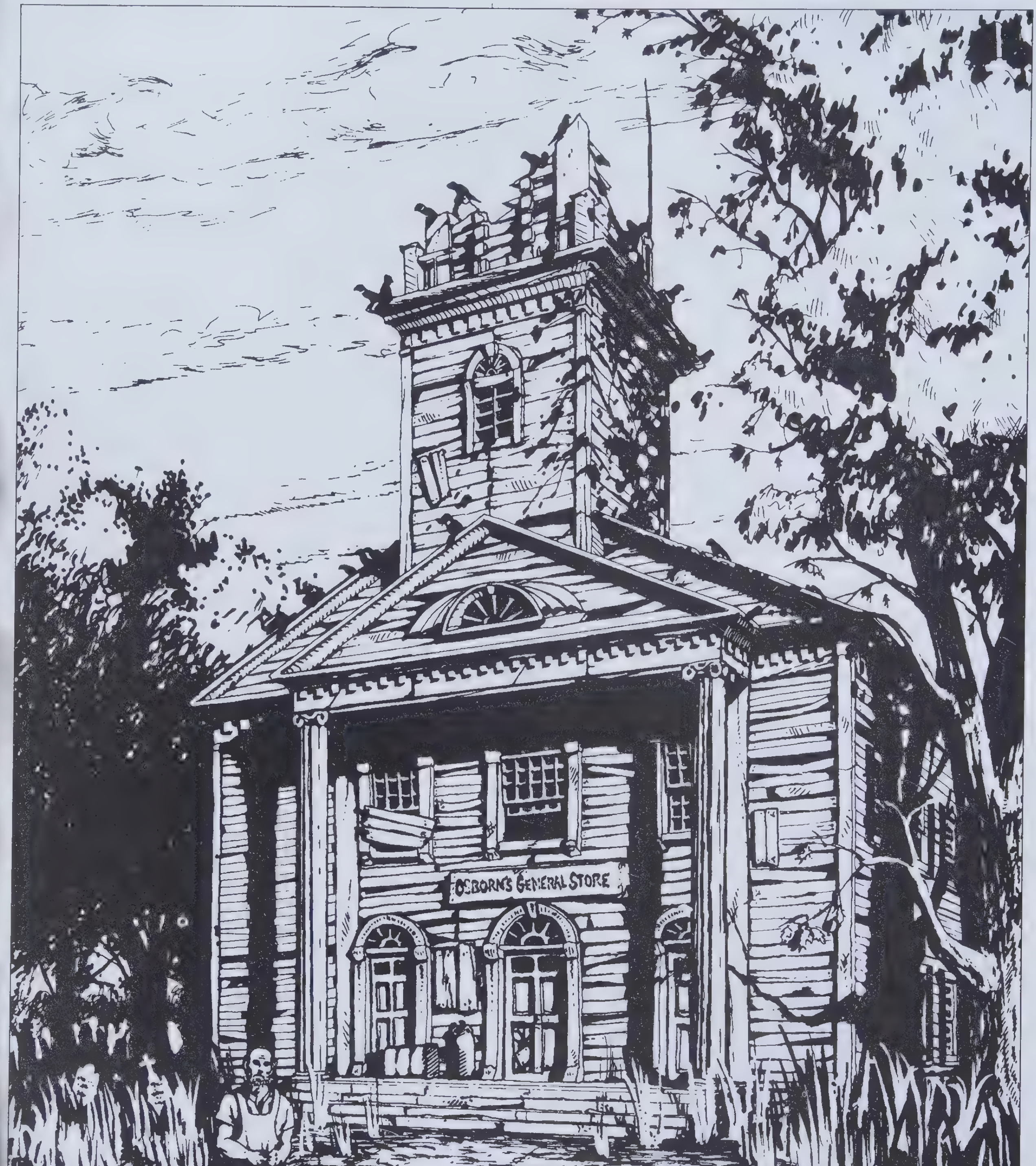
It was in 1692, the year of the witch persecutions in Salem, that the dreams first came to those who called themselves Believers. A secretive cult of agrarian nature-worshippers who lived in the Salem area, Believers were among those first targeted by the Puritan magistrates. One night, led by the glass-maker and alchemist, Absalom Whateley, the Believers set out across the wilds of Massachusetts searching for the paradise they had seen in their dreams, a secluded valley far up the Miskatonic River, thirty miles from the next nearest settlement.

Here, distanced from their Puritan neighbors, the Believers were free to practice their religion. They restored the ancient stone monoliths they found atop certain of the Dunwich hills and began the open celebration of their pagan rites, gathering on these hilltops on certain nights of the year. For a few short years all was well, but then dissension broke out among the cultists. Jacob Whateley, the younger son of Absalom, discovered certain things contained in a book owned by his father. After some experiments in the hills, Jacob broke with the Believers. Soon after, he moved from the village and built the house near Sentinel Hill. Jacob attracted his own followers, including some members of the Bishop family, and together they began the practice of their own rites atop the hills.

Meanwhile, Jacob's elder brother, the more practical Jeremiah, began construction of the first mills along the North Fork Miskatonic, heralding an era of economic prosperity for the village. Over the years, antagonism between these two branches of the Whateley family grew ever greater. It culminated in the 1806 tragedy that foretold the eventual closing the Whateley mills.

While the town's fortunes declined, the Whateleys of the hills continued their blasphemous experiments. In the early twentieth century, these experiments finally bore fruit in the form of the Whateley twins: Wilbur and his monstrous, invisible, brother.

Dunwich today is a forgotten community isolated from its neighbors both physically and culturally. Lacking any industry, the tax base has eroded, leading to depopulation, stagnation, and degeneracy. Although a few individuals show as bright spots, such as Squire Whateley and Marie Bishop, the township seems locked in a slow, downward spiral of decay.



OSBORN'S GENERAL STORE

OSBORN'S GENERAL STORE

Location Numbers

Locations described below for Dunwich Township are identified and organized by Location Numbers. Entries for personalities, items and events may contain a parenthesized Location Number—that place more important or relevant to the entry.

Dunwich Township

Dunwich Township is an unincorporated section of Aylesbury County in north central Massachusetts. The village itself is a small collection of homes and mills located on a bend of the Miskatonic River near Round Mountain. The township, or town, covers nearly sixty square miles of territory. Town meetings are held once a year, on March 15, and other times as needs dictate. Elections are held every third year. Residents vote for three selectmen, a school committee, a Constable, a Treasurer, a Clerk, and a Justice of the Peace. These positions pay token salaries, and quite often an individual will hold two or more positions.

The present selectmen are Squire Sawyer Whateley (51), Zechariah Whateley (501), and Sam Hutchins (433). Marie Bishop, Dunwich's school mistress, serves as head of the School Committee, as well as Town Clerk and Treasurer. Squire Sawyer Whateley holds a second office as Justice of the Peace, a position held previously by his father and grandfather. Tristram Whateley, the Squire's son, is the Town Constable and serves mostly to assess and collect property taxes.

The Constable and the Justice of the Peace are authorized to deal with criminal matters up to and including high misdemeanors. Felonies are supposed to be referred to the Massachusetts State Police and the county courts in Aylesbury. In practice, however, matters are resolved within the township whenever possible. Dunwich prefers to keep its secrets to itself.

Climate

Weather in the Dunwich Valley runs from hot and muggy in the summer to cold and freezing in winter. Summer weather begins in late May and lasts well into September. In the peak of the season, daytime temperatures can reach as high as 90 to 95 degrees Farenheit, although evenings, even after the hottest of days, are cool, sometimes chilly, swept by breezes blowing down from the mountains to the west and north. Autumn and the first frosts arrive in late September. The leaves of the great hardwood forests turn to shades of red, orange, yellow, and gold, revealing Dunwich Valley in its most spectacular glory. The days are much cooler, and night time temperatures often drop below the freezing mark. Winter sets in hard, the first snowfalls coming as early as late October and never later than the end of November. By mid-December, snow stands deep on the ground, remaining there until at least the end of February. During this period the Miskatonic River freezes over solid. Usually by late March the winter snowfall has melted, leaving the ground wet and muddy. The roads are treacherous and often impassable. Pleasant spring weather, punctuated by sudden and violent thunderstorms, prevails until June, when the first of the warm, humid weather settles back in.

Flora and Fauna

Although most of the East's virgin forests were cut down by 1870, parts of the Dunwich Valley contain stands of ancient hardwoods that have never known the bite of the axe. Once earmarked for the now-closed Whateley mills, these forests have gone untouched. Although softwood stands of pine are found in the lower valleys, the mountains are blanketed by forests of tow-

The Dunwich Chronology

1691 (December, Yule Time): Believers living in the area of Salem receive the first dreams warning them of imminent danger and promising a refuge located north and west of Salem.

1692 (May 1): Led by the alchemist and glassmaker, Absalom Whateley, the Believers flee the Salem area and settle in a pleasant valley along the Miskatonic River. The refugees carry out two libraries, one belonging to the Whateleys and one to the Bishops. John Bishop suggests the name Dunwich, named after the town of Donwiched, in England, from which his family hailed.

1693: Dunwich Common is laid out.

1696: Jeremiah Whateley, the eldest son of Absalom, constructs the first gristmill.

1703: Absalom Whateley, aided by his assistant, John Bishop, and his two sons, Jeremiah and Jacob, successfully uses alchemy to create gold from baser materials. The process proves difficult and costly.

1704: Experimenting with his father's books, Jacob Whateley experiences his first magical success, summoning a byakhee to the top of Wizard's Hill.

1705: Jeremiah Whateley constructs Dunwich's first sawmill.

1706: John Bishop builds the old Bishop house, the ruins of which are found on the western outskirts of the village.

1709: The Whateley family opens Dunwich's first fulling mill, constructed with the aid of Lucas Frye.

1709 (Roodmas): As a result of his further experimentations, Jacob Whateley undergoes a sudden change. He breaks with the Believers and his family. Several other members of the Believers also take leave of the cult and begin studies with Jacob.

1712: Under the direction of Absalom Whateley, a glass house is constructed. Jacob Whateley feels crowded by the sudden influx of settlers moved here to work in the mills. He leaves the village, building a house at the foot of Sentinel Hill. About this same time, Ebenezer Place settles in the West Region.

(continued . . .)

The Whippoorwills of Dunwich

These medium-sized, brown-colored songbirds thrive in the valley, and a number of folk tales surround them.

One legend says that when a person is about to die, the whippoorwills gather nearby, waiting to capture the dying person's soul. Gradually, their mournful calls synchronize with the breathing of the dying person. At the moment of death, when the soul escapes the body, the birds fly up with a raucous shriek and attempt to capture the fleeing soul. If the soul is caught, the birds wheel about and fly away. If the soul escapes, the whippoorwills linger in the area for hours, not leaving until almost dawn.

It is considered bad luck to kill a whippoorwill, even accidentally. An investigator who causes the death of one of these birds suffers from the effects as described under the spell Evil Eye, only permanently. A simple ceremony involving a night spent chanting alone in the woods is sufficient to remove the curse. Investigators can learn this ceremony from Mother Bishop (92), Annabelle Parker (819), or Lewis Martin (840).

ering oaks, elms, maples, and walnut trees. Screened by the canopy of leaves, the forest floors are dark and damp, covered by a thick blanket of dead leaves. Only occasional shafts of sunlight find their way to the ground to nourish a fern or patch of bright green moss.

Sunny hillsides sport wild grape vines, as well as numerous patches of blueberries, raspberries, and blackberries. Although these fruits are tasty, visitors should be wary of harvesting them. Many of these patches are claimed by local residents, who will consider snacking as nothing less than thievery.

Near the bogs and swamps, pine trees are more prevalent. Here, the ground is covered with a spongy, age-old collection of fallen needles. The swamps themselves are filled with cattails, lily pads and, along the shores, pitcher plants and lady slippers.

Frogs and other amphibians abound in Dunwich swamps, and numerous species of turtles bask on sunny logs. Many types of snakes also inhabit the area. Most species are harmless, but the foul-tempered timber rattler is capable of inflicting a nasty bite. The copperhead, rarely seen in this part of the country, is also common in Dunwich. Timber rattlers grow to six feet long, while copperheads rarely reach a size of more than four feet. Both species prefer upland forests, but can occasionally be seen in the valleys. All reptiles and amphibians hibernate over the winter, emerging in the spring.

In the summer, songbirds fill the forest, while egrets, cranes, and heron stride through the swamps and along the riverbanks. Flocks of wood ducks settle into the small ponds to nest, and hawks and eagles wheel high above the mountains, hunting prey. Quail, wild turkey, and ruffed grouse inhabit the woodlands, sticking close to the ground while pheasants prowl the dry, sunny fields. Many of these migrate south in the fall, not returning to the area until the following spring. Winters see mostly crows, chickadees, blue jays, and sparrows.

Small animals found in the area include squirrels, cottontail rabbits, weasels, porcupine and raccoon. Many are considered pests, and most are hunted by the locals. Porcupines love to chew the siding off houses and the wiring out of cars. Raccoons, with their manipulative hands, commonly raid campers' stores, even going so far as to unscrew the lids from glass jars. A small troop of raccoons can be incredibly destructive.

Bobcats and the larger lynx are only rarely seen, their numbers steadily dwindling ever since the coming of the white men. The area used to be a home to cougars, sometimes called moun-

1713: George Sumpter shoots and kills a panther that has been raiding livestock.

1722: John Bishop builds a house that later becomes Meeting House.

1722: Absalom Whateley dies, leaving the majority of his residue, including his library and the secret of manufacturing gold, to his oldest son, Jeremiah. The angered Jacob demands of his brother that he share the secret of making gold, but Jeremiah, warned about Jacob by his father, refuses. He instead agrees to pay Jacob an annual stipend and allow him limited access to the library. Jeremiah finds the mills much more profitable and never attempts to manufacture gold. He pays Jacob his share out of the mills' profits.

1742: Dunwich's present-day cemetery is established, replacing the overcrowded burial ground on the Meeting House Hill.

1743: Members of the mill workers' families form Dunwich's first congregation. Sunday meetings are held in the house of Jebel Blair.

1745: Prescotts and Dunlocks arrive in the valley and settle west of the village. They find the Dunwich folk secretive and suspicious and rarely mix with them.

1746: John Bishop, patriarch of the Bishop family, despite his ceaseless search for a means of immortality, dies of natural causes. He leaves his property to his elder son, Isaiah, and the secret of manufacturing gold to his other son, Gabriel. Gabriel, as a follower of Jacob Whateley, moves out of the village, building a house a mile and a half from Jacob Whately's isolated farm.

1746: Fund-raising completed, construction of the Congregational Church is begun.

1747: The Reverend Abijah Hoadley, newly come to the Congregational Church in Dunwich Village, preaches against the well-known rumblings in the surrounding hills, claiming them to be the work of the devil. Soon after delivering the sermon, the Reverend disappears, abducted from his house by hooded men in full view of his wife and children. No trace of Hoadley is ever found, and the family soon returns to Boston. The dispirited congregation disintegrates.

1748: The Whateley family constructs a new, larger gristmill.

1752: Using money borrowed from Jeremiah Whateley, Peter Osborn opens a General

(continued . . .)

tain lions, but there has not been a confirmed sighting of one of these since the early eighteenth century.

Wolves were once a problem for the early settlers, but have long since disappeared. A more serious problem is the raiding packs of domestic dogs who have interbred with coyotes and turned feral. Running in packs, these dogs raid chicken coops and duck ponds, causing much consternation among the farmers. The packs are occasionally heard at night, howling at the moon from the top of Wolf Mountain.

One of the largest animals in the valley is the whitetail deer. The larger elk has vanished from the scene, as has the even larger moose. Black bears, the largest carnivores, are only rarely seen.

Hunting in Massachusetts is regulated by law. A year-round open season exists on animals considered pests, including raccoons, opossums, crows, and others. A few animals, including the lynx, bobcat, and most of the large wading birds, are protected year round. Hunting is usually restricted to the fall months. Licenses are required for such game animals as deer, bear, grouse, ducks, and turkey. Fishing licenses can be obtained year round and are required for anyone over the age of 14.

Most Dunwich residents view wild animals as potential food or potential competition; hunting is carried on without regard to the law or season. Game laws allow for killing animals considered a threat to people or property. These clauses are subject to local enforcement and interpretation.

Finding Dunwich

Dunwich lies in an isolated part of the Miskatonic Valley a few miles north of the Aylesbury Pike. From downtown Arkham, it is slightly more than fifty miles to the village center, an auto trip that under the best conditions takes three to four hours.

Aylesbury

Founded in 1802 by Arkham idealist Elihu Beckworth, Aylesbury was designed to be a utopic manufacturing center. Employing chiefly young, single women, the Aylesbury mills provided their workers with food, clothing, dormitory housing, and religious instruction, all in addition to their regular wage. It was Beckworths's vision that the young women he employed would work for only a few years, then marry and move on to raise families. Beckworth was also responsible for the construction of the Aylesbury Pike, originally a toll road connecting Aylesbury directly with Arkham.

Aylesbury's mills eventually fell into other hands and Beckworth's vision was lost. Today one sees little difference between Aylesbury and a place like Bolton. Large factories, fueled by immigrant labor, spew pollution into air and river in a futile attempt to compete with the textile industries of the South.

A bus route runs between Arkham and Aylesbury, boarding three times a week. It makes a stop at Dean's Corners just east of the Dunwich tumoff. From Dean's Corners, the traveler must walk eight difficult miles to the village.

A train runs from Boston to Aylesbury twice a day, but again, the traveler is faced with a long journey to the village. The shortest route from Aylesbury to Dunwich is slightly more than twelve miles.

An airplane can be flown from Arkham to Dunwich in an hour or less, but finding a suitable landing site is difficult. Most of the ground in Dunwich Valley is uneven, sloping, and rocky. Only the occasional farmer's field provides a safe landing spot, and investigators should be prepared to pay a stiff fee to the farmer whose crops have been damaged.

Store housed in the deserted Church building.

1752: Jacob Whateley's eldest granddaughter disappears under mysterious circumstances that are never fully explained. A chance meeting between the two estranged men leads to a loud argument in the street in front of Osborn's store. Jeremiah accuses his brother of complicity in the girl's disappearance and denies him any further access to the family library. Three weeks later, Jeremiah is killed in a carriage accident while returning from his brother's farm. He was retrieving several books previously borrowed by Jacob when his team of horses inexplicably bolted and overturned the carriage.

Within weeks, Jacob makes a deal with Jeremiah's widow to purchase the family library. He uses gold manufactured in the furnace built into the hill behind his house. The Widow Whateley is ruled unfit to manage her own affairs, and her sons take over ownership of the mills. Whispered rumors of unnatural activities taking place at the Whateley farm begin to spread. Several members of both Jacob's family and the family of Gabriel Bishop are named. Members of the Believers find reason to avoid contact with any of the hill Whateleys or Bishops. Jacob entertains several visitors this year, including Sermon Bishop of Arkham, who later disappears while on the return trip to home.

1753: Jacob Whateley dies. His family claims he died of natural causes.

1788: For lack of business, the Whateley glasshouse is closed.

1791: George Whateley constructs a new, single-blade sawmill on the North Fork Miskatonic.

1801: The old gristmill, long abandoned, burns almost to the ground.

1804: Bearded Ezra Whateley of the hills, carrying a wooden staff bearing strange designs, comes down from the hills to visit the village. Going directly to the house of his cousin George, situated on the Common, he loudly demands that George hand over to him a certain object of jewelry, a ferroniére, found by a farmer on Whateley property and now in George's possession. Ezra is refused and stalks off angrily back to the hills, threatening revenge.

1806: George Whateley completes construction of a new, double-wheeled, four-bladed sawmill that promises to bring economic

(continued . . .)

A dirt air strip can be found just west of the city of Aylesbury. A nominal fee of 25 cents is charged for takeoffs and landings. The Aylesbury airstrip is fifteen miles from the village.

Exploring Dunwich

All land in Dunwich is either privately owned or held in common by the community. Within the village, normal trespass laws apply. Farms allow for right-of-way. Unless specifically posted with the required "No Trespassing" signs, investigators may cross open farmland freely as long as the farmer's property is respected.

Roads are all open to the public. The Dunwich Road running through the village is maintained by the county and kept in reasonable shape. The remainder of the roads in the township are the responsibility of Dunwich and receive only a minimum of maintenance. Even under the best conditions, automobile drivers find their vehicles steadily rattled to pieces by the uneven, washboard surfaces and numerous vicious chuckholes. Flat tires are a common occurrence, as are the occasional broken springs or axles. Autos overheat trying to climb the steep hills and have difficulty on treacherously narrow turns.

The unimproved roads are often impassable, and the intrepid driver who attempts to explore these byways is sure to come to grief. A few Dunwich residents own cars and trucks, generally old and ill-maintained, but most rely on the horse. Horse-drawn wagons, carts, and buggies are the commonest forms of transportation in Dunwich.

Asking Weekly Rental Prices for Horses & Buggies

- Sway-Back Nag $1-2
- Old, Serviceable Mount $2-3
- Healthy Young Horse $3-4
- Well-Bred Spirited Horse $4-5
- Old Horse with 2-Seat Buggy $4-5
- Draft Horse and Wagon $5-6
- Strong Tandem with 4-Seat Carriage $6-8

Rates include all tack and gear.

Note: Sleighs rent for rates similar to carriages.

In the winter, almost all the roads are blocked by snow. Buggies are put away and sleighs are hauled out from summer storage. The county can be counted on to plow the Dunwich Road at least once a winter, but the rest of the time, the township is left to its own devices. Automobiles are useless in winter and are better left at home. In the spring, the melting snow turns the roads to mud, trapping any automobile that dares to venture out. The roads eventually dry out, but are again made muddy with the onset of the rainy season in April. Summers find the roads at their most accessible, but even then a sudden heavy thunderstorm can leave them useless for a day or two.

Exploring the valley on foot is slow and tiring, and the hills and glens are difficult to climb. Bicycles can get down roads blocked to automobiles, but are nearly useless when traveling off the road. Even on a good road, the steep hills daunt all but the most athletic investigators.

Get a Horse!

Visitors should soon realize that the fastest and most reliable way of getting around the valley is by horse. Horses are little slowed by mud or snow and can travel freely on or off the roads. Investigators will probably want to acquire riding horses, but older characters might find horse-drawn buggies more to their

prosperity to the people of Dunwich. Two days before the official opening of the mill four boys, exploring the intriguing place after dark, die in a tragic accident. Screams are heard, but before anyone can reach them, the boys are dead. Inexplicably, they are found under the blades, each one of them neatly sawn in half. They are not bound, and there are no signs of a struggle. Someone says they saw Avern Whateley, the son of Ezra, fleeing from the mill. Four days later, Avern is abducted by an angry mob and hanged from a tree on the Common. The tree is later burned to the ground. Several people are later charged with his murder and serve lengthy prison terms.

George Whateley consequently suffers a nervous breakdown. His family tries to keep the mills running, but workers do not like to work in the new mill where the four boys died. Within two years, its doors are closed. Many families, moved by the tragedy, move out of the village. The collapse of Dunwich's economy begins.

1808: Tracer Bishop dies, leaving his house to the community of Dunwich. The old Meeting House on the hill is abandoned. Town records and meetings are moved to the newer house near the Common.

1836: Oliver Whateley, of the hill Whateleys, leaves Dunwich for America's West to meet his fate.

1842-1860: Believing the obscure promises of Nyarlathotep, the Black Man, several male Bishops have their corpses buried in sealed alcohol-filled coffins.

1863: Young Sawyer Whateley joins the Union forces, later distinguishing himself in two separate battles.

1872: The descendants of John Bishop finally abandon the rotting remains of his old house.

1875: Caleb Hutchins attempts to blow up the stone circle atop Hutchins Mountain. His plans are interfered with by one of the hill Whateleys. Caleb is driven mad and has to be locked away by his family. The damaged stones are later repaired by the Believers.

1888: A great storm destroys the old John Bishop house and knocks the steeple off Osborn's General Store.

1890: The wife of Noah Whateley, mother of Lavinia, disappears under strange circumstances.

1898: A Massachusetts state surveyor dies of a heart attack while attempting to fasten an identification marker to a tree rumored to be haunted.

hiking. Most residents of the valley are willing to rent horses or equipment for reasonable fees. Deposits are usually not required, though the renter will be expected to make good any losses or damage.

The valley has many animals available for rent. Most farmers, if they have no immediate use for a particular horse, are happy to rent it out by the week for a little bit of cash. Yankees bid high and bargain hard. The farmer will be surprised as well as pleased if investigators don't attempt to haggle the price. Very few of the farms have a horse and/or buggy available for rent.

Horse Sense

Horses are sensitive creatures. They can smell a bear or other large carnivore long before humans know of its presence. Horses are equally sensitive to paranormal creatures and events.

A horse won't go near Harsen's swamp, where a monster has long been rumored to lurk, nor within fifty yards of the strange stone circles crowning the Dunwich hills. Other areas, such as Cold Spring Glen and the Whateley ruins, cause similar reactions. If forced ahead, the frightened horse panics and bolts, regardless of a character's Ride rolls.

Dunwich Telephones

Investigators used to a full-service 24-hour telephone system will be in for a surprise in Dunwich. The entire township is linked to the Aylesbury Bell Telephone system through a single switchboard operated out of the house of the Gardner sisters (57). All telephones are on party lines, some shared by as many as six or eight customers. Most calls must be passed though the village switchboard, but calls between customers sharing a party line can be accomplished without operator assistance by using a coded system of rings. Official switchboard hours are from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., but the sisters will connect important or emergency calls at any hour of the day or night.

Boarding Over

Lengthy investigations might suggest an investigator spend the night in the village. Several residents make a practice of renting rooms. The price is usually less than $1 and often includes breakfast. Most homes have only a single room to let, forcing investigators to stay at several different locations. The following village residents usually have rooms available: Ellen Hobbes (43), Widow Morgan (55), Allen and Harriet Ames (65), Jeanne and Sarah Kelly (7 1), and Carter and Mary Jackson (72).

A Typical Farm

Dunwich farms are typically small, based on the amount of land that can be worked by a man, his wife, and their children. Typical crops include wheat, corn, pumpkins, squash, beans and peas. Other fields are given over to pasture land, hay fields, and timber lots. The soil is generally thin, not too productive, and filled with rocks. Indeed, most farmers enclose their fields not with wooden fences but with low stone walls built of the rocks turned up year after year by their plows. These stone walls can be seen running along most roads in the valley, or separating crops from pasture land, or even in dense woods where once open fields have gone back to the wilds.

Additionally, most farms keep an apple orchard and possibly a small arbor of Concord grapes. Livestock consists of small herds of dairy cattle, sheep, pigs, and chickens. Some farms have rabbit hutches or a small collection of bee hives. There is always a dog or two around as well as any number of cats found living in both the house and the barn. Dunwich farms are nearly self-supporting, only a few store-bought goods such as milled flour or cloth find their way into most homes. Many families still make their own soap and candles. Surplus crops and livestock are sold at the farmer's market in Aylesbury.

Farmhouses throughout the valley were almost universally constructed between the years 1700 and 1806, all but the rudest cabins evidencing some form of the Georgian style. Original houses were usually built small, sometimes only a single story of two rooms. Later additions would expand the house to four rooms and a second or even a third story would be added. Lean-to additions were usually built off the back of the house, but sometimes on the end, further increasing the original living space. Most are equipped with stone-wall cellars with outside entrances. Lacking gas and electric service the homes in the valley are heated by huge central fireplaces sometimes augmented by small iron stoves installed in distant parts of the house. Water is drawn from a well or spring and outhouses are often located only a short distance from the back door. Houses usually have at least a front and a back door, as well as an outside entrance to the cellar.

Many Dunwich residents (60%) have telephone service, one of the few earmarks of the twentieth century visitors might find. Almost all have a mailbox mounted near the road, usually with the name of the family painted on it.

Almost every farm has a barn where livestock is sheltered and feed and equipment stored. Other outbuildings may include small tool sheds, a woodshed, a smokehouse, possibly an ice-house, maybe a spring house built to keep a source of water from freezing over during winter, and an underground root cellar. A small vegetable garden kept near the house provides the farmer's wife with a source of table vegetables, tomatoes, rhubarb, asparagus, and others. Some farms even have a small duck pond near the house. It would, however, be an exceptional Dunwich farm if it were to have all these things. Most farms have somewhere on the property a family burial plot. Township regulations now forbid the burying of bodies on private property, although unreported infractions occur frequently. All farms maintain a trash dump somewhere near the house. The nearest place where trash can be dumped down a slope to disappear

A Typical Farmer

Average Characteristics and Exceptions

STR	3D6+2	10% will be congenitally weak, 2D6+1
CON	3D6+1	20% will be chronically unhealthy, 2D6
SIZ	2D6+6	5% will be below average, 2D6
POW	2D6	20% will be closer to normal, 3D6
DEX	3D6	
APP	2D6+1	
EDU	1D6+3	10% will be carefully educated, 3D6

Typical Skills: Accounting 15%, Craft (farming) 85%, Bargain 75%, Botany 50%, Climb 65%, Credit Rating 15%, Diagnose Disease 15%, Drive Automobile 35%, Electrical Repair 10%, First Aid 30%, Jump 40%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Natural History 50%, Occult 15%, Operate Heavy Machinery 20%, Persuade 35%, Predict Weather 75%, Psychology 40%, English 35% Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 25%. Swim 35% Throw 30%, Track 55%, Treat Disease 35%, Treat Poison 15%, Zoology 50%.

from sight is preferred, but the more decayed Dunwich residents often do little more than toss it out the back door.

Most of the farms are powered by animal labor—horse- or ox-drawn plows, harrows, cultivators, and reapers. A small handful of farmers own tractors but these are ancient, rusted vehicles sometimes jointly purchased by a father and son or by closely cooperating neighbors. A Dunwich farmer prosperous enough to purchase a new tractor is unimaginable.

A farm family typically consists of a husband, wife, and any number of children. Farm families tend to be large but many youngsters end up eventually moving out of the valley. Only those in a position to inherit an established farm or occupation stay. Others, those not inclined to continue living at home with parents, move on to Aylesbury where the farming is better, or further on, even out of Massachusetts altogether.

Space did not allow us to give full statistics for every single resident in Dunwich country. The Keeper can use the following guidelines to fill in these characters as needed. Typical skills are described as well as some notes on the types of weapons most commonly encountered.

Firearms

Besides the tools, axes, and knives found around any farm, almost every resident of the valley owns at least one firearm. These are used for self-defense, to drive off varmints or to destroy a sick or injured animal. The most commonly-found modern weapon is the shotgun, usually 12-gauge in a single or double-barrel configuration. Modem-style pump-action weapons are rare, much too expensive for most residents. Fourty percent of the residents own shotguns.

Revolvers are next in popularity, most often the .38 caliber. This was the weapon carried by Wilbur Whateley the night he was killed. Twenty-five percent of the farmers own some type of pistol. Automatics are extremely rare. Rifles are less common although a fair number of houses have a .22 lying around. These are usually singleshot or bolt-action models. A few farmers own a .30-06, used primarily for hunting deer. Thirty percent of the houses will have a .22 and twenty percent a .30-06.

In almost every house, whether or not there are any other firearms, will be found a vintage musket, handed down through the family, usually kept clean and handy in case of an emergency. These weapons must be handloaded with shot and powder and can be fired only once every six rounds by even the most skilled user. They cause 1D10 points of damage and have a base range of 20 yards. They are simple and sturdy. It takes 14 points of damage to break one.

> *For a decade the annals of the Whateleys sink indistinguishably into the general life of a morbid community used to their queer ways and hardened to their May-Eve and All-Hallows orgies. Twice a year they would light fires on the top of Sentinel Hill, at which times the mountain rumblings would recur with greater and greater violence; while at all seasons there were strange and portentous doings at the lonely farmhouse. In the course of time callers professed to hear sounds in the sealed upper story even when all the family were downstairs, and they wondered how swiftly or how lingeringly a cow or bullock was usually sacrificed. There was talk of a complaint to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but nothing ever came of it, since Dunwich folk are never anxious to call the outside world's attention to themselves.*
>
> *—H.P Lovecraft, "The Dunwich Horror"*

Village Directory

A residence listing for Dunwich and environs complete with references to further entries

Abbot, Duncan (609); worships stone face
Adams, Jed & Susan (4); quilts
Adams, Nicholas & Shelley (912); brother of Virginia
Adams, Virginia (59); Believer, seductress
Adams, Ward & Eileen (805); parents of Virginia
Allen, Barney & Shirley (801); blighted crops
Allen, Bradford (31); Civil War vet
Allen, Edward & Betty (802); adoptive parents
Allen, Jake and Penelope (517); tuberculosis victim
Allen, James & Cynthia (25); lead poisoned
Allen, John & Jane (804)
Allen, Ned & Deborah (906); war vet, rifleman, horseman
Allen, Widow (803)
Ames, Allen & Harriet (65); will board guests, son is thief
Anderson, Nellie (920); widow, victim of Potters
Anderson, Widow (818)
Babcock, Peter & Sarah (435); anti-Believers
Baker, Peter & Linda (411); hex sign
Baker, Sally (27); multiple personalities
Baker, Thomas (53)
Banks, Jimmy (440); head injury victim
Barnes, Argus & Marvel (807); demented
Barnes, Bob & May (806); Hyperborean skulls
Barnes, Brian & Kayr (412); harmonica player
Barnes, Clint & Hannah (110); skin disease
Barnes, Granny (308); victim of Curse of Yig
Barnes, Jeremiah & Jillian (52); dying wife
Barnett, Jeremiah & Carolyn (89): retarded and pregnant daughter
Bartlett, Carl & Amanda (403); anti-Believers
Bates, Morgan & Beulah (28); ramshackle
Bates, Sharon (45); widow
Beams, Alvin & Anne (101); Whateley victims
Beams, Jeremy & Catherine (102); relatives
Benson, Peter & Abigail (95); anti-Believers
Bentley, Jaspar (603); retired miner
Bishop, Charity "Mother" (92); Believer, seer
Bishop, Edward & Dorothy (23); son has whores; dog owners
Bishop, Harold (522): college-educated
Bishop, Israel (826); deathless cannibal
Bishop, John (42); wife killer
Bishop, Mamie & Earl Sawyer (504): confidant of Lavinia Whateley
Bishop, Marie (44); Believer, schoolteacher, Township Clerk
Bishop, Silas & Anstiss (202); Believer
Bishop, Walter (40); senile
Black, Calvin & Rita (121): newcomers
Blair, Family (815); orphans
Blair, Jed (Osborn's, 29): war vet, lounger
Blake, Herman & Nancy (821); bankrupt
Blount, Arthur & William (20); incompetent brothers
Bouter, Roger (19): missing leg
Bradford, Will & Betty (429); fiddle player, country jamboree
Brown, Arthur & Mildred (608); child died in accident
Brown, Carey (526); husband murdered
Brown, Sylvester & Jill (525); ice house
Buford, Adam & Kay (708); successful farmer
Cahill, Ben & Tulip (810); tree expert
Cahill, Terrence (Osborn's & 62); checker player, lounger
Callahan, Hiram (812); dead hermit
Carrier, Bill & Constance (15); squalid
Carrier, Douglas & Betty (81); blacksmith
Chase, Alvin & Doris (606); poisoned family
Condon, David Ray (826); murderer, cannibal
Corey, George & Emily (509); Believers, dowser
Corey, Wesley & Anne (508): witness to the Horror
Conley, Abigail (88); Believer, "witch woman"
Crait, Peter (34); Indian hunter and tracker
Cummings, Bill (Osborn's): bill collector
Dunlock, Abraham (410); cockfights
Dunlock, Caleb (408); monstrous grandson
Dunlock, George (430); family patriarch
Dunlock, Martin & Luna (409); anti-Believers
Dunlock, Morton & Becky (415); unfaithful wife
Dunn, Bill (404); whittles
Dunstable, Mabel (203 & 204); degenerate clan leader
Farmer, Jake & Ellie (12); strange twin daughters
Farr, Fred & Lena (303); witness to Horror
Farr, Rebecca (306); ex-Believer
Franklin, Annie (835); widow
Fritch, Al & Joan (831); dowser
Frye, Gabriel & Honor (817); destitute
Frye, Jebel (75); carpenter
Frye, Jonathan (816); Hyperborean coffin
Gardner, Beatrice & Sarah (57); telephone operators
Garson, Art & Marilyn (112); attack dogs
Gibson, Harold & Arthur (705); suspicious brothers
Gibson, Merler (702); widower
Gibson, Michael & Sybil (703); Dutch elm disease
Giles, Stu (Osborn's); retarded, lounger
Grant, Harvey & Sheryl (109); farm for sale
Harris, Abraham (711); man without family
Harris, Bedford & Martha (36); sonless family
Harris, Clifford & Pastel (18); Squire's housekeeper
Harris, Ezekiel & Elizabeth (2); brother and sister
Harris, Jerry & Violet (49); moving out
Harris, Jesse (828); gnarled figure
Harris, Josh & Felicity (83); Victrola
Harsen, David & Fanny (6); insane wife
Harsen, Peter & Virginia (307): son killed by snakes
Harsen, Willy (509); war vet, wife murderer
Hartwell, Jack & Babs, (834); riflemen
Hayes, Lyman (908); witness to gate in Indian Hill
Hobbes, Barry & Margaret (106)
Hobbes, Ellen (43); widow, boards guests, canary owner
Hobrowski, Casimir & Helena (120); Hyperborean statue
Holloway, Charlie (98); speechless
Horn, Jason & Rebecca (96); senile old man
Hunter, Bill & Betty (105); burned barn
Hunter, Bob & Mary (107)
Hunter, Dan (104); hunter, tracker
Hutchins, Agnes (423); widow with mean son

Hutchins, Bill & Cassie (511); child killed by car
Hutchins, Cyril (442); keeps uncle in cellar
Hutchins, Elam & Nancy (201); Believer
Hutchins, Harold & Janet (444); tracking dogs
Hutchins, Jubal & Doris (425); underage bride
Hutchins, Sam (433); selectman, family patriarch
Hutchins, Will & Martha (434); witness to Horror, guitar player
Jackson, Carter & Mary (72); anti-Believers
James, Horace & Mabel (63); unhappy family
Johnson, Bill (111); wife murdered
Johnson, Carl (832); explosives expert
Johnson, Frank & Winifred (830)
Johnson, Capt. Harris (915); war vet, witness against T. Potter
Johnson, Horace & Matilda (913)
Johnson, James (73); burned-out house
Johnson, Old Man (14); blind
Johnson, Will & Dolores (903)
Jones, Barry & Anstice (60); fisherman
Jones, Ben (61); father of fisherman
Jones, Delbert & Sandy (910); barn in house
Jones, Sam (24); alcoholic
Jones, Tucker (79); physician
Judson, George & Ellie (117); murdered his brother
Kelly, Jeanne & Sarah (71); board guests, bickering sisters
Kline, Paul & Velma (905); swamp explorer
Kramer, Ellie (77); Believer, fortune teller
Mancelle, Jean & Maria (437); French Canadians, anti-Believers
Martin, Everett & Martha (38); Believer, piano player
Martin, Lewis (840); ex-Believer
McClean, Roger (301); escaped con
McKenzie, Widow (16); magazine collector
McKinney, Ethel (706); blind, deaf
Miller, Harry (Osborn's); traveling salesman
Miller, Hiram (110); war vet, bugler
Miller, John & Sarah (716); hunting dogs
Miller, Tag (74); ear collector
Monroe, John & Helen (115); bad seed son
Montgomery, Will & Sybil (108); sleepwalking daughter
Morgan, Widow (55); boards guests
Morgan, William (66); alcoholic
Osborn, Joe & Harriet (Osborn's & 33); store owner
Osgood, Sharon (611); horribly crippled son
Owen, Craig & Doris (710); beekeeper
Parker, Abner& Annabelle (819); Indian legends
Pelter, James & Mildred (829); mechanic
Perkins, Bhule & Jane (907); daughter abducted by T. Potter
Pickman, George Allen (921); outsider
Pierce, Orville & Amy (401); newcomers
Place, Annie (41); jams, jellies
Place, Joshua & Irene (407); Believers, dowser
Potter, Charlie & Ethel (514); good Potters
Potter, Jubal & Jedediah (916); degenerate brothers
Potter, Selma (515); widow
Potter, Temple (917); degenerate psychopath
Prescott, Calvin & Honor (439); polygamist
Prescott, Daniel & Ellie (424); Whateley victims
Prescott, Dorothy (417); widow
Prescott, Elias & Mary (432); anti-Believers, Believer daughter
Prescott, James & Beryl (419); wifebeater
Prescott, Jim & Helen (431); anti-Believers
Prescott, Jimmy (418); bachelor
Prescott, Joe & Felicia (428); grossly obese
Prescott, John & Ellen (436); midwife
Prescott, Jonah & Mary (420); cave explorer
Prescott, Markham & Janet (426); the witch-tree
Prescott, Mary (438); widow
Prescott, Virgil & Agnes (427); tracking dogs
Pritchett, Cap (90); mailman
Rawson, Sam & Jeanine (113); burned orchard
Richards, Mack (718); hunter
Rodney, Roscoe, Leonard, Willy, & Bob (909); brothers
Sawyer, Earl & Mamie Bishop (504); witness to the Horror
Simmons, Roberta (808); anti-Believer
Skelton, Harvey (836); trap maker
Smith, Allen & Marjorie (405); Believer
Smith, Annie (94); widow
Smith, Brian & Jennifer (719); Whateley victims
Snyder, J. Thomas (86); hermit
Standish, Abner & Hazel (837)
Stone, Levi & Hannah (310); idol worshipper
Streeter, Bob & Carey (69); Whateley victims
Stubbs, Norman & Gretchen (521); poacher, wife-abuser
Stubbs, Vernon & Alice (520); poacher
Sumpter, Abel & June (421); war vet, banjo player
Sumpter, Harold & Bert (32); cemetery keepers
Talbot, Willie (Osborn's & 30); blind, lounger
Taylor, Bob (22); missing arm
Taylor, Billy (445); washtub bass
Taylor, Joe & Frances (11); rabbits
Taylor, Joe & Mabel (715); choir singer
Taylor, Murdock (614); animal molester
Tebler, Ruth (820); stares at strangers
Teeples, Simon & Emmy (422); fundmentalist preacher
Thomas, Andrew & Lily (814); newcomers
Tubbs, Basil (91); handyman
Tubbs, Willy (48); bachelor, woodchopper
Wafts, Old Lady (46); baked goods
Webb, Bill & Marsha (704); captive children
West, Walter & Sylvia (99)
Whateley, Amos (119); lawsuit plaintiff, moonshiner, wife murderer
Whateley, Curtis & Ruth (502); witness to the Horror
Whateley, Lemuel & Julie (68); spy, potential murderer
Whateley, Sally; prostitute
Whateley, Seth (123); Amos' brother
Whateley, Squire Sawyer (51); Selectman, Civil War vet
Whateley, Tristram & Joanne (54); Constable
Whateley, Zebulon (Osborn's & 507); Believer, lounger
Whateley, Zechariah & Sarah (501); Selectman
Wheaton, Honus & Ruth (451); fisherman, boats for rent
Wheeler, Henry (513); widower, witness to the Horror
White, Edna (413); gardener
Whitlock, Mary (56); widow, daughter pregnant
Whitney, Jason (612); bereaved brother, cannibal
Wilson, Agatha (523); cat lover
Wilson, Jebel & Nellie (518); moonshiner
Wilson, Old Lady (3); widow
Wilson, Zeke & Constance (519); infested orchard
Wright, Bart & Josie (712); squatters

Secrets of Dunwich

Wherein the shroud of mystery is withdrawn, revealing sundry strange and hidden horrors peculiar to Dunwich.

Dunwich and its surrounding areas are home to mysteries innumerable. From the time of the ancients, to the modern day, this place has always attracted the fringes of society. Bizarre cults, social outcasts and decayed families all hold their doors against the outside world, practicing their own rituals in an area where looking the other way is the norm. Outsiders to Dunwich are advised not to pry too deeply. Or they will suffer the consequences.

The Whateley Gold

A long-standing mystery in the township concerns the fabled Whateley gold. In the early eighteenth century, little was thought of the gold coins used for trade by the Whateleys. Later, as decades passed and the community's fortunes fell, the fact that some of the Bishops and Whateleys still used coins minted prior to the Revolution began to give rise to speculation. Stories of a secret treasure horde began to circulate. When counterfeiting dies were discovered in the house of a deceased Bishop, speculation changed from a possible buried treasure to a secret gold mine that the Whateleys had been tapping all these years.

The fable of the Whateley treasure has led a number of locals to spend the greater portions of their lives seeking it out. Dark caves have been explored, deep mine shafts excavated, and even murder committed in the quest for the Whateley gold. Unknown to anyone, the gold was manufactured by an alchemical process discovered by Absalom Whateley in the early eighteenth century. Costly and difficult, the secret was passed down through generations of Bishops and Whateleys. The last to know the secret was Wilbur Whateley, who continued to manufacture small amounts of gold until his death in 1928. Although evidence of the manufacture will be found, the secret is lost.

The Atmosphere of Decay

Much of the decay and degeneracy evidenced in Dunwich can be directly attributed to the presence of certain microscopic spores in the air. These alien spores originate from deep beneath the surface, entering the atmosphere through numerous narrow vents, the largest of which is found near The Devil's Hopyard (Region 5). Generations of exposure to these spores has led the people of Dunwich to suffer from ill health, insanity, birth defects, and many other congenital problems. An acute dose of spores can result in hallucinations and insanity. Only in a few places on the surface is the spore concentration high enough to pose this threat. In general, short-time visitors to Dunwich are affected very little by these spores.

Various places around the township and in the underground are given spore POT ratings, which are matched against the investigator's CON on a **Resistance Table**. [For CofC d20 characters, the POT rating is the DC for a Fortitude check.] The first warning sign of spore exposure is dizziness and a light-headed feeling, but by then it is too late, and the resistance check must be made. Failing the struggle results in frightening psychedelic hallucinations, costing **1/1D6 SAN**. Those driven insane by the hallucinations act in an irrational manner, often endangering themselves and others. Recovery time, once the victim has been led from the active spore area, is 5D6 minutes, although the effects of insanity might last longer.

Investigators can partially protect themselves simply by tying a rag or bandanna across their nose and mouth. This **reduces the spore POT to half its normal rating** [or grants a +5 bonus to the Fortitude save]. Respirator masks are available at chemical supply houses. **These reduce the POT to 0** [or negate the need for a Fortitude save] as long as the mask remains in place.

The alien spores find conditions on Earth inhospitable. They quickly encyst and go dormant. Only in certain parts of the underground, and in one place on the surface, do the spores find conditions favorable to growth. Germinated spores produce a gray, branching fungus that proves unidentifiable with a **Botany roll** [Knowledge (biology), DC 15]. This fungus, besides producing a high number of active spores, poses a second potential danger.

Introduction of the fungus into the blood stream, usually by way of an open wound, can lead to a deadly infection. A character failing a **CON x1** roll is considered infected. [Consider it a contact poison requiring a Fortitude save (DC 20).] Once in the bloodstream, the fungus grows rapidly, spreading slender filaments through the victim's circulatory system, making fundamental changes to the character's physical makeup and converting human flesh into a fragile, rubbery material reminiscent of a mushroom. This conversion is swift. One hour after infection an entire limb is turned to fungus flesh and in six hours the victim totally converted. This horrible infection costs the inflicted investigator **1D6 SAN points** per hour, every hour—no SAN roll allowed—until the character reaches 0 points. There is no way to reverse the infection and the only hope of saving the victim is by gross amputation of the infected limb. [The poison's statistics are: Contact DC 20, Con 1d6/Con 1d6. The onset time is 5 minutes; the secondary damage occurs one hour later.]

The converted flesh is extremely fragile, and even a small child can snap off a victim's still-living arm or leg. An insane victim not properly confined usually destroys himself within hours, a victim of his own panicked rampaging. Victims safely confined could conceivably live for centuries, immortality being one of the questionable benefits of a fungus infection. A mercy killing is possible, but investigators find the victim does not die easily. Even if chopped to bits, the pieces continue to live, brainless limbs flopping and gasping heads mouthing soundless words for three or four days after dismemberment. Fire or acid destroys the victim's remains quickly, as does stomping the portions into pulp.

If a character gets the fungus in an open wound and fails a **CON x1 roll** [Fort save (DC 20)], he is infected. The keeper should ask the player to make this roll five to ten minutes of game time after he has been exposed to the infection. If the roll is failed, the character feels the infected portion of his body going numb. A few minutes later, the surrounding flesh changes color, becoming a bluish-grey substance through which dark red blood vessels can be seen.

A drink made from the harvested fungus is used by the Believers to heighten their awareness while the celebrating their hilltop rites. Zebulon Whateley (507), one of their members, knows the single spot in the valley where the fungus spores germinate (904) and knows how to process the harvested fungus into a psychedelic drink.

The spores germinate best in an atmosphere more acidic than ours. Once encysted and dormant, they can survive for thousands of years. In the late twentieth century, the acid rains plaguing the northeastern U.S. pose the distinct possibility of a sudden blooming of billions of encysted spores.

The Believers

This secretive cult traces its roots back to the ancient agrarian fertility religions commonly practiced in western Europe before the coming of the Romans. However, years of exposure to the alien spores have brought a more cosmic outlook to the cult. No longer celebrating the regular solstices and equinoxes, their celebrations now take place at irregular intervals determined by individual believers via their dreams. These celebrations coincide with stellar and planetary events too subtle to predict by ordinary means.

Led to the valley by visions of a paradise awaiting them, the Believers found on top of the hills the remnants of an earlier society. Rough monoliths had been placed atop the hills in circular designs. Before long, most of these old standing stones had been restored to their former positions, and the hills had been cleared of the forest growth that had covered them. Many of these domed hills are still owned by the same families responsible for first clearing them centuries ago.

Six to ten times a year, the rites are practiced atop these hills. Bonfires illuminate naked, cavorting Believers. Their gods are many, although rumors speak of "a horned man" who sometimes attends the ceremonies. An investigator who witnesses these rites, or otherwise learns about the cult's practice and makes a successful **Occult roll** [Knowledge (occult) check, DC 10], recognizes a mix of druidic beliefs, medieval alchemical

The Dunwich Grimoire

The following spells are known to some of the residents and other entities of Dunwich. It is possible that investigators will want to learn some of these magicks, and it is up to the keeper to decide whether any of the Believers are willing to teach them or not. Even if an investigator finds a teacher, insist on at least a week's time for the simplest of spells, longer for those more complicated. At the end of that time the investigator must roll his INT x1 or less to have successfully learned the spell.

Common Spells

The following spells from the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook are common to cultists of The Believers: Augur, Awake Abhoth, Bind Enemy, Blight Crop, Cause Blindness, Charm Animal, Death Spell, Detect Enchantment, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Food of Life, Healing, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Stop Heart, Warding.

Additionally, the following two new spells are found in the Dunwich region.

Call Horned Man

This spell is similar to other Call Deity spells and when successfully cast brings the Horned Man, a non-malignant form of Nyarlathotep. If the Horned Man appears at one of the Believer ceremonies, he will choose one of the members to engage in a private "dance." This dance means different things to different people. Marie Bishop's dance with the Horned Man is distinctly different than Virginia Adams'. Zebulon Whateley's private experience with the deity is totally different from either of the two women. Being chosen to dance with the Horned Man grants 1 point of permanent POW {WIS} to the individuals who have drunk of the fungus-based liquor brewed by Zebulon Whateley.

Freak Weather

This spell can cause a lightning bolt to strike in a certain area, a small hail storm to occur, a powerful, localized wind to blow up from nowhere, or similar effects. It costs 10 magic points to cast. The caster has no direct control over the effect, but can only cause it to manifest itself in a given location. The location must be within sight of the caster.

magic, American Indian lore, and a smattering of Greek mystery religions. [For every 5 points the check result is over the DC, the investigator can draw a parallel to another legend from a different culture.]

The actual pursuits of individual Believers take many different forms. Some members actively study contemporary delvings into theories of psychic phenomena, including ESP and telekinesis. Others make use of older, more traditional magicks, while some pursue inner knowledge. Although united by a single belief in the power of the forces of nature, individual Believers are free to explore this power in whatever way they choose, forbidden only from breaking the few basic tenets of the cult.

Membership in the Believers is for life. Although little is actually required of members, silence regarding the cult's existence is the prime rule. Revealing the secret rites, the names of members, or anything else intended to damage the cult is punishable by death. This sentence has been executed only a few times over the last 250 years. A severe beating is usually sufficient to bring even the most troublesome member back into line. This same summary discipline extends to those outside the Believers, although ample warnings are usually given to those incautious few who would attempt to interfere with the cult.

Despite the pretence of secrecy, most residents know of the existence and activities of the Believers. Very few do not at least accept their presence. Although the cult is generally viewed as something dark and mysterious, many a farmer has been thankful for the cult's aid when a crop has suddenly withered or a child been struck with a bad fever.

Those who fear and actively speak against the Believers are in the minority and truly outsiders to the community of Dunwich. Observant investigators, those able to make a successful **Occult roll** [Knowledge (occult), DC 10], are able to identify those families antagonistic to the Believers by the globes of colored glass, called witch-balls, hung in windows and doorways.

Active members, those Believers who regularly attend the hilltop rites, number nearly twenty. Some of these are noted in the text, but others might be created as needed by the keeper. There are also those who, although initiated into the cult, no longer attend ceremonies. Attendance at the rites has never been compulsory.

Strong bonds of friendship exist among many cult members, a natural result of shared secrets, but antagonisms also exit. Petty dislikes and jealousies are not uncommon, and the cult's anarchic structure leaves it wide open for leadership struggles. Although some disputes can be settled by group consensus, others cannot. Open demonstrations of hostility between members might constitute a breach of the oath of silence, endangering the cult. Thus, they occur infrequently.

Active members display a variety of talents and magicks. Some tell fortunes, some make charms and potions, others are particularly good with crops or livestock. [A few have the Sensitive feat and possess psychic abilities.] Marie Bishop studies ley lines and Mythos magic under the guidance of Mother Bishop, while Irene Place prophecies from the entrails of sacrificed animals. Irene's husband, Joshua Place, is a highly respected dowser.

Active Members: Virginia Adams (59), Marie Bishop (44), Silas Bishop (202), George & Emily Corey (510), Wesley Corey (508), Elam Hutchins (201), Ellie Kramer (77), Bertha Martin (38), Joshua & Irene Place (407), Honey Prescott (432), Marjorie Smith (405), and Zebulon Whateley (507).

Inactive Members: Mother Bishop (92), Israel Bishop (826), Walter Bishop (40), Abigail Conley (88), Rebecca Farr (306), Lewis Martin (840).

Investigator Reaction to the Believers

Although the cult activities are a well-kept secret, spending any amount of time in Dunwich reveals evidence of their existence. Aware of the Dunwich reputation, investigators probably fear the worst. Prying into the cult's secrets inevitably attracts the Believers' attention. Overly-curious visitors may notice many of the once friendly residents attempting to distance themselves from the outsiders. If the investigators are under suspicion, certain residents hear about it through the grapevine. Investigators may also receive subtle but direct warnings from such respectable figures as Squire Whateley. Persistence brings more dire warnings in the form of dead birds found on doorsteps in the morning, with warning notes tied to the legs of the carcasses. The Believers, if pushed too far, may be forced to eliminate the interlopers altogether, taking great pains to make the deaths appear as though they were the result of some accident.

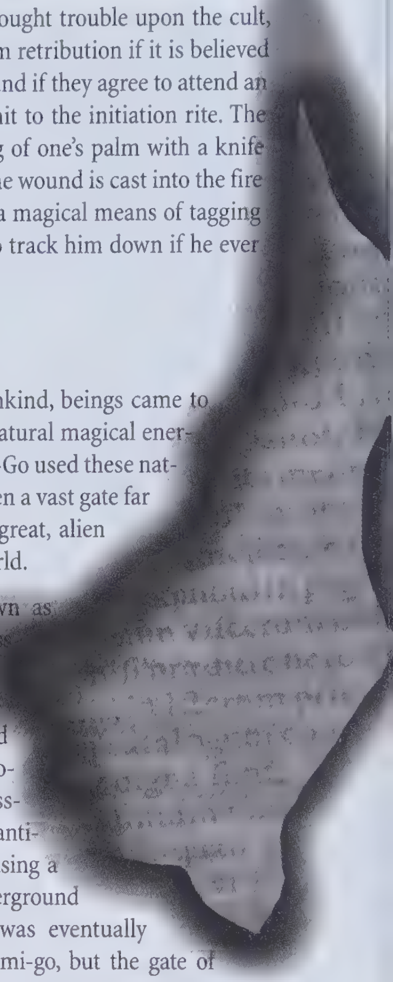
Should the investigators somehow succeed in destroying the cult by public exposure, they are still not safe. Few of the cult members will suffer more than a short jail term, but all will swear death to the persons who violated their secrecy. Before things go too far, Marie Bishop will probably approach the investigators and try to talk some sense into them. If need be, she is even willing to demonstrate some of her mastery of Dunwich's ley lines to prove her point.

If the investigators have brought trouble upon the cult, they might still be excused from retribution if it is believed they acted out of innocence—and if they agree to attend an upcoming ceremony and submit to the initiation rite. The ceremony involves the pricking of one's palm with a knife blade. The blood drawn from the wound is cast into the fire while a chant is called. This is a magical means of tagging the individual, and it is used to track him down if he ever violates his oath of secrecy.

Dangerous Hills

The domed, stone-crowned hills are said to attract lightning, and they are dangerous to be on when a thunderstorm strikes. Anyone struck by lightning must make a **Luck roll** [Reflex save, DC 10]. Success indicates 1D6 damage, minor burns, and 1D6 rounds of unconsciousness. Failure means 4D6 points of damage and, if the character survives, 1D6 minutes of unconsciousness, in addition to permanent or long-lasting damage. This could be a lengthy coma, loss of all body hair, partial or complete deafness, partial or complete blindness, moderate to severe brain damage (**resulting in 1D6 lost INT points**), partial paralysis or palsy (**costing 1D6 DEX points**), or a **CON reduced by 1D6 points**. [For d20 characters, these last three effects are permanent ability damage.]

A Secret History



Long before the advent of mankind, beings came to this place to make use of the natural magical energies found in the valley. The Mi-Go used these natural rifts between worlds to open a vast gate far below the surface, allowing a great, alien being to partially enter this world.

This being was later known as Abhoth, Source of Uncleanness but the mi-go sought only the spores this strange being produced. The mi-go greatly desired the gray, branching fungus produced by the spores. After processing it, they transported vast quantities of the fluid to the moon, using a natural gate found in their underground complex. This vast complex was eventually abandoned by the mysterious mi-go, but the gate of Abhoth was never closed. The being still lurks below the surface.

Abhoth exists only partially in this world. Most of his consciousness is still contained in his existence elsewhere. Still, the dreaming Abhoth of Earth craves sustenance. His dreams reach out across the planet to find those who live in fear, those persecuted and hounded outcasts who seek a better world far from their enemies. To these desperate people, Abhoth offers the dream of a golden paradise. It is promised to those who would seek it out, those who would come to live in the pleasant valley shown to them in their dreams. The pilgrims come and settle, living their lives, raising their children, and believing they have found something of the paradise they sought. But eventually Abhoth awakens, and once awake, it hungers. Calling the pilgrims to itself, Abhoth opens a great gate, and the descendants of the original pilgrims march docilely into the god's maw.

The first victims of Abhoth's dreams were Hyperboreans, priests and followers of the various religions then suppressed by the temples of Yhounoeh, the elk-goddess. Using a complex system of gates, the pilgrims made their way to this unknown land far from their native Hyperborea. Led by their prophetic dreams, they settled here, raising a great pyramid and many lesser temples. They dwelt here for many centuries, far from their persecutors. Then one night Abhoth awoke. Morning found the city depopulated. All but a few fell to Abhoth, becoming his food.

Thousands of years later, druids fleeing Roman persecution sailed across the vast sea to find a valley promised to them in their dreams. They converted the Indians they found living here to their druidic beliefs. The druids raised stone circles atop the hills that covered the now ruined and buried temples of the Hyperboreans. For several hundred years, this odd civilization flourished until again, on one fateful night, Abhoth was aroused. Hungry, he led the population of the valley to its doom.

Unguessed at by even the most astute of the Believers, the present residents of Dunwich have been led here for the same purpose. Even now, one of their number treats with Nyarlathotep, lured by promises of power and influence. It may not be long before Abhoth awakens again and depopulates the valley.

Dunwich Magic

No one, not even the most experienced of Believers, has a full idea of the powers found in Dunwich Valley. Attuned to the movements of stars and planets, magic is focused through rifts in the dimensions, rifts upon which the ancient Hyperboreans built their temples and the later druids maintained their rounded mounds and stone circles.

Marie Bishop, returning from Radcliffe, made an academic study of the stars for a time, trying to correlate their positions with the times and locations of the rites. After several years, she gave the project up. She now studies the intuitive manner recommended by Mother Bishop.

Anyone initiated into the cult has a chance of predicting the time and place of the next rite, equal to the character's **POW x1** [Wisdom check, DC 20]. This knowledge comes to the individual in the form of a dream, usually one or two days before the rite is to be held. A certain percentage of the Believers will share the dream, and word of the upcoming ceremony will be spread amongst the cultists. Because of the unpredictable timing of these gatherings, the keeper is allowed to time them as he wishes, introducing them at the most telling or dramatic moments of adventures.

Dunwich Village

"...A cluster of rotting gambrel roofs bespeaking an earlier architectural period than that of the neighboring region."

Visitors to Dunwich are taken aback by the atmosphere of age and decay that hangs over the community. Many homes are abandoned and vacant. Those still inhabited are in ill-repair, their long unpainted, broken windows stuffed with rags. Noxious weeds grow in the yards, and along the streets dirty children play in the dust.

The bumpy main road from the covered bridge swings past Osborn's General Store, beyond which can be seen the overgrown Dunwich Cemetery. On the left, standing atop a hill studded with ancient headstones, is the collapsing hulk of the old Meeting House, abandoned years ago and left to rot. A little farther up the road, the village Common lies on the right, overgrown with brush and untrimmed trees, surrounded by once-stately mansions still owned by current members of the Bishop and Whateley families.

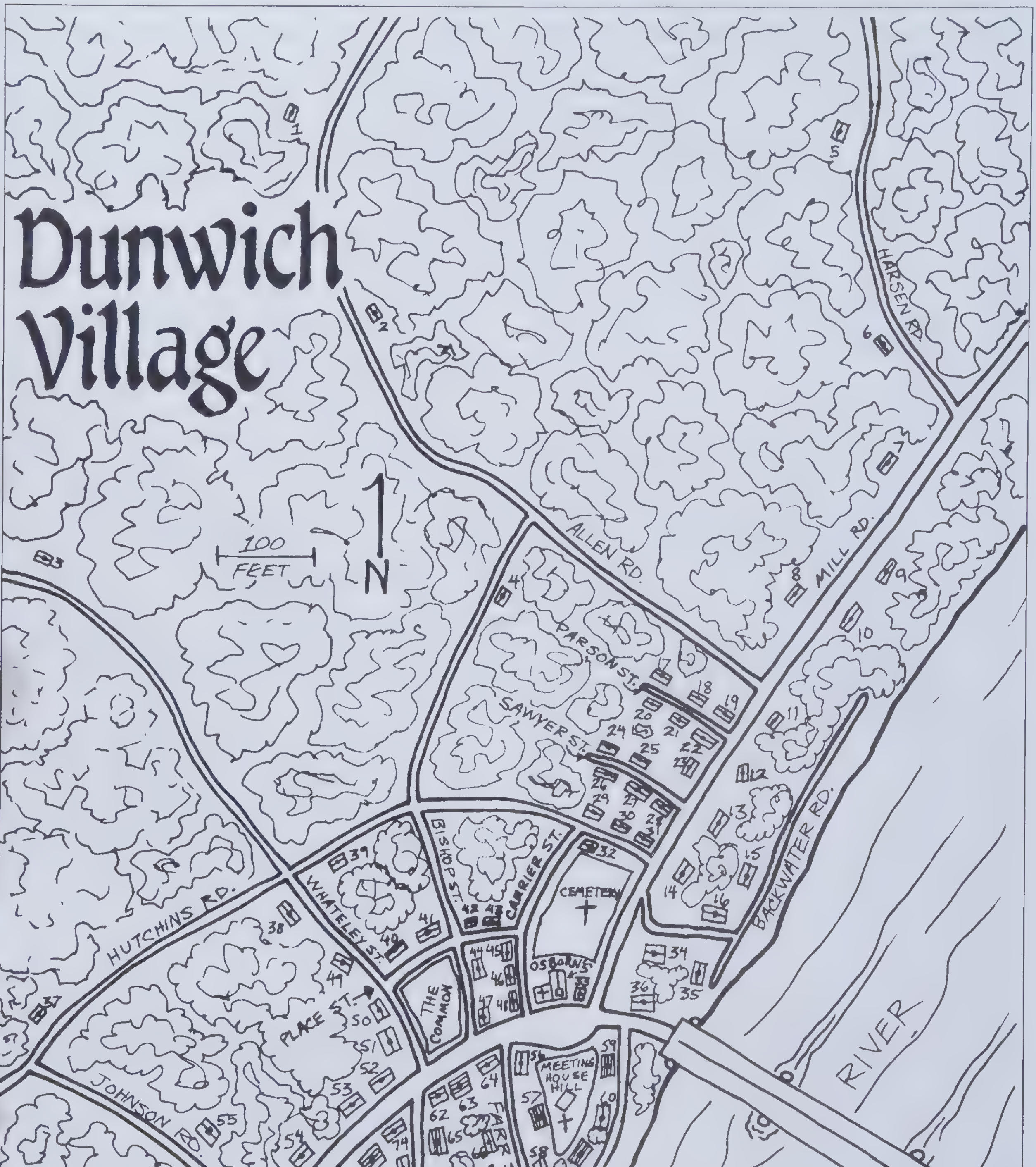
Some of the oldest houses in Dunwich are those grouped around Old Meeting House Hill, the community's original center. Those homes farther west and south of Dunwich Road are a little larger, newer, forming what was once a middle-class neighborhood. West of Path Street is a deserted manufacturing center where leather and other materials were once worked. The abandoned glass house built by Absalom Whateley can still be seen. The homes north of Dunwich Road, particularly those grouped around the Common, are the largest and finest houses found in the village. Built by earlier generations of Whateleys and Bishops, these imposing Georgian manors are now blighted by neglect and age. North of here, and east of Mill Road, the residences are mostly old farms, few of them worked to any great extent. To the west, along Parson and Sawyer Streets, and on the east end of Hutchins road, are a number of small, modest dwellings, originally constructed to house the workers once employed by the Whateley mills.

The western portion of the village is composed mostly of scattered small farms. Some of these places are actually worked, though most are disused, the fields lying fallow and overgrown. The mill section north of the village is deserted and empty. The few farms found along here were never fruitful and are all long-abandoned. The closed-down mills are rotting and crumbling, slowly collapsing into the river.

The main Dunwich road receives some attention from the county and is in fairly good shape. Most of the other roads in and around the village receive little maintenance.

Central Dunwich

Osborn's General Store, Dunwich Cemetety, Old Meeting House Hill, and the Common are all public places visible to


Dunwich Village
100 FEET
N
ALLEN RD.
HARSEN RD.
MILL RD.
PARSON ST.
SAWYER ST.
HUTCHINS RD.
BISHOP ST.
CARRIER ST.
WHATELEY ST.
CEMETERY
OSBORNS
BACKWATER RD.
PLACE ST.
THE COMMON
MEETING HOUSE HILL
JOHNSON RD.
TARR ST.
DUNWICH RD.
PATH ST.
WILSON RD.
SAWYER ST.
RIVER RD.
MISKATONIC
RIVER
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84

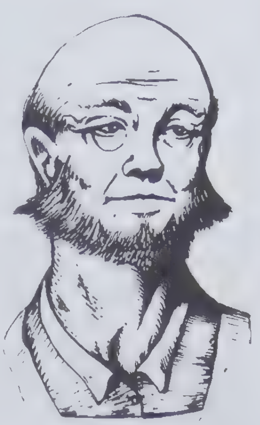
travelers along Dunwich Road. They are identified on the map by name and are described first. All other locations are identified by number.

Osborn's General Store

Dunwich's only commercial establishment the store, housed in the old Congregational Church, is operated by Joe Osborn, age 34 (33). The store has been in business since 1751, providing the citizens of Dunwich with their basic needs. A hand-operated gas pump stands outside, while to the west of the building, hidden by overgrown trees and shadows, is a small cemetery once used by the congregation of the short-lived church. About two dozen headstones can be found here, all dated between 1745 and 1747.

Inside the store, dusty shelves and counters display a variety of canned goods, yard goods, farm tools, newspapers and magazines, knives, flashlights, rope, chain, fishing equipment, rounds of ammunition, a few faded dresses on hangers, and common household items. Wilbur Whateley, before his trip to Arkham, purchased a cheap valise from this store.

Osborn's also serves as the local Post Office. All mail to and from the township passes through the General Store and Joe Osborn's hands. Mail addressed to the villagers is held at the store to be picked up by the respective addressees. Cap Pritchett, the township mailman (90), delivers mail intended for folks living farther out in the township. Osborn's also serves as an agent of the Commonwealth, issuing both fishing and hunting licenses. Osborn's is open six days a week from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.



Joe Osborn

Joe Osborn is courteous to strangers and willingly offers directions to people and places around the township. He is, however, reluctant to discuss the events of the Dunwich Horror or other of Dunwich's darker secrets. Investigators proving association with the respected and much-admired Dr. Armitage gain Joe's confidence.

In addition to the usual loungers and occasional strangers listed below, almost every resident of the township visits Osborn's now and then. The keeper should arrange chance encounters as he sees fit. Other visitors to the township will need to be designed by the keeper. These could include Aylesbury County agents from the Agricultural, Welfare, or Health Departments, a trio of proper ladies from a church group in Arkham bringing tracts and the

Loungers

Local residents with nothing better to do are often found in the store occupying the half-dozen old chairs and crates Joe keeps for their comfort. This social circle shares, along with the warmth of conversation and a pot belly stove, a disagreeably dirty brass spittoon. A short list of common loungers follows.

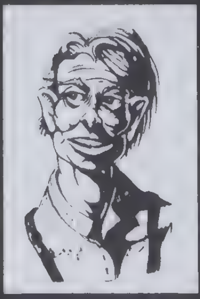
Jed Blair, age 62: A veteran of the Spanish-American war, Jed walks with a slight limp, the result of a Spanish rifle bullet that hit him in the foot. He says the old wound pains him so bad that he's been unable to work for the past thirty years. Jed receives a small pension from the U.S. Government (29).

Zebulon Whateley, age 66: One of the semi-decayed Whateleys, Zebulon is considered by most people to be at least a little eccentric. He is a long-time member of the Believers and not very trusting of outsiders (507).

Willie Talbot, age 30: Talbot's appearance sometimes startles those first meeting him. Completely blind since the age of 12, Willie's eyeballs are dead milky spheres rimmed with red scar tissue, the result of lye accidentally splashed in his face as a youngster. Willie does not wear dark glasses and uses a heavy cane to find his way around the village. Despite his handicap, he plays a mean game of checkers (30).

Terrence Cahill, age 55: Regarded as the best checker player in the village, Terrence always has a hip flask filled with local moonshine and is always ready for a game. He likes to place small bets on his games, particularly with outsiders, and wins most of them. He does odd jobs now and then, but not often, and rarely with any real enthusiasm (62).

Stu Giles, age 29: As a youth, Stu became lost in the woods one night and slept upon the old Indian mound east and north of the village (Region 3). Stu has never been the same. His family moved out of Dunwich when he was fifteen, leaving him here to fend for himself. He rarely speaks, and then only to those he trusts, forming his words slowly and deliberately. He subsists by doing odd jobs around the village, sweeping out Osborn's store, or working around Squire Whateley's place. He sleeps in the barns and sheds of generous villagers who also supply him food and worn-out, hand-me-down clothes. Stu may know a lot more than he lets on, but investigators find it difficult to pry anything from him.



Stu Giles

promise of salvation to Dunwich, a surveyor commissioned by the county or state to make a new map of the township, or even a Massachusetts State Police officer who has driven in from the post in Aylesbury to ask a few more questions about the policemen who lost their lives in Cold Spring Glen last year. Travelling salesman might be met as well. Magazines, kitchen tools, Bibles "with your name in real 24 kt gold on the cover," and patent medicines are all items commonly sold door to door. Almost all salesmen come on foot, carrying suitcases bulging with samples, brochures, and order forms.

Dunwich Cemetery

Established in 1742, this cemetery replaced the old burying ground on Meeting House Hill. This graveyard covers nearly a half acre of ground and contains the earthly remains of almost everyone who has lived and died in the village since the eighteenth century. The oldest tombstone is that of Hattie Bishop, dated June 15th, 1742.

The grounds of the cemetery slope steeply uphill to the north and west, the higher portion containing the majority of the older headstones. More recent graves dot the slopes, while the lower portion in the southeast corner near Mill Road, where the ground is boggy, is reserved for the poorer folks. Many graves in this wet, undesirable area are marked with only a plain concrete block, set in the ground and painted with the name of the deceased.

The older portion of the grounds at the top of the hill, now little used, is covered with a thick growth of brambles, saplings, and rampant shrubbery. Dozens of ancient headstones and crumbling tombs can be found among this daunting tangle, crumbling and forgotten. Near the edge of this growth, at the crest of the hill and overlooking the slope of the cemetery, are two stone mausoleums. One belongs to the Whateley family. The Bishops own the other one. The mausoleums date back to the early 19th century and were used until 1881 and 1875, respectively.

The Bishop Family Curse

Most interestingly, the Bishop mausoleum contains several coffins made of metal, sealed with gaskets, and filled with alcohol. A number of male members of the Bishop family adopted this method of internment during the period between 1842 and 1860. The coffins are fitted with small round windows of crystal, which allow the face of each corpse to be clearly viewed from the outside. If one of these coffins is opened, grave robbers will

Strangers

Although not a common occurrence, Osborn's is the most likely place in Dunwich to bump into another outsider. The following people visit Dunwich regularly, if not frequently, and might be encountered in other parts of the township as well. Keepers should use strangers sparingly; people don't visit Dunwich often.

Harry Miller, age 32: Harry, a salesman for the Harris Brush Company, has recently taken over the Aylesbury sales territory from his predecessor. The community of Dunwich is good for about one visit a year, the locals buying enough merchandise to make the five days spent tramping around the roads worthwhile. Harry boards with Mrs. Hobbes (43), arising early in the morning to walk the dusty roads, stopping to make his pitch at every farmhouse he finds.

Harry is talkative, and investigators might learn that Harry took over this route last year when the former salesman, 37-year-old John Dykes, mysteriously disappeared following a sales trip to Dunwich. State Police investigation revealed a troubled home life and a recently emptied bank account. With no evidence of foul play, police decided the man had simply run off to start a new life.

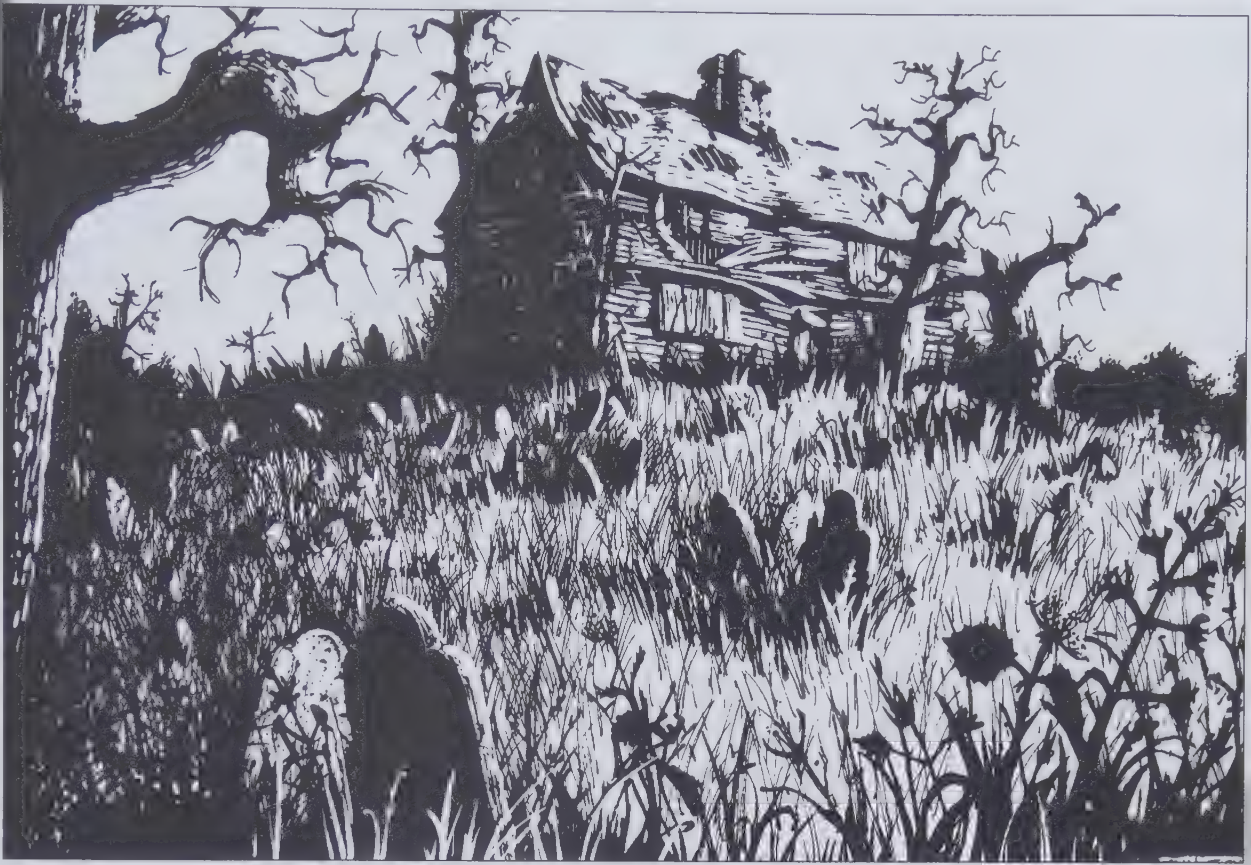
Although Dykes had indeed laid plans to leave the state, he was robbed and murdered by Temple Potter before he got out of town. The salesman's body is buried in a shallow grave in the swamp behind Temple Potter's house (917).

Harry Miller is a very skilled salesman, with Fast Talk 80% and Persuade 65%. [He's a 2nd-level character with Charisma 16, Bluff +11, and Diplomacy +7. His feats are Skill Emphasis (Bluff) and Trustworthy.]

Bill Cummings, age 29: Cummings works for Aylesbury Bell, the only utility servicing the township. Cummings is a bill collector. His job requires him to visit customers delinquent on their payments and either collect the money owed or remove the equipment from the premises.

The local economy being what it is, Cummings visits the township at least once a month, often spending the night to make all the calls necessary. He is provided with a company car, a Model A Ford.

Several times in the past, Cummings has run into problems with an angry householder. In each case, he has been forced to call on the aid of Squire Whateley to be allowed to enter the premises. Cummings is a sympathetic man, but he must follow company rules. Although a few of the more fairminded residents understand his position, many despise him, casting hostile looks at him when he passes in the street.



The Old Meeting House

first be nearly overcome by the pungent, alcoholic fumes, then terrified when the preserved Bishop corpse suddenly sits bolt upright, screams and gurgles horribly, then attempts to climb out of the coffin before falling over dead. **SAN loss is 1/1D6.**

The Bishops buried in this manner have made a deal with Nyarlathotep. With their bodies preserved and their souls imprisoned within them, the interred Bishops are to await an unspecified "future time" when they would be resurrected to lead an eternal life. When the time came for the unnamed "god below the hills" to be awakened, their male descendants would come to their coffins and, after casting a spell taught them by Nyarlathotep, allow the interred men to exchange bodies with the descendants. The innocent descendants would be trapped, but the resurrected Bishops would be free once more. They would then cast the spell to awaken the god below the hills. Unsealing the coffins causes the Bishops to awake still trapped in the poisoned, alcohol-soaked corpses, leading to a quick and grisly death. Besides the two mausoleums, there are also a number of simple low tombs spotted around the cemetery. Rectangular in shape, they are constructed of brick and mortar and stand nearly three feet high. Thick slabs of slate or granite bear the names of the deceased. There are also a few barrow-styled tombs, dug into steep hillsides and accessed by small, iron doors set with locks.

A brick shed stands on the western edge of the cemetery, a place where tools and equipment are kept, and where coffins are stored in winter while the ground is frozen too solid for digging. The graveyard is maintained by the Sumpter brothers, Bert and Harold (32), who are paid from the township treasury.

In the spring, when the snow is melting, anyone visiting the graveyard cannot fail to notice the disconcerting gurgling and bubbling noises caused by melting snow running under the headstones found at the bottom of the hill. The lower portion of the cemetery turns swampy in the spring, and occasionally fragments of a rotting coffin, or other things best left undescribed, are washed up to the surface. The Sumpter brothers quickly move to rebury these frightful protrusions.

At night, the hilly, heavily wooded cemetery is a favorite gathering spot of the local youth, a place to congregate and drink moonshine pilfered from their fathers' stills.

Old Meeting House

Built in 1712, this decaying structure stands atop a small, steep hill. For many years the focal point of the community, it has stood long disused, and the building appears on the verge of collapse. Although long empty, it is possible that diligent investigators might find some old scrap of paper that provides a clue to one of Dunwich's many mysteries. The Meeting House was used until 1908, when the town meetings and records were transferred to the old Bishop house on Dunwich Road.

The slopes surrounding the old house are studded with ancient tombstones, tall thin slabs of slate still perfectly legible and short, thick markers of brown sandstone badly worn and difficult to read. The oldest legible tombstone is that of Henry Hutchins, age 12, who died in 1693. The last burial took place here in the spring of 1742, just before the new cemetery on Mill Road was opened.

The Common

Ragged, overgrown with weeds, untrimmed bushes, and ancient, twisted trees, the Dunwich Common is the victim of decades of neglect. Once a wood rail fence surrounded this area, but little of it is left save for a few rotted posts and tumbled rails lost in the knee-high grass.

Laid out in 1693, the Common originally served as a jointly held pasture where settlers could communally graze their livestock in a safe and central location. As the village grew, farmers began to move out of the central district, and the Common became a place to train militia and enjoy community events. Since the collapse of Dunwich's economy in the early 19th century, the Common has received little attention. A low spot near the center of the green has filled with water and stays wet all summer, providing a breeding ground for frogs and mosquitoes. Nearby on slightly higher ground stands the remains of a rotting gazebo, paint long-gone. The structure is beyond the point of repair.

On the north end of the common, the charred stump of a great oak tree can still be found. It was from this tree, in 1806, that Avern Whateley was hanged, the victim of a lynch mob. Not satisfied with this summary execution, the angry vigilantes returned a few days later to burn the giant tree to the ground.

1

Abandoned

Long unoccupied, the roof of this house is caved-in, the barn out back completely collapsed.

2

Ezekiel & Elizabeth Harris, ages 29 & 26

This couple is brother and sister, but gossip has long held that the two live as man and wife.

3

Widow Wilson, age 88

A run-down, unworked farm. Old Lady Wilson is deaf as a post.

4

Jed & Susan Adams, ages 66 & 63

Mrs. Adams is renowned for her beautiful hand-made quilts. She often hosts quilting bees at the house, inviting six or eight of her best friends for an evening of tea and gossip. A lovely quilt can be purchased by investigators for $4-6, depending on the size and style.

5

Abandoned

Evidence in this house shows signs of recent occupation. Further investigation reveals the place is used by several of the village children as a "club house."

6

Abandoned

7

David & Fanny Harsen, ages 52 & 48

Mrs. Harsen, completely insane, is fond of wandering the roads and woods near the old mills. She startles investigators by suddenly appearing out of nowhere, screaming at them, babbling threats and warnings, then falling to the ground, cursing them while making obscene gestures. She remains in this state until either the investigators leave or her embarrassed, apologetic husband arrives to take her back home.

8

Burned Down

9

Abandoned

10

Hiram Miller, age 69

Hiram is a veteran of the Spanish-American War. The bugler for his outfit, Hiram still has the horn. Once in a while, the old vet likes to break it out, treating the villagers to a rousing reveille in the morning or, at night, the haunting strains of taps.

11

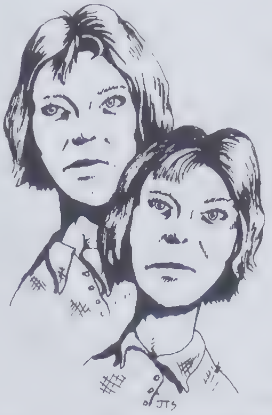
Joe & Frances Taylor, ages 49 & 44

Joe raises rabbits, keeping them out back in his fox-and-weasel-proofed barn. He sells the best eating rabbits in the valley. Joe sells them skinned and dressed for 50 cents each. He also sells at the Aylesbury Farmer's Market on Saturdays.

12

Jake & Ellie Farmer, ages 34 & 33

Jake and Ellie have two children, twin girls named Martha and Shirley. The two girls, 9 years old, are mute and possibly mentally retarded. They are never seen apart. Dressed identically, they wander the village hand in hand, stopping to stare blankly at strangers or sometimes at nothing at all. They have been known to utter cryptic statements that some believe to hold portents of the future. Sometimes Irene Place (407) or Mother Bishop (92) interprets these utterances.



Martha & Shirley Farmer

13

Abandoned

14

Old Man Johnson, age 94

The old man is blind and doesn't care much for talking with strangers.

15

Bill & Constance Carrier, ages 32 & 29

The couple occupies this squalid farmhouse with eight badly mannered offspring.

16

Widow McKenzie, age 66

This house is stuffed with old issues of newspapers, magazines, and catalogues, dating back to the turn of the century. Only narrow paths between the precariously piled stacks allow one to move around the place. Visitors must take care. Toppling one of the heaps of magazines requires anyone nearby to make a successful **Dodge roll** [Reflex save, DC 10] or suffer 1D2 points of damage from some heavy object Mrs. McKenzie absentmindedly left sitting atop the heap.

17

Abandoned

18

Clifford & Pastel Hands, ages 29 & 30

Pastel works for Squire Whateley, serving as his cook and housekeeper. She has three children, aged 8-13, and a drinking husband who does not work.

19

Roger Bouter, age 55

When younger, Roger lost his leg to a threshing machine. Unemployed, he occupies this otherwise abandoned house, stumping about the bare wood floors on his peg leg.

20

Arthur & William Blount, ages 31 & 28

The Blount brothers work only during the planting and harvesting seasons, hiring out to local farmers to help with the crops. Their vacant eyes and drooping lips betray their low intelligence (INT 5 and 6). Their work is as sloppy as their personal grooming habits, and few farmers hire them a second time.

21

Burned Out

Only the stone cellar of this house remains, now used by some of the neighbors as a rubbish dump.

22

Bob Taylor, age 33

Bob has only one arm. The other one was lost in a shotgun accident.

23

Edward & Dorothy Bishop, ages 38 & 32

This couple has three children, aged 12-17. Their oldest child, Robert, was recently ordered by Squire Whateley to enlist in the U.S. Army. Robert was caught running a small prostitution ring involving two or three of the local girls. The Squire offered the boy the choice of enlistment in the military service or a trip to Aylesbury, where he would be brought up on charges. In two weeks, Robert leaves to sign up at the recruiting station located in downtown Aylesbury.

24

Sam Jones, age 47

Sam lives alone. His wife, alternately abused and neglected, left him years ago. Sam is a bitter alcoholic with no use for anybody, particularly outsiders.

25

James & Cynthia Allen, ages 34 & 32

This couple has four children, all obviously suffering to some degree from mental retardation. With a successful **Medicine or INT x1 roll** [Knowledge (medicine), DC 15; or Intelligence check, DC 20], an investigator notices the house's thick, peeling paint and the children's tendency to eat these flakes. The paint, heavily lead-based, is the obvious cause of the children's condition. Warned of the danger, the parents will take steps to correct the situation. Although most of the effects are irreversible, the children will at least grow no worse.

26

Abandoned

27

Sally Baker, age 31

This unfortunate woman is the victim of multiple personalities. Successful **Psychology roll** [Knowledge (psychology), DC 15; or Sense Motive, DC 20] reveals her to be somewhat deranged and excessively paranoid. **Psychoanalysis roll**, or possibly hypnosis and/or drugs, allows her other personalities to emerge. Many of these personalities are past residents of Dunwich who might reveal secrets to the inquisitive investigators. [Psychoanalysis and Knowledge (pharmacy) can help investigators deal with this mental illness.]

28

Morgan & Beulah Bates, ages 39 & 24

Morgan and Beulah live in a ramshackle house in terrible condition. The great central chimney has crumbled, and a crudely installed tin stove pipe can be seen sticking out through a rude hole in the wall. This makeshift repair provides ventilation for the small iron stove now used for heat and cooking.

29

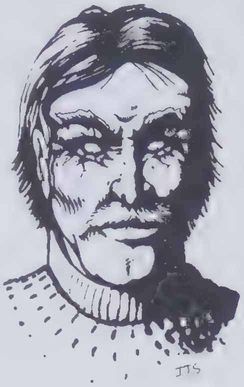
Jed Blair, age 62

A dilapidated house inhabited by the slightly crippled Spanish-American War veteran and Osborn General Store lounger, Jed Blair.

30

Willie Talbot, age 50

The house of "Blind Willie," one of the General Store's regular loungers.



Willie Talbot

31

Old Man Allen, age 86

Aside from Squire Whateley, Bradford Allen is the only surviving Civil War veteran in the valley. Allen was a corporal who served under Squire Whateley at the Battle of the Pentock River. He has only praise for the valiant and heroic part Sawyer Whateley played in that battle. Out of respect, Allen still addresses and refers to the Squire as "Captain Whateley."

32

Harold & Bert Sumpter, ages 61 & 55

These bachelor brothers share a dilapidated old family house. The inside is shockingly unclean. The brothers are friendly, however, and not unliked amongst the villagers. They are paid by the township to maintain the cemetery and dig graves as needed. They also do odd jobs around town, hauling rubbish or sweeping chimneys. They are occasionally seen covered from head to toe with black, sticky soot.

33

Joe & Harriet Osborn, ages 34 and 35

Joe, along with his badly crippled father, Eliot, is the owner of Osborn's General Store. He and his wife have three children, aged 8-13. Joe's father, Eliot, lives in an upstairs bedroom. A victim of advanced arthritis, the old man rarely leaves his room and must be waited on hand and foot.

34

Peter Crait, age 44

Peter is a bachelor and one of the best hunters in the village. Some say he has Indian blood in him.

Peter Crait, Tracker

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 14
DEX 17	APP 10	EDU 9	SAN 45	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Knife 85%, 1D6;
30.06 Rifle 78%, 2D6+3;
12-gauge Shotgun 80%, 4D6.

Skills: Hide 99%, Indian Legends 55%, Listen 96%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 90%, Track 95%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #3]

35

Abandoned

This house was struck by lightning several years ago, and the roof has been blasted away. Only the walls still stand, and they look ready to fall.

36

Bedford & Martha Harris, ages 39 & 36

Bedford is the father of six daughters. The oldest girl is now nearly 24, and her father desperately seeks suitors.

37

Abandoned

38

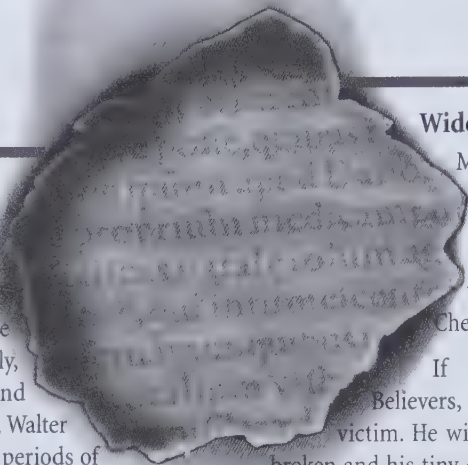
Everett & Bertha Martin, ages 55 & 52

Mrs. Martin owns an old upright piano, one of the few this side of Aylesbury. She plays a little bit, including a few popular tunes and some hymns she learned in church as a young girl. Bertha has been a member of the Believers for nearly thirty years. Bertha knows the Warding spell.

39

Abandoned

40



Walter Bishop, age 71

This aged widower is a past village selectman who also served for a good many years as Township Clerk. The father of Marie Bishop (44) and patriarch of the undecayed branches of the Bishop family, Walter owns large portions of land throughout the township. Unfortunately, Walter has grown senile and often suffers from periods of acute amnesia. He is sometimes found wandering the streets of Dunwich at odd times of the day and night, and not always dressed. Several times, he has been found lingering in the area of the old Bishop mausoleum in the cemetery. He complains of having bad dreams about a man who talks to him and tells him secrets. He can't remember these secrets when he wakes up. His estate is handled by his daughter, Marie Bishop, the principal heir.

Walter was formerly a member of the Believers. Several of the members are keeping an eye on him to make sure he reveals none of their secrets. If he becomes a danger to them, he will have to be eliminated. Marie Bishop is resigned to accepting this possibility.

Walter knows the following spells: Augur, Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, and Warding.

41

Annie Place, age 44

A widow for many years, Annie makes a habit of bringing home from the county fair at least one blue ribbon every year. Her pies, jams, and jellies are unsurpassed.

42

John Bishop, age 42

John is a widower whose wife died three years ago. She was accidentally killed while he was cleaning his rifle. He is from a more decayed branch of the family, and there is some question as to just how "accidental" the death was.

John is highly proficient with a .30-06 (Rifle 78%, 2D6+4). [He's a 1st-level Offense Option NPC with Dex 16, Atk +5 ranged (.30-06 rifle, 2D10), Weapon Proficiency (rifle), and Weapon Focus (.30-06 rifle).]

43

Widow Ellen Hobbes, age 59

Mrs. Hobbes has a small bedroom on the second floor she is willing to let to as many as two boarders (50 cents per night, per person). She is a friendly woman who dotes on her singing canary, Cheeps.

If her boarders are antagonizing the Believers, little Cheeps may become the cult's first victim. He will be found one morning, his little neck broken and his tiny corpse pinned to Mrs. Hobbes' door. The old woman will be appalled and grief-stricken. Fearing what the Believers may do next, she orders the boarders out of her home. If an evicted investigator makes a successful **Persuade roll** [Diplomacy, DC 20] on his way out, Mrs. Hobbes gives an explanation for her actions. Even then, it will be a cryptic statement, something that only tells the investigators a little more than they already know.

44

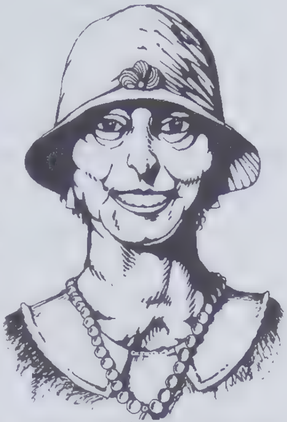
Marie Bishop, age 32

Marie is Dunwich's schoolmarm, teaching a mixed class of nearly two dozen children. A graduate of Radcliffe, Marie, unlike most who leave Dunwich, has returned to attempt to improve the conditions of life in the community. She is bright and assertive and, in her role as head of the school committee, an active participant in all town meetings. It is mainly due to the efforts of Marie Bishop that Dunwich has in the last few years seen an increased supply of schoolbooks and materials from the State Board of Education. Unlike many of the other residents, Marie thoroughly enjoys meeting and talking with outsiders. She is bright, witty, and appreciates the opportunity to engage in a lively, literate discussion.

Besides serving on the school committee, Marie also holds the post of Township Clerk, a position previously held by her father, Walter Bishop. The township records are kept in an upstairs room of the Meeting House, but investigators will find them in a bad state. Marie has spent much time over the last few years trying to sort these records out, but the task is difficult.

Despite Marie's seemingly modern ways, she is a long-time and influential member of the Believers. First initiated into the cult at the age of 16, she has become the confidante and favored disciple of Mother Bishop (92). Marie has experimented with some of the magical effects found in the valley.

Marie Bishop is one of the best contacts the investigators can make, proving helpful in any number of ways. If the investigators discover the existence of the Believers, and through their own actions manage to get themselves in jeopardy with the cult, it is Marie who finds them and tries to explain to them what goes on in Dunwich. In an effort to prove the cult is not something evil, she may even take them up on one of the hills one night and demonstrate what she has learned about the magical energies found in the valley. With the proper timing and concentration, Marie can transport herself and others to another hill far across the township in the blink of an eye. She has not yet learned how to travel in the reverse direction.


Marie Bishop

Marie Bishop, Schoolmarm, age 32

STR 10	CON 14	SIZ 9	INT 17	POW 20
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 16	SAN 85	HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Accounting 75%, Anthropology 15%, Archaeology 10%, Astronomy 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Drive Automobile 45%, History 35%, Law 25%, Library Use 80%, Occult 65%, Oratory 70%, Ride 65%.

Spells: Augur, Bind Enemy, Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Warding.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #4]

45

Sharon Bates, age 27

This widow has five ill-fed and badly clothed children.

46

Old Lady Watts, age 64

The smell of fresh bread or delicious pies wafts over investigators who approach this house. Mrs. Watts turns out fresh baked goods almost daily. She greets visitors in her apron, face and hands dusted with white flour. This house is a favorite stop for Cap Pritchett.

Mrs. Watts' home was recently burglarized. Someone has stolen $11 from her cookie jar.

47

The New Meeting House

Built in 1722 by Gabriel Bishop, this house served as a Bishop residence for many years and was last occupied by Tracer Bishop. Upon Tracer's death in 1809, the house was willed to the community and has since been used for annual town meetings, the storage of town records, and as a one-room schoolhouse. The building is kept locked when not in use.

When the house was first taken over, a set of dies for the minting of coins was discovered in the cellar. This discovery ended the myth of the Whateley secret treasure horde and started the myth of the Whateley secret gold mine.

48

Willy Tubbs, age 55

Willy is a long-time bachelor. A jolly sort, he earns a meager living chopping and hauling wood for some of the villagers.

49

Jerry and Violet Harris, ages 42 and 40

Faded "For Sale" signs dot this property. When investigators pass by or visit, they find a family busily packing their belongings and loading them onto a rusted Ford truck. Jerry explains that he's had the place up for sale for nearly two years now and has found no takers. He has decided to just pull up stakes and head west, probably to Illinois.

50

Burned Out

This once fine mansion, built by Cornelius Bishop in 1804, caught fire in 1901, causing the deaths of three people. It is hardly more than a charred ruin, and the lot is now overgrown with trees.

51

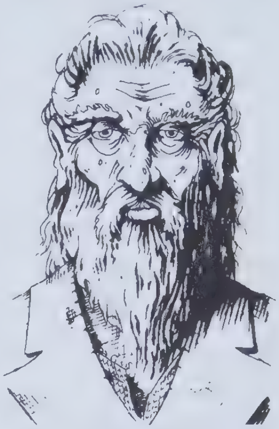
Squire Sawyer Whateley, age 84

Built in 1747 with profits from the Whateley mills, this large Georgian mansion is the finest house in the valley and home to Squire Sawyer Whateley (Squire is an honorific title usually applied to a judge or large land holder). The Squire serves as a village selectman, as well as the Justice of the Peace. He was head of the local draft board when, in 1917, the Federal Government conducted an investigation into the township's inability to fulfill their quota of eligible young men.

The Squire has extensive property holdings throughout the valley. These include large tracts of farmland, as well as the ruins of old mills along the North Fork Miskatonic. His tenants are charged quite charitable rents, but many still fall behind in their payments. The Squire collects what he can and tries to forget about the rest.

Whateley is a decorated veteran of the Civil War. In 1863, lying about his age, young Sawyer joined the 4th Aylesbury Volunteer Regment and was commissioned a lieutenant. He was decorated for bravery after leading the charge at the Battle of the Pentock River, and soon thereafter, he was promoted to Captain. Whateley was later wounded at the battle of Stanton's Hope, where he took a rebel mini ball in the hip. He was shipped back home and the war came to an end while he was still convalescing. The Squire suffers from the old wound—the bullet was never removed—and he still walks with a limp, partially supported by a thick, heavy cane. Despite his age, the Squire is quite spry, even occasionally saddling up his old favorite horse, Jaybel, for a spirited ride.

The Squire knows many secrets about the community, but is not one to talk much about private matters. He is familiar with the Believers cult, and although he does not share their beliefs, he accepts their right to worship as they wish. The Squire also knows a lot more about the Dunwich Horror than he is ready to admit, preferring to keep as much a secret from the outside world as possible.



Squire Whateley

The Squire's house was robbed a few weeks ago. The culprit has yet to be identified, and Whateley claims nothing of any real value was taken. This is untrue. Taken from the house was an ancient gold ferronniére, a Hyperborean artifact of magical design long kept by this branch of the Whateley family (see "Return to Dunwich"). In fact, the dispute between the different branches of the Whateley family over this object led to death and terror, ultimately bringing about the ruin of the once prosperous Whateley mills and the collapse of the local economy.

Squire Whateley's Stable

The Squire owns two healthy riding horses, as well as a matched carriage team capable of pulling his elegant four-seat Phaeton or the manor's utility wagon. He is willing to rent any of the horses or vehicles to investigators, provided he feels they can be trusted. Investigators bearing an introduction from Professor Armitage will experience little difficulty in obtaining what they need from the Squire.

Squire Whateley can also suggest where additional mounts might be obtained, and may even offer to vouch for the investigators' credentials. If the Squire has no immediate need of Red, the man can be hired to drive one of the carriages for the investigators.

Red Croft, The Squire's Man

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW10
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 7 SAN 45 HP 12
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: Whip 75%, damage 1D6+ 1D4.
Skills: Climb 85%, Drive Carriage 65%, Jump 55%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Ride 75%.
[See Appendix 3, Entry #6.]

Squire Whateley, age 84

STR 10 CON11 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 7 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 54 HP 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: .38 Revolver 75%, 1D10; Saber 65%, 1 D8+1.
Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 85%, Credit Rating 99%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Fast Talk 5%, Law 65%, Library Use 55%, Occult 10%, Persuade 85%, Psychology 65%, Ride 80%.
[See Appendix 3, Entry #5]

A widower for over twenty years, the Squire hired 29-year-old villager Pastel Harris as his cook and housekeeper (18). Red Croft, age 49, cares for the Squire's horses and handles most of the chores around the property. Red lives in a small room above the stables.

52

Jeremiah & Jillian Barnes, ages 71 & 68

Two gigantic oaks stand on this property as "husband-and-wife" trees. One of them is perfectly healthy. The other is nearly dead, its limbs rotted and broken. Jeremiah, despite his age, is strong and healthy. His wife, Jillian, is confined to a wheelchair, her limbs withered, her mind lost in senility.

53

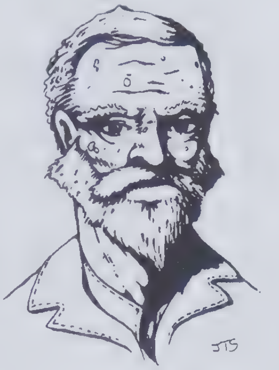
Thomas Baker, age 71

Thomas has a small collection of moldering old books. They

are of little consequence. As his eyesight deteriorated, he found them increasingly difficult to read.

54

Tristram and Joanne Whateley, ages 58 & 41



Tristram Whateley

Tristram is the son of Squire Whateley and holds the position of Township Constable. His main duty is that of tax assessor and collector. By law, the Township Constable is invested with limited police powers, but in practice, anything requiring serious police action is handled by the State Police post in nearby Aylesbury. Tristram stands to inherit the bulk of the Squire's estate.

55

Widow Morgan, age 45

Mrs. Morgan has a room for rent, but allows only a single boarder in her house. Mrs. Morgan, not unattractive, is looking for a husband. Without being forward, she will make her intentions known to any seemingly eligible male investigator.

56

Mary Whitlock, age 35

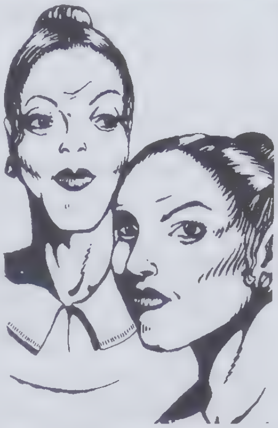
Widow Whitlock has six children. Her eldest daughter, Ginnie, 15, is pregnant, the father an employee of Nichol's Carnival. Ginnie met her man at last year's Aylesbury County Fair.

57

Beatrice & Sarah Gardner, ages 45 & 42

These two spinster sisters serve as the local telephone operators. All calls in and out of the township pass through the switchboard installed in their house. The sisters work in shifts, faithfully dispatching their duties between the hours of 7 a.m. and 8 p.m. Although they are officially off-duty after closing hours, the sisters are usually willing to make a late connection for a caller in need. They rightfully consider any after-hours switching as something done as a favor to the caller, and thanking the sisters is only polite. Those who don't may find it difficult to place a call when needed, or even have their calls cut off in mid-sentence.

The two sisters feel no compunction against listening in on other people's private conversations. Anything the investigators say over the phone will be common knowledge around the village by the following afternoon.



The Gardner Sisters

58

Abandoned

This vacant house has been secured with rusty locks. The windows are tightly boarded.

59

Virginia Adams, age 36

A member of the Believers sect, Virginia enjoys her reputation as the village slut. A strong, good-looking woman, she is twice widowed and has lately figured in any number of marital problems that have cropped up around the valley. The Squire has repeatedly warned her to curb her lustful appetites, but she ignores him. There is little the Squire can do to stop Virginia, a willful and selfish woman.

Within the Believers, there is an unspoken struggle for control between Virginia and the equally strong-willed Marie Bishop. Virginia is spiteful and impulsive, always the first to call for drastic action against investigators who are threatening or interfering with the Believers.

Virginia has lately been meeting a stranger in the woods northwest of the village, a dark man rumored to be an Indian (Region 1). This individual is actually Nyarlathotep in one of his many forms, conjured into being by Virginia's magicks. Despite the warnings of Mother Bishop, Virginia has continued to meet with the dark man, hoping to learn something that can be used against Marie Bishop. Virginia flirts with the dark man, toying with the idea of committing herself to him, but has so far held back. She continues to meet with him, sometimes accompanied by her latest beau, J.B. Monroe (115).

Virginia possesses a potent love charm made for her years ago by Abigail Conley. Wearing this charm allows her to cast a spell of Seduction on a chosen male victim. Casting the spell costs her 5 magic points. [Casting seduction is an attack action that costs 2 temporary Wisdom.] If the chosen victim loses a **POW vs. POW struggle** [a Will save (DC 14)], he falls in love with Virginia, becoming a near-helpless slave subject to her demands. This enchantment lasts until Virginia either puts a stop to it or uses the charm on another male. She may only keep one victim seduced at a time.

Virginia Adams, age 36

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 10	INT 14	POW 15
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 8	SAN 55	HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Astronomy 20%, Botany 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 80%, Occult 75%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 75%.

Spells: Augur, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Warding.

[Appendix 3, Entry #7]

60

Barry & Anstice Jones, ages 34 & 33

Barry spends most of his summers fishing in the river. What the family cannot eat, he sells to his neighbors.

61

Ben Jones, age 71

Benjamin is retired, the father of Barry Jones.

62

Terrence Cahill, age 55

A moonshine drinker and checker player, Terrence is a cheerful lay-about and a repository for Dunwich gossip and rumors. He is often encountered lounging around Osborn's store.

63

Horace & Mabel James, ages 73 & 44

Mabel, the daughter of Horace, is a sad-faced old maid, trapped caring for her alcoholic, semi-invalid father. Her life is one of perpetual disappointment and misery.

64

Abandoned

65

Allen & Harriet Ames, ages 36 & 35

The Ames have a room for rent, 40 cents a night, big enough for two investigators. The family's 13-year-old son, Anthony, is a chronic thief who has at one time or another stolen from most of his neighbors. Recently, he entered the home of Mrs. Watts (46) and stole $11 from her cookie jar. Suspicion has begun to turn in the boy's direction, but he has yet to be caught or accused. He carefully hides his stash in a deserted house on the other side of the village (80). Anthony is presently pondering the wisdom of burglarizing Osborn's store.

It is conceivable that investigators might find a use for the boy's skills. If they spend the night at this place, they may learn of the boy's larcenous penchant first hand when something of value turns up missing in the morning.

Anthony Ames, Petty Thief, age 13

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 7	INT 11	POW 8
DEX 16	APP 9	EDU 8	SAN 40	HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Climb 95%, Hide 85%, Jump 85%, Open Lock 75%, Pick Pocket 65%, Sneak 85%.

[Appendix 3, Entry #8]

66

William Carder Morgan, age 55

A confirmed alcoholic, Morgan suffers from dementia and hallucinations. Terrified screams occasionally issue from his house, but his neighbors, knowing the true cause of such disturbances, usually ignore them.

67

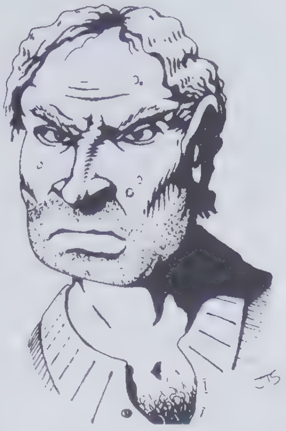
Abandoned

68

Lemuel & Julie Whateley, ages 28 & 27

Young Lemuel is big, strong, possessed of a surly disposition, and none too bright. He has long dreamed of possessing the

Whateley gold, although he has never actually done anything about it. He is presently in cahoots with Amos Whateley, the plaintiff in the case filed against Miskatonic University.


Lemuel Whateley

Lem attempts to keep tabs on the investigators, following them around the village and questioning the residents the investigators interview. He reports everything he learns back to Amos Whateley. Lem despises his cousin, Tristram Whateley. Upon the Squire's death, Tristram stands to inherit everything. Lemuel figures that if something were to happen to Tristram, he would be the logical heir. If things go wrong with the scheme to share the Whateley gold, he will attempt to murder Tristram and his wife, setting himself up as heir apparent to the Whateley fortune.

Lemuel Whateley, Troublesome Local

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 17 INT 9 POW 9
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 5 SAN 33 HP 17
Damage Bonus: +1D6
Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 55%, Hide 55%, Jump 45%, Listen 65%, Pick Pocket 45%, Ride 45%, Sneak 60%, Track 45%.
[Appendix 3, Entry #9]

69

Bob & Carey Streeter, ages 34 & 32

This couple's 10-year-old daughter, Becky, disappeared in October of 1925 while on an errand to Osborn's store.

Her disappearance was never solved, although Tristram Whateley and the Squire both questioned Wilbur Whateley.

70

Abandoned

71

Jeanne & Sarah Kelly, ages 67 & 63

This pair of spinster sisters have lived together all their lives. Sarah, the younger, and always the beauty, is confined to a wheelchair, helpless and waited upon by her older sister, Jeanne. Jeanne dispatches her responsibilities without grace, still angry over a boyfriend stolen away from her by her sister decades ago. Jeanne torments the invalid Sarah, refusing her requests for aid and neglecting her needs.

Investigators can find one room available for 50 cents a night, but the boarder must endure an uncomfortable evening in the company of the bickering sisters. The investigator can hear their late-night trips to the outhouse, accompanied by shouting, complaining, and the loud banging of doors.

In the near future, Sarah dies after accidentally failing down the stairs in her wheelchair. This incident may occur on a night an investigator stays at the home.

72

Carter & Mary Jackson, ages 49 & 43

The Jacksons are terrified of the Believers and appalled by the terrible practices they suspect. Although the family knows that helping outsiders puts them at risk, investigators pursued by angry cultists can find refuge with the Jacksons. They accept the investigators into their home and lead them in impotent prayers intended to protect them from the forces of darkness breathing down their necks. They are followers of the minister, Simon Teeples (422). The Jacksons have an extra room for rent, 35 cents a night. Investigators can stay for dinner and are invited to say grace.

73

James Johnson, age 56

Part of the roof of this house is burned away, exposing the second floor to the elements. Johnson has sealed off the stairway and now occupies only the first floor.

74

Tag Miller, age 61

A senile old gent who lives alone, the last of his family name. If an investigator makes friends with Tag, the old man offers to show him "his family collection." Kept in a cigar box, each wrapped in its own scrap of tissue, are at least twenty human ears, dried, mummified, some of them little more than wrinkled brown lumps. Tag says they are mementos of deceased family members. The Miller tradition of keeping an ear of deceased loved ones dates back to the early nineteenth century.

Tag is weird, but harmless. If the investigator does not show obvious admiration for the collection, the old man's feelings are hurt. He doesn't show it to just anybody.

75

Jebel Frye, age 55

Frye is the village carpenter. While quite skilled in his work, he does little more than make occasional stopgap repairs to houses and builds the rude, cheap caskets used to bury Dunwich's dead.

76

Abandoned

This house has been flattened by the wind, blown over, the roof lying on the ground.

77

Ellie Kramer, age 40

A widow with four children. A faded wood sign on her front door indicates she is a palm-reader (price, 25 cents). She interprets her readings to please the investigators, but informs the Believers of what she has really learned from examining the characters' futures.

Spells: Augur, Call Horned Man, Detect Enchantment, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Warding.

78

Abandoned

79

Tucker Jones, age 62

This man serves as Dunwich's undertaker, veterinarian, and unofficial physician. Although he has not renewed his state license in years, he is still consulted by most of the townsfolk when they are sick or injured. He is careful, caring, and unlike the doctors in Aylesbury, willing to accept vegetables or a chicken as payment for his services. He attends to almost every corpse interred in the village burial ground and signs the death certificates, although his signature has no legal standing. Tucker inherited his position from his father, Phillip, also a self-trained physician.

Tucker Jones

Tucker has journals dating to 1846, kept first by his father and then himself. They are the closest thing to medical records in Dunwich and contain information that may prove useful, such as the Bishops buried in alcohol-filled coffins, monstrous births, and other oddities.

Skills: Medicine 80%, First Aid 89%, Psychology 80%.

[Wis 16, Heal +11, Knowledge (medicine) +11, Psychoanalysis +4, Sense Motive +11]

80

Abandoned

This house appears deserted, but a **Spot Hidden roll** made while examining the cellar door reveals traces of recent activity [Spot or Search, DC 15]. Anthony Ames, the sneak thief (65), uses the cellar to hide his booty. Presently found here is a box containing the $11 stolen from the home of Mrs. Watts, as well as other things belonging to various residents.

81

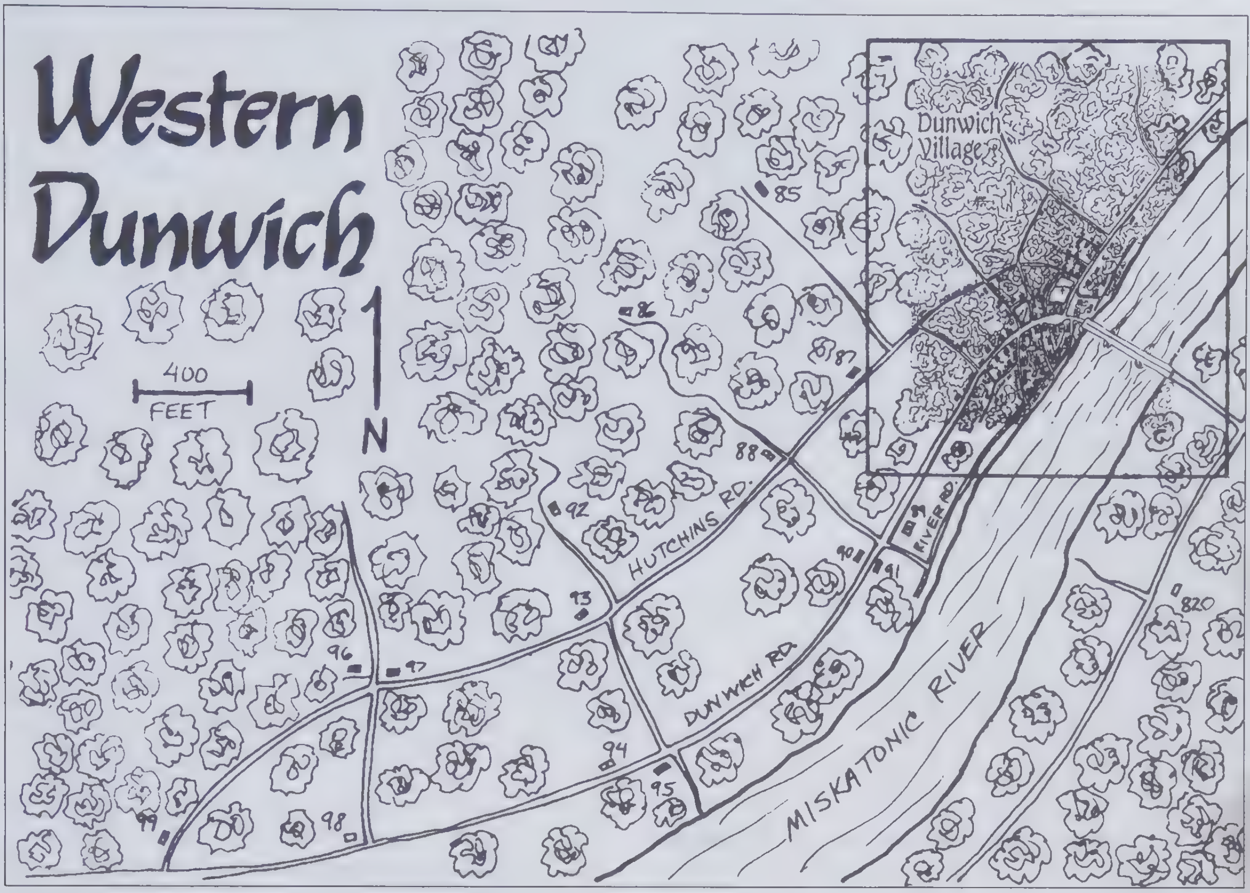
Douglas & Betty Carrier, ages 51 & 48

Douglas is Dunwich's blacksmith. He makes a living shoeing horses, making rims for wagon wheels, and fabricating metal parts. He has also become somewhat skilled in the repair of automobiles and engines. Both Douglas and Betty are Believers.

Douglas Carrier

Douglas owns a wagon and a single strong horse. If he doesn't need them to go out shoeing horses, Carrier will rent them to investigators for $5 per day.

Douglas has **Electrical Repair 35%** and **Mechanical Repair 75%** [Craft (blacksmithing) +5, Disable Device +3, and Repair +5]. He also knows the following spells: Warding, Call Horned Man, Detect Enchantment.


Western Dunwich
400
FEET
N
Dunwich Village
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
820
HUTCHINS RD.
DUNWICH RD.
RIVER RD.
MISKATONIC RIVER

82

The Old Glass House

This dilapidated building dates from 1712. Originally built by Absalom Whateley, the glass factory was in operation until 1788. The barren field behind the building is littered with cinders and sparkling shards of glass slag. Squire Whateley now owns the property.

83

Josh & Felicity Harris, ages 38 & 31

Scratchy music can sometimes be heard coming from this house. The couple owns a hand-cranked Victrola and a small collection of wax records.

84

The Bishop Ruins

These remains are of the oldest known house in the village. Before 1700, John Bishop built the house using some of the first lumber cut by the new sawmill. All that's left of the structure is the stone cellar and massive central chimney.

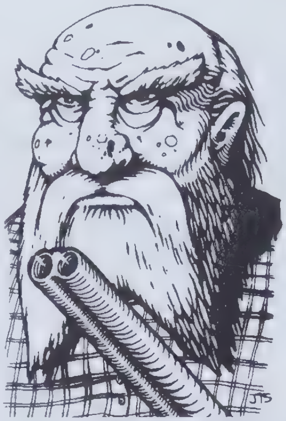
85

Abandoned Farm

Known as "the old Whitney place," this house has been empty since the hanging suicide of its last owner ten years ago. Rumors that the place is haunted have slowly spread through the village. The story is completely spurious, the product of over-imaginative children.

86

J. Thomas Snyder, age 66



J. Thomas Snyder

"No Trespassing" signs are posted all over this house and property. Should any investigator approach the property without permission, the old farmer steps out the front door and lets loose with a blast from his rock salt-charged 12-gauge. The first shot goes over the investigator's head. The second is aimed considerably lower. Rock salt damage is normal shotgun damage at any range up to 5 yards. Beyond this range, the salt causes only 1D3 points of very painful damage. Snyder does not intend to kill anyone. He just wants to be left alone.

Weapon: 12-gauge Shotgun 65%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
[Dex 14, Atk +3 ranged (3d6, shotgun)].

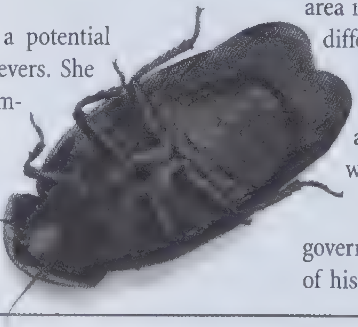
87

Abandoned

88

Abigail Conley, age 72

The local children refer to this toothless old hag as "the witch-woman." Her stooped, bent body and cracked, wrinkled face only serve to enhance the image. Abigail is a member of the Believers, but for a long time has been inactive, ostracized by the rest of the cult. Two years ago, she was accused of using her powers to intimidate and harass a local family, causing cows' milk to turn sour and crops to be blighted (432). Fearing that her actions would bring about problems for the cult, she was censured by the group, then later threatened by some of the members, including Mother Bishop. Although curbing her activities, she has since refused to attend any of the cult's ceremonies. She is an angry and bitter woman still nursing a grudge against her former fellows.



Abigail views investigators as a potential means of getting back at the Believers. She attempts to appear to them as a harmless old woman who fears the actions of the strange cultists inhabiting Dunwich. She accuses the Believers of all kinds of heinous crimes and tries to tie them into the events surrounding the Dunwich Horror. She says that Mother Bishop is the group's leader and that the old woman leads the others in the sacrifice of children on top of the hills where they celebrate. Abigail is willing to name names.

Over the past couple years, the old woman's mind has slipped and she has developed a curious phobia: an irrational fear of the colored glass witch-balls hung by some residents over doors and in windows. Supposed to protect the premises from the trespass of witches, they are completely ineffective, but Abigail finds herself unable to go near the objects.

If Abigail stirs up trouble for the Believers they quickly move to eliminate her. Found dead in her home, her demise will be ruled as due to natural causes although she will actually have been a victim of a subtle poison concocted by Irene Place (407).

Abigail Conley, age 72

STR 8	**CON 10**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 13**	**POW 16**
DEX 8	**APP 7**	**EDU 10**	**SAN 30**	**HP 10**

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Fast Talk 75%, Occult 60%, Pharmacy 35%, Sneak 80%.

Spells: Augur, Blind Enemy, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Evil Eye, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Warding.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #10]

89

Jeremiah & Carolyn Barnett, age 47 & 42

This couple has two grown sons and a daughter named Becky, 14. This last child is severely retarded. Becky is often seen around the village and is presently in the midst of her third pregnancy. Rumors variously attribute fatherhood to one of several local boys, although sometimes the girl's father's name is whispered. As in the previous two instances, Becky will not carry to full term. No one knows what becomes of her offspring.

90

Cap Pritchett, age 46

Cap works for the Federal Government as a postman serving the far-flung residents of Dunwich Valley. Five days a week, he loads his horse-drawn wagon with mail from Osborn's store, then delivers it to the outlying farms. Rural mail delivery in this area is once per week. Cap has divided the township into five different routes, each of them all he can handle within the space of a normal day. When planning his trips, he considers how often he has to stop and chat, perhaps having a quick cup of coffee, and maybe a piece of apple pie to go with it.

Cap is a friendly, helpful sort, proud of his status as a government employee and loyal to his duties. Due to the nature of his job, he knows quite a bit of what goes on in the township—letters sometimes fall open. Cap's innate respect for other people's privacy is more than offset by his love of gossip. Some things he sees and hears give him cause for concern, and he may be a good source of investigator information. Cap never goes anywhere outside the village without his trusty .38 revolver.

Cap Pritchett, Postman

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 8
SAN 62 HP 13
Damage Bonus: none.
Weapons: .38 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10.
Skills: Accounting 35%, Drive Carriage 75%, Fast Talk 35%, History 45%, Occult 8%, Persuade 70%, Ride 55%, Spot Hidden 65%.
[See Appendix 3, Entry #11]

91

Basil Tubbs, age 66

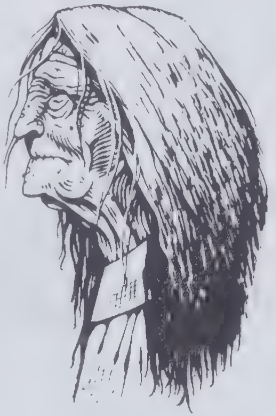
Tubbs fancies himself the village handyman. He seems to know how to fix just about anything—or at least that's the way he talks. Anyway, he'll give it a good try.

Skills: Mechanical Repair 55% [Repair +6].

92

Mother Charity Bishop, age 120+

The woman who lives in this small musty farmhouse is believed to be the oldest living inhabitant of the valley. Rumored to be over 120 years old, Mother Bishop lives here by herself, rarely venturing out further than the front porch, where she likes to spend warm summer days sitting in the sun. It is said that no one knows more about Dunwich, its history and its people, than old Mother Bishop.


Mother Bishop

The woman is nearly blind from cataracts, but can see shadowy movement. Her senses of smell and hearing are sharpened to an abnormal degree. The house is in good repair, despite the owner's infirmity. Investigators may later learn that this is due to the efforts of townsfolk who donate time and effort to the upkeep of the place. Whether this is done out of respect for the old woman, or out of fear of her, is never clear. Investigators who seek her aid will be advised to bring Mother Bishop a small present of some sort. Without it, the old woman will refuse to talk about anything more important than the weather. A new shawl or some fresh fish is thought to be a very generous present.

Mother Bishop is the senior member of the Believers, and although she is too old to attend the hilltop ceremonies, she is still their most respected member. Few decisions are made without first consulting Mother Bishop for an opinion. She is an astute judge of investigator motives, and she will lead or mislead them as she sees fit. Investigators who have learned of the Believers and are genuinely friendly to them receive the most aid from the old lady. Those who hate or fear the Believers will be constantly misled by what she tells them. She never lets on that she knows the investigators' motives, always playing the part of a senile, gullible old woman.

Within the dark confines of the house, investigators can find the moldering library of John Bishop. It has been handed down through generations of the family. Mother Bishop only allows investigators access to this collection if she is convinced of their sincerity, and even then, there will probably be limitations.

Marie Bishop is a frequent visitor to the house. She spends many an hour perusing the ancient library. Mother Bishop implicitly trusts Marie. The schoolmarm can possibly provide investigators an introduction to the mysterious old Mother Bishop.

Mother Bishop is one of the few Believers who has ever met and spoken with the black man form of Nyarlathotep. Although she does not regard this entity as evil, she recognizes the danger involved when dealing with such a force. Since first taking active leadership of the group in 1833, she has consistently discouraged any dealings with the mysterious dark man of the woods.

"He is not an evil god. He is a god of knowledge willing to teach you anything you want to know. He would teach a good person naught but good things, but he would teach an evil person evil things. And what man can say he has no evil in his soul? He is worse than an evil god. He is a god who does not care."

Some Believers in the past have called upon this god, and Jacob Whateley was certainly one of them. Almost all have come to a bad end. But Nyarlathotep has not been contacted since the time of Mother Bishop's active leadership. She has always discouraged it as too dangerous.

She knows that Virginia Adams (59) is communicating with this entity, meeting him somewhere outside the village. Mother Bishop has warned the woman of the possible consequences of her actions, but feels it will do little to discourage the impulsive Virginia.

Mother Bishop's Library

Many old documents and volumes on the occult are present here, including a Mythos tome, *Liber Ivonis*, and several private diaries kept by John Bishop between the years 1689 and 1746. These diaries hold many secrets, particularly regarding the Believers, as well as information about the actions of Jacob Whateley and his several followers.

Mother Bishop, age 120+

STR 7	CON 7	SIZ 9	INT 17	POW 28
DEX 6	APP 9	EDU 12	SAN 62	HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Skills: Astronomy 45%, Bargain 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, Dunwich Secrets 75%, Occult 75%, Persuade 70%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychology 80%.

Spells: Augur, Blind Enemy, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Cause Blindness, Charm Animal, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Healing, Implant Fear, Shrivelling, Stop Heart, Voorish Sign, Warding.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #12]

93

Abandoned

94

Widow Annie Smith, age 39

This woman's husband died ten years ago in a hunting accident. Since that time, she has valiantly tried to raise her seven children as best she can. When investigators arrive, three of her youngest are in the front yard, industriously smashing captive frogs with a dripping length of two-by-four.

95

Peter & Abigail Benson, ages 35 & 35

Peter, Abigail, and their three children are all baptized Christians. Moving into the valley two years ago, they were shocked to discover the existence of a strange and secretive religious sect known as the Believers. The outside of their home is decorated with numerous religious items intended to keep away the Satan-inspired worshippers they discovered dwelling here. Half a dozen glass witch-balls of various colors hang in windows and doors. The Bensons are wary of strangers, but coming from somewhere other than Dunwich will work in the investigators' favor.

Peter has actually seen some of the Believers celebrating their unholy rites atop Johnson Mountain, dancing naked among the circle of stones in the light of a huge bonfire.

96

Jason & Rebecca Horn, ages 42 & 38

Rebecca's grandfather, 92-year-old Samuel Patterson, lives with the family. The old man is acutely senile and spends most of the warm days sitting on the front porch in a rocker. If approached by strangers, old Sam becomes terrified and screams as though being murdered. If the investigators continue to approach, Sam tries to get out of his rocker, falls, and breaks his hip. His screams of terror and pain bring the rest of the family on the run from nearby fields and the barn. They hold no ill will toward the investigators—the old man does these kind of things all the time—but if Sam is injured, they are still quite upset.

97

Abandoned

98

Charlie Holloway, age 73

This old man never speaks to anybody. His hair is stark white. According to rumor, this is the result of something he saw years ago atop Wizard's Hill. Only Psychoanalysis can pry him from his shell.

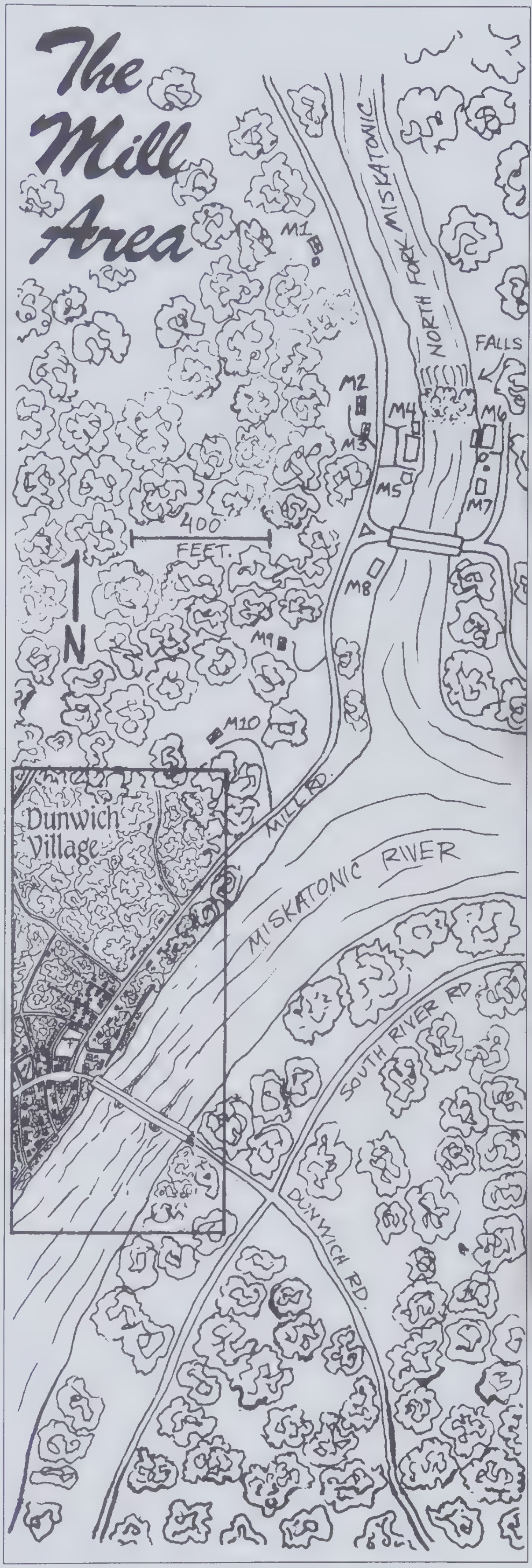
99

Walter & Sylvia West, ages 65 & 62

The Mill Area

This narrow gorge, near totally unsuitable for farming or habitation, stands abandoned. The mills are dark and empty. Waterwheels rest broken and silent. The air is filled with the constant roar of the crashing falls of the North Fork Miskatonic River.

The mill area was originally developed in 1696 when Jeremiah Whateley built the first water-powered mill in Dunwich. Mill construction continued at a steady rate, culminating in 1806 with the building of a large double-wheeled, four-bladed sawmill. This enterprise was doomed to suffer an early tragedy. The mill closed a few years later, precipitating the decline of Dunwich.



M1

Abandoned Farm

M2

Supervisor's Residence

This large, two-story home is abandoned, presently occupied by a family of raccoons. The house served as a home for the supervisor of the mill, located so that he could be contacted quickly if problems arose.

M3

The Equipment House

This large shed was used to store tools and replacement parts. The wooden double doors lie broken on the ground. Some replacement parts can still be found here, including a rusted saw blade nearly eight feet long.

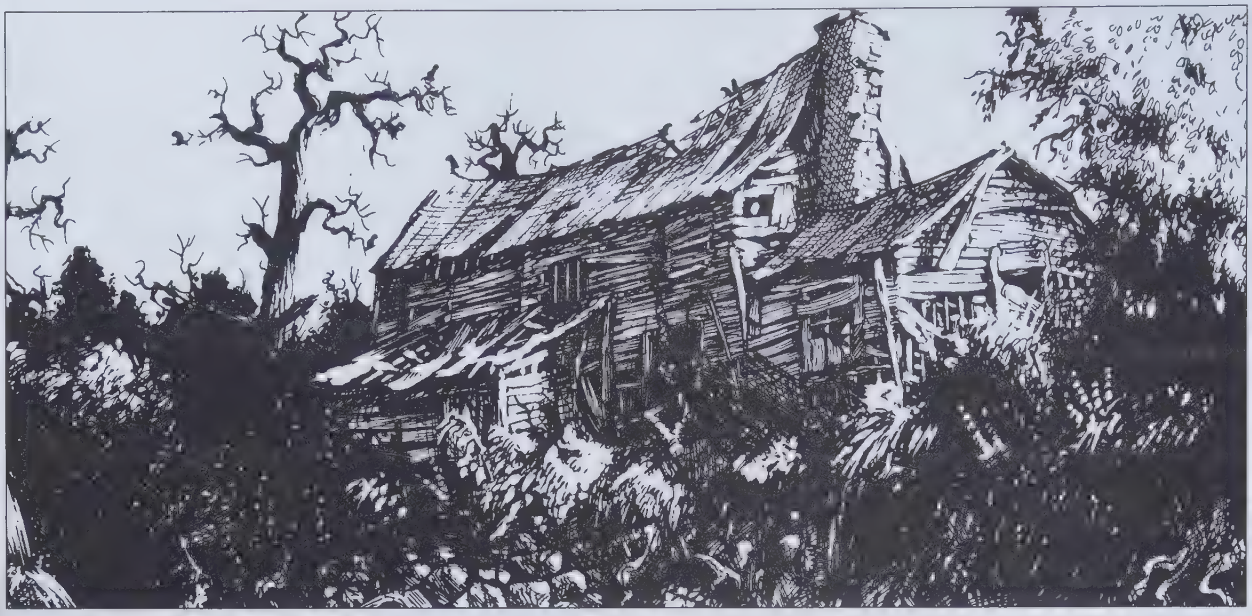
M4

The 1806 Saw Mill

This is the largest structure in all of Dunwich Valley. The mill boasted four cutting blades driven by twin undershot waterwheels. Constructed on the site of the first Whateley sawmill, the operation closed in 1808, barely two years after it was opened.

Several local boys, exploring the mill before the official opening, were murdered in a manner most horrible. Somehow, they were held down and sawn in half like lengths of timber. The Whateleys of the hills were held suspect, and a few days later, Avern Whateley was hanged by a lynch mob. The mill was opened despite the tragedy, but soon thereafter, workers began to complain of bad dreams, and many quit. Within two years, the Whateley family, unable to hire workers, closed the mill, locking its doors forever.

Anyone spending the night in the mills dreams a reenactment of the grisly crime. Dreamers see the boys frozen by some magical spell and slowly sawn in half by the horrendous teeth of the rip saws. Experiencing this nightmare costs 1/1D4 points of SAN.



The Old Saw Mill

M5

The Old Grist Mill

Built in 1748, this structure replaced the original grist mill built in 1696. The mill ground corn and grain for the community until the collapse of the local economy closed it in the mid-19th century.

M6

The Old Saw Mill

This sawmill was built in 1791. It has but a single cutting blade and was driven by one small waterwheel. It was intended that this mill would continue production in conjunction with the larger mill constructed in 1806. The combined output of the two mills was expected to bring a new level of economic prosperity to the village. It was closed a few years after the failure of the 1806 mill. Presently residing here is the rotten corpse of old Wizard Whateley, unearthed by the insane Curtis Whateley (502) and hidden here to await a time when the stars are right.

The Unearthed Corpse

Little is left of the old man's carcass, mostly bones tied together by dried stringy flesh. Wizard Whateley's oddly carved staff is placed across its lap, and a gold ferronniére graces its brow, held in place by several wood screws. The amulet is of Hyperborean design. Seeing this corpse costs the viewer 1/1D4 SAN points.

However, the Son of Yog-Sothoth senses the intrusion of investigators and animates the corpse, causing it to stagger to its feet, ready to attack with a deadly spell. Lose 1/lD6+1 SAN.

The Corpse of Noah Whateley

STR 13 CON 20 SIZ 10 INT 0 POW 25
DEX 8 HP 15 Move 7

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Choking Grasp 75%, 2D8*

Armor: 6 points, plus the corpse is impervious to most weapons.**

Spells: Augur, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Cause Blindness, Contact Deity / Nyarlathotep, Death Spell, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Shrivelling, Stop Heart, S/B Byakhee, S/B Star Vampire, Warding.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6+1

[See Appendix 3, Entry #13b]

**Once a victim is held by a successful choke, he suffers 2D8 damage per round until he breaks free with a successful STR vs. STR struggle.*

The Gold ferronniere

Fashioned in ancient Hyperborea, this magical device has the power of resurrecting the dead. The resurrected dead are only partially alive. They do not breathe, need food, or need water. Skeletons regenerate flesh over a period of time, but at best, a resurrected character never looks better than a corpse several days old. The subject's will is weak, with a POW one-quarter normal, and the resurrected undead usually becomes the servant or slave of whomever first speaks to it upon their return to life. [CofC d20 characters suffer additional ability score penalties; see Appendix 3, Entry #13b.] However, the corpse is allowed a daily **POW x1 roll** (Wisdom, DC 20). With a successful roll, the resurrected corpse breaks free of its bondage. [The subject also regains its lost Wisdom.] If the ferronniére is ever removed, the corpse quickly crumbles into dust.

*** Bullets and other impaling weapons do no damage. Blunt instruments do but a single point. Hacking or cutting weapons do normal damage, but must get past the armor. The corpse will burn, but only if great amounts of heat are applied. It is not naturally flammable. Trapping the thing in a burning building, blowing it to bits with dynamite, or grappling it down and chopping it to pieces are the most effective ways of destroying the corpse.*

Investigators can deactivate the corpse by removing the amulet that Curtis Whateley has fastened to the thing's skull. Once it is removed, the corpse crumbles and turns to dust.

The corpse prefers to attack the investigators with its loathesome spells, driving them back long enough for it to escape and hide. It has no wish but to survive until it is time to call back the Son of Yog-Sothoth.

M7

Fulling Mill Ruin

This building, built in 1709, was used to process homespun cloth into a more durable fabric. It ceased operation in 1786. Since then, it has slowly crumbled into ruin.

M8

Burned-Out Mill

This is Dunwich's first gristmill, built by Jeremiah Whateley in 1696. It was abandoned after the new mill was constructed in 1748. In 1801 it caught fire and burned almost to the ground. The ruined cellar is all that's left.

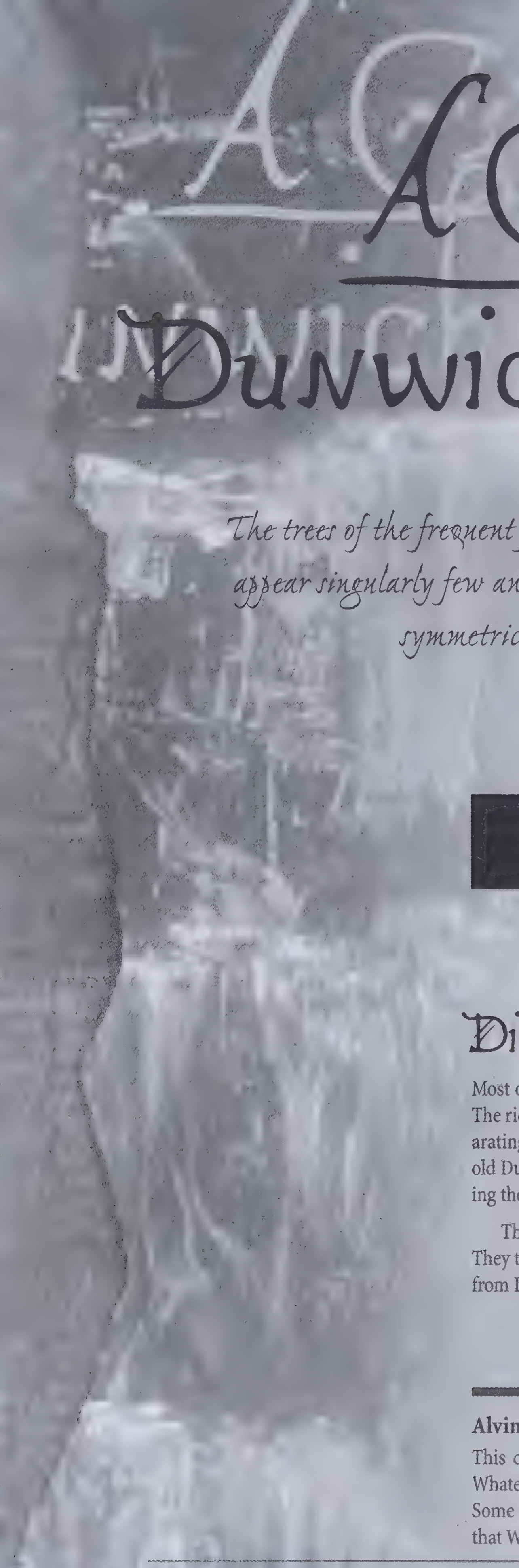
M9

Abandoned Farm

M10

Abandoned Farm

Fifteen-year-old Billy Prescott has been hiding out here for the last two weeks. Beaten severely by his father so many times he has lost count, he has run away from home (419) in desperation. Not knowing what to do or where to go, he has been hiding here in this run-down house the whole time, living off small scraps of food found in garbage dumps around the township.



A Guide to Dunwich Environs

The trees of the frequent forest belts seem too large . . . the planted fields appear singularly few and barren . . . the summits are too rounded and symmetrical to give a sense of comfort. . . .

— H.P. Lovecraft

Region One

Divide Ridge

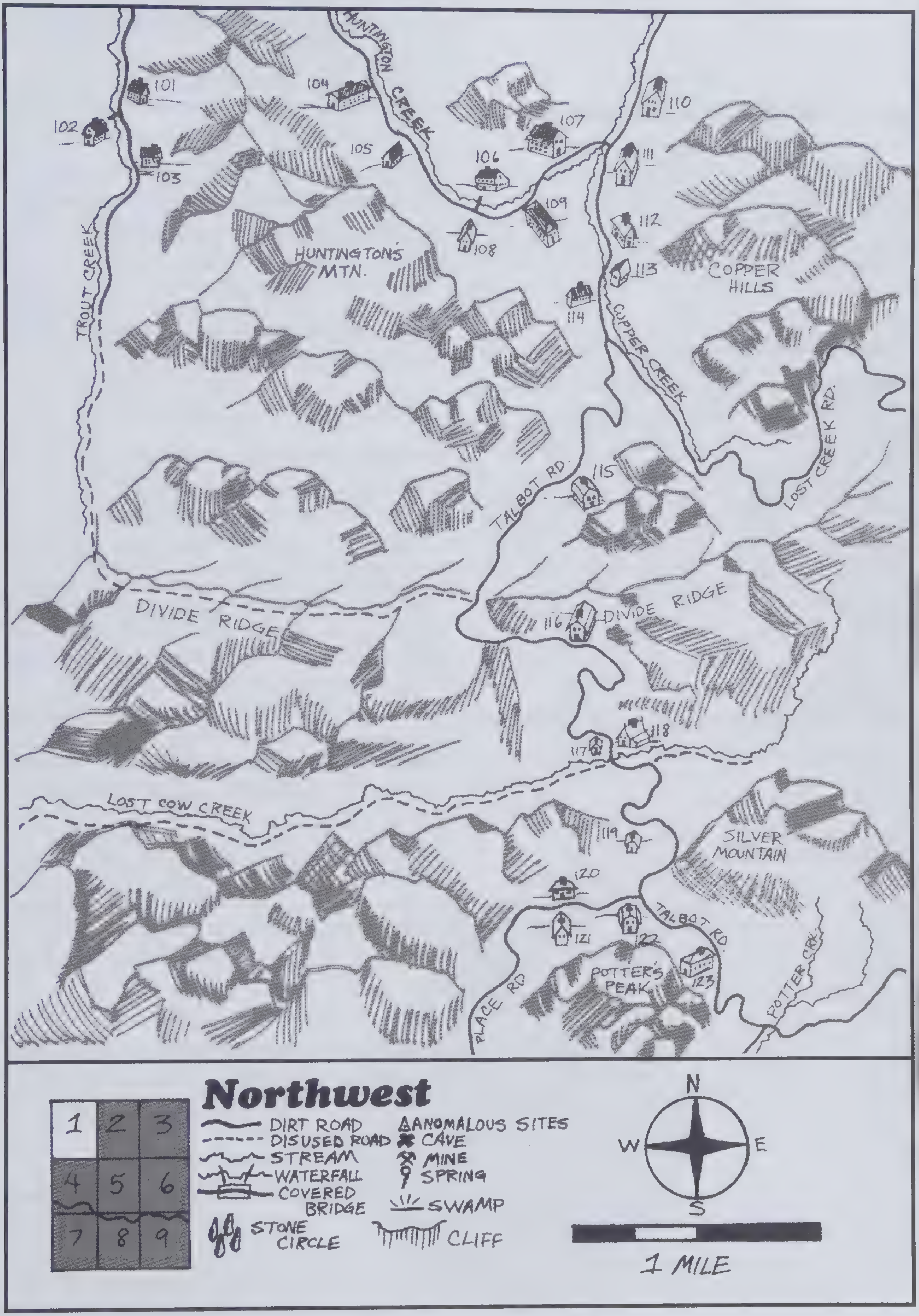
Most of this region is steep, rocky, and south of Divide Ridge, poorly suited for farming. The ridge is the major geological feature and the highest point in the area, effectively separating the communities that lie on either side. Families south of the ridge are mostly of old Dunwich stock. Those north of the ridge arrived here much later, most of them tracing their roots back to Aylesbury or New Hampshire.

These folks have almost nothing to do with Dunwich or the people that live there. They trade in Aylesbury, and even their telephones are connected to a trunk line separate from Dunwich.

101

Alvin & Anne Beam, ages 41 and 36

This couple lost a child in April of 1926, and for a while they loudly accused Wilbur Whateley of wrongdoings. They later recanted, shortly after receiving a visit from Wilbur. Some say the couple shut up after being paid off with some of Whateley's gold. Others say that Whateley threatened the farmer's life.


HUNTINGTON CREEK
TROUT CREEK
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
HUNTINGTON'S MTN.
COPPER HILLS
COPPER CREEK
LOST CREEK RD.
TALBOT RD.
115
DIVIDE RIDGE
DIVIDE RIDGE
116
117
118
LOST COW CREEK
119
120
SILVER MOUNTAIN
121
122
TALBOT RD.
123
POTTER'S PEAK
PLACE RD
POTTER CRK.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
Northwest
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

102

Jeremy & Catherine Beam, ages 39 and 29

Jeremy is the brother of Alvin Beam. Jeremy overheard the conversation between Wilbur Whateley and his brother, and the threat Wilbur made to Alvin. Respecting his brother's privacy, Jeremy has never revealed his knowledge of the conversation.

103

Abandoned

This ancient farmhouse is falling to ruin. If the cellar is explored and a **Spot Hidden roll** made [Spot, DC 15], a bundle of bloody clothing is found tucked away behind a loose stone in the wall. The Beam families can identify the clothing as belonging to Ruth Michaels, wife of the farm's former owner, Chad Michaels. The Michaels packed up and moved away seven years ago, although no one actually remembers seeing Ruth leave. Excavation of the cellar unearths Ruth's moldering skeleton. Chad Michaels has since left the state. His movements prove untraceable.

104

Old Dan Hunter, age 66

Old Dan is one of the most experienced hunters and trackers in the valley. He's the father of Bill and Bob Hunter.

Weapons: .30-06 Rifle 83%, damage 2D6+4;
12-gauge Shotgun 90%, damage 46/2D6/1D6.

Skills: Spot Hidden 98%, Track 99%.

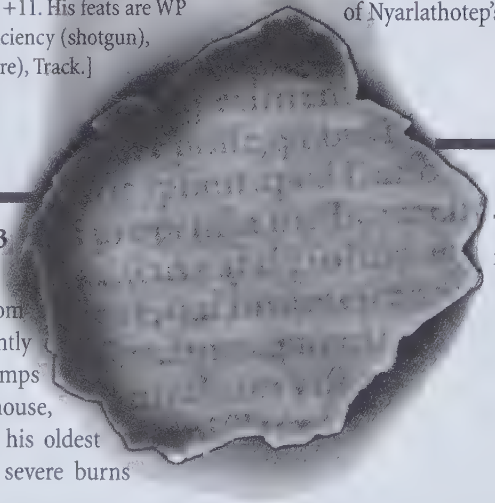
[Old Dan is a 6th-level Offense Option character with Dex 13, Wis 14, Atk +7 ranged (rifle, 2d10; or shotgun, 3d6). His skills include Spot +13 and Wilderness Lore +11. His feats are WP (rifle), Alertness, Weapon Proficiency (shotgun), Skill Emphasis (Wilderness Lore), Track.]

105

Bill & Betty Hunter, ages 43 and 35

Behind this house, visible from the road, are the ruins of a recently burned barn, all charred stumps and scorched earth. Inside the house, two family members, Bill and his oldest son, are still recovering from severe burns received in the fire. They will live, but with terrible scars by which to remember their accident.

There are rumors afloat that J. B. Monroe (115) was seen in the area just shortly before the fire broke out.



106

Barry & Margaret Hobbes, ages 31 and 30

107

Bob & Mary Hunter, ages 33 and 31

108

Will & Sybil Montgomery, ages 36 and 33

Bob and Mary tend a well-kept and reasonably prosperous farm. A used Ford, only seven years old, is parked in their front yard. Their 13-year-old daughter, Jeannie, has lately taken to sleepwalking. Several times, she has been found wandering around in the valley south of Huntington's Mountain near Druid's Grove. Her father found her here once. She was alone, but talking as though conversing with some unseen, unheard presence. Jeannie was apparently still asleep.

Nothing the Hunters have tried seems to stop the young girl's monthly somnambulistic sojourns, including a visit to Dr. Houghton in Aylesbury. Jeannie remembers these experiences only as fragments of a dream. She speaks of talking to "the dark man in the woods."

This is the same place that Virginia Adams (59) has been meeting Nyarlathotep lately. The dark god, sensing the near-presence of the sensitive young Montgomery girl, has been calling to her from beyond the other side, attempting to seduce her with his power and knowledge. Virginia is completely unaware of Nyarlathotep's attempts to ensnare the teenage girl.

109

Harvey & Sheryl Grant, ages 28 and 26

This farm is posted "For Sale," and has been for nearly two years.

110

Clint & Hannah Barnes, ages 39 and 37

Mrs. Barnes suffers from an advanced skin disease, her face so shockingly ruined that an investigator surprised by her loses **0/1 point of SAN**.

Hannah has never seen a doctor. An investigator making a **Medicine roll** [Knowledge (medicine), DC 15] identifies her fairly common affliction. A second roll [at the same DC, or a Knowledge (pharmacy) against DC 10] allows a doctor character to write a prescription that brings the woman—and her husband—the first relief in years. Improvements begin showing in 10-14 days. The couple will be extremely grateful.

111

Bill Johnson, age 32

A widower with four children, Bill wrongly attributes to Wilbur Whateley the unsolved murder of his wife four years ago. Young Shelley was attacked, raped, and murdered in a field a half-mile from her home. The true culprit is Temple Potter (917).

112

Art & Marilyn Garson, ages 44 and 44

This couple keeps a pair of dogs, large animals with some mastiff in them. The two dogs are loyal to the family and attack anyone who raises a hand toward their master. Each dog has 8 hit points. [See the listing for Dogs in the Creature chapter of the core rulebook.] **Weapons: Bite 80%, damage 1D4+1 plus impale.**

If injury is not inflicted upon the dog in the round it successfully bites, it holds on [with a successful Grapple], inflicting an additional 1D4+1 points in the next round. [These dogs have the Special Quality: Improved Grab.] The dog only releases its victim if injured or commanded to do so by one of the family.

113

Sam & Jeanine Rawson, ages 35 and 31

The old apple orchard next to this house was mostly destroyed by last year's fire. Little is left but blackened trunks. J. B. Monroe (115) was blamed for the fire, but no charges were filed.

114

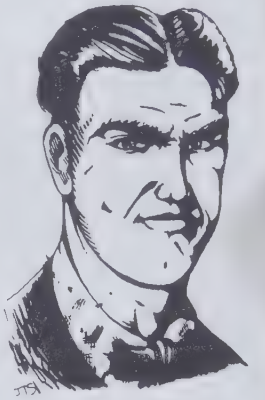
Abandoned

The farmhouse stands 300 yards back from the road, atop a steadily rising hillside covered with a veritable forest of gnarled, twisting, gray vines, the remains of a vineyard planted years ago by a Dunwich entrepreneur. The experiment proved a failure, and the individual later moved out of the area. Left untended, the vines first grew rampant, then died.

115

John & Helen Monroe, age 43 and 39

The Monroe family lives in an isolated area far from neighbors to the north or south. A decent couple with four children, there is something dreadfully wrong with their eldest son, J. B., 21. Since his early teens, the boy has continually been in one kind of trouble or another. Lately he has been told by Squire Whateley to stay out of the village. The old man has threatened to call the State Police if he sees the boy in Dunwich again. Various livestock mutilations and arsons have been laid at the young man's door. Fearing reprisals, no one has yet dared to press charges. Even J. B.'s parents live in terror of the day that he turns against them.



J. B. Monroe

J. B. has recently made the acquaintance of Dunwich villager, Virginia Adams (59). The woman has been frequenting the area the past few months, meeting in Druid's Grove with the black man form of Nyarlathotep. J. B. has accompanied the woman to these meetings once or twice, and although he instinctively fears the mysterious entity, he helplessly allows himself to be led along by the seductive Virginia. Although she has not yet revealed any of the secrets of the Believers to J. B., she has plans to use him in her bid to take control of the cult. J. B. may or may not fall into Virginia's web.

J. B. Monroe, Bad Seed

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 7 SAN 33 HP 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: Fist 80%, damage 1D3;
Head Butt 65% damage 1D4;
Kick 75%, damage 1D6
Skills: Arson 85%, Climb 80%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 85%, Jump 80%, Sneak 85%.
[See Appendix 3, Entry #14]

116

Abandoned

This ancient farmhouse is built on the slope of a steep hill. The stilts supporting the front of the building have partially given way, allowing the structure to tilt forward at a disconcerting angle.

Investigators might wish to explore the place, but the remains of the house's foundations can only support 30 SIZ points [three medium-size investigators, or about 600 pounds of weight]. If more investigators gather in the house, the supports finally collapse, precipitating the house down the steep hill. Investigators inside have to make rolls of **DEX x 5** or less [Dexterity check, DC 10; can't take 10] to maintain their footing. Those who fail hit the floor and take 1 point of damage.

The house slides downhill approximately 50 yards before toppling over the edge of a small bluff, where it falls 12 feet to the boulder-strewn ground below. Investigators have 3 rounds to [illegible] escape the building, accomplished by a successful **Climb roll** [illegible] out one of the small rear windows [Climb check, DC 15] while the house crashes and bounces down the slope. Those knocked to the floor must spend at least one round regaining their feet, accomplished with a roll of **DEX x5 or less** [Dexterity, DC 10]. A successful **Jump** from the window [Jump or Tumble, DC 15] allows for no damage; a failed roll means 1D3 lost hit points. Anyone trapped in the house when it slides off the bluff suffers 2D6+2 points of damage.

117

George & Ellie Judson, ages 38 and 34

This farmer has property on both sides of the road, the result of George's acquisition of the land formerly owned by his late brother. The brother, Lawrence, perished along with his wife and three children two years ago in a house fire. Local gossip says that George was the one who set the fire.

The Judsons have two children: Robert, 12 years old, and Lisa, 10. Two years ago, on the night of the fire, Robert saw his father sneaking back into the house just minutes before the flames broke out across the road. Robert has never told anyone about what he saw that night.

118

Burned Farm

Once the Lawrence Judson farm, the devastating fire of two years ago left nothing but the crumbling cellar and massive brick chimney. The family who lived here was wiped out.

119

Amos Whateley, age 49

Amos is the sole occupant of this rundown farm. Since his wife left him fourteen years ago, he has lived alone. Amos Whateley is big, mean, and can barely read and write. Recently, he successfully sued Miskatonic University for the return of the books taken from the property of the late Wilbur Whateley. He is presently anticipating the return of these volumes, believing that somewhere in one of the books he can learn the source of the Whateley gold.

Amos runs a still, which he keeps in the woods behind his house. He makes a little money selling moonshine. Although it isn't the best whiskey in the valley, Whateley's liquor is cheap and drinkable. Bring your own jug, 50 cents a quart for locals, $1 per quart to outsiders.

Amos's brother, Seth (123), lives just up the road, but the two men have not spoken in years. Their feud dates back ten years, revolving around an attempted land purchase that went bad. Their joint deposit was lost, but Seth believes Amos never made the down payment and kept the money for himself.

Although Armitage fears the worst, Amos Whateley knows nothing of the actions of Wilbur Whateley. He only sued for the return of the books because he believes they hold the secret of the Whateley gold. He believes the University is also out to find the gold, and he considers their offer to purchase the library for the astronomical sum of $1000 as proof. Armitage's fears, as far as Amos Whateley is concerned, are unfounded. Once Amos learns of the investigators' presence in town, and their intent, he refuses to speak with them. He makes arrangements with Lem Whateley (68) to keep track of their movements in the village and reluctantly informs his partner, Temple Potter (917).

Amos would prefer not to deal with Potter, but Temple knows a secret about Amos. Amos and Temple's father, Matthew Potter, used to be drinking buddies. One night, while nearly in a stupor, Whateley confessed to the elder Potter that his wife hadn't really run off, but that he had killed her after a row ensued about dinner. He buried her in a cement foundation he poured a few days later, then spread the rumor that she had run off. Temple learned this secret from his imprisoned father and has used it to coerce Amos, first into sharing the Whateley gold, and now to provide an alibi for his cousins.

Amos Whateley, Illiterate Gold Digger, age 49

STR 14	**CON 15**	**SIZ 15**	**INT 9**	**POW 8**
DEX 10	**APP 8**	**EDU 6**	**SAN 28**	**HP 15**

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3;
Head Butt 50%, damage 1D4;
Kick 50%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Fast Talk 45%, Hide 50%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 30%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #15]

If Amos's secret is revealed, he breaks down, either surrendering to the police or taking his own life. In either case, the disposition of Wilbur Whateley's library is again left to Squire Whateley, who turns the books back over to Miskatonic University.

120

Casimir & Helena Hobrowski, ages 39 and 38

This immigrant couple moved to Massachusetts shortly before the World War, buying this farm with the little money they carried. Once owned by Walter Bishop, the property was put up for sale when his only son broke with the father and moved to the Midwest. Casimir and Helena have had a tough time, but by dint of hard work, they have made a go of it. They have five children, aged 6 to 18.

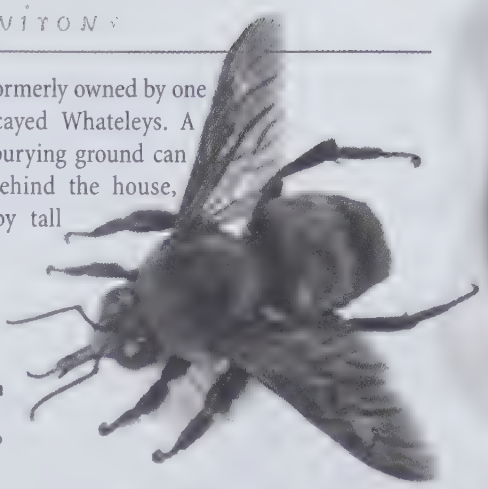
Behind the house stands a broken statue carved from stone. The Hobrowskis know nothing of the object, nor why it is here. It is nearly five feet high, depicting a winged, female figure. Its head and arms are missing. A **Geology roll** reveals the stone to be basalt [Knowledge (geology), DC 10] and a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 10] indicates that the statue is of Hyperborean make. Found while plowing a field, it was placed here long ago by a member of the Bishop family.

The old Bishop burying ground is very near the ancient statue. There are over a dozen graves in this overgrown and untended plot. The body of Christian Bishop is buried here, interred in a sealed coffin filled with alcohol, similar to those found in the Bishop mausoleum in the village cemetery. Christian's tombstone is dated 1858.

121

Calvin & Rita Black, ages 44 and 40

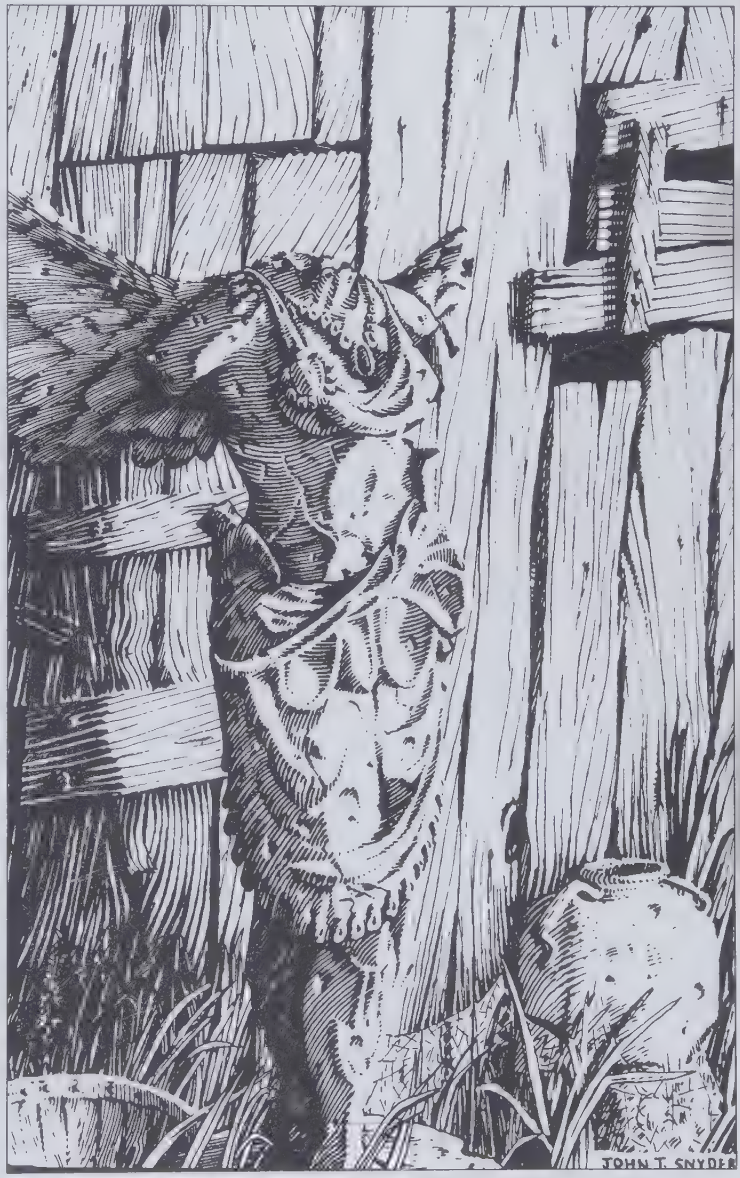
Calvin and Rita are comparative newcomers to Dunwich, having lived here less than twenty years. Their farm was formerly owned by one of the semi-decayed Whateleys. A small Whateley burying ground can be found out behind the house, nearly hidden by tall weeds.



122

Sally Whateley, age 35

Sally is the sister of the two feuding Whateley brothers, Amos and Seth (119 and 123). Widowed five years ago when her husband died of the winter flu, she was left with three children to raise. She speaks with both her brothers, but absolutely refuses to get involved in their long-running feud. Sally is willing to



Hyperborean Statue

entertain male guests now and then, but charges $2 for the hospitality.

123

Seth & Charlotte Whateley, ages 43 and 41

Seth is the younger brother of Amos Whateley (119). The two men have not spoken in over ten years, ever since a dispute over money the two invested on some property out near Aylesbury. Amos was handling the deal and when it fell through, and the $200 deposit was supposedly forfeited. Seth had put up half this money. The younger brother still believes that Amos got the deposit back and simply pocketed the money.

If the investigators pay a visit during the day, Seth is out of the house plowing or mending fences. The investigators meet his wife, Charlotte, and the two youngest children. Charlotte is friendly, inviting investigators in while sending the older of the two children to fetch Seth back from the fields. Twenty minutes pass before Seth shows up. In the meantime, the investigators can sit and chat with the wife. Charlotte enjoys the company and if an **Persuade, Bargain, or Fast Talk** is made by any of the investigators [Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 15], she opens up to them.

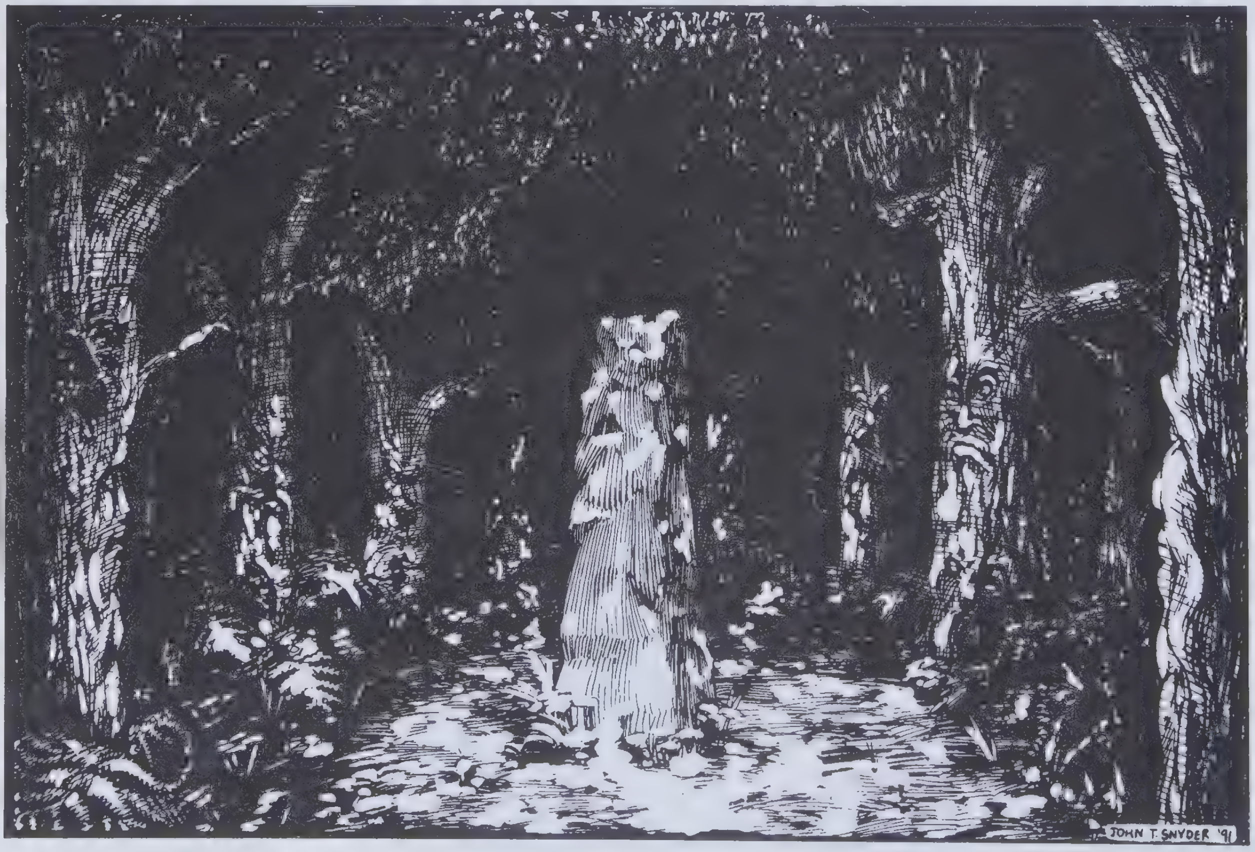
Charlotte knows that Amos keeps a still, but he's smart enough not to tell strangers. Otherwise, she'll talk about darn near anything regarding Amos. She dislikes her brother-in-law, and she is quite willing to believe anything bad about him that investigators tell her.

Seth eventually shows up, and although he is polite to the strangers, he is much more reserved. He is very private and will not engage in conversation about "family matters." [Getting him to say more than a few words requires a Diplomacy check (DC 20).] If Seth realizes that Charlotte's jaw has been flapping, his attitude toward the investigators cools. He is not pleased to find out the strangers have taken advantage of his absence to pump his wife for information, assuaged only through a successful **Psychology roll**. [Unless an investigator can apologize with a Diplomacy check (DC 25), he asks them to leave. On a successful check, he is polite, but still refuses to talk of family matters.]

Druid's Grove

This dark grove of overgrown trees lies nestled in a small valley below the southern face of Huntington's Mountain. In an open circle ringed by ancient towering oaks stands a single rough-hewn stone monolith eight feet tall. The boles of the gigantic trees are carved with horribly twisted human faces.

An investigator making an **Occult roll** [Knowledge (occult), DC 10, or Knowledge (archeology), DC 15] or **Anthropology** recognizes a type of druidic grove used for the propitiation of one of their darkest deities. A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 10] indicates the grove is dedicated to



Nyarlathotep. Although the carved faces were made centuries ago, they are still as clear and precise as the day they were carved.

J. B. Monroe has been long fascinated by this place, and it is his practice to visit here at least once a month. He brings captured cats, which he slowly tortures and skins before dashing their brains out against the stone monolith. It was here that he first met Virginia Adams (59), who also makes use of the grove to Call the Black Man. Calling the Black Man in Druid's Grove costs 10 magic points [A variant of call deity requiring 4 temporary Wisdom instead of 1 permanent Wisdom]. The spell is successful 90% of the time.

Region Two

Sulfur Springs

This wild, nearly uninhabited area lies due north of the village. It is here that the North Fork Miskatonic first rises, eventually becoming a significant waterway before finally joining with the Miskatonic River proper. Major peaks in the area include Green, Prescott, Cromlech, Bear, and Sulfur Mountains.

There are few habitations in this area, but some date back to the early eighteenth century. Those residences located farther up in the hills are of more recent construction, but for the most part, they have remained abandoned.

Both Talbot and Lost Creek Roads are, with favorable conditions, passable by most automobiles. The unimproved roads, however, are filled with low spots and chuckholes. Only a truck, or other high-riding vehicle, can safely travel these roads for any length of time without breaking down.

A tribe of Abenaki Indians once inhabited this area, living in a narrow valley south of Green Mountain. Dr. Warren Rice at Miskatonic, one of Armitage's associates, is an expert on the subject. Arrowheads and other relics can often be found.

201

Elam & Nancy Hutchins, 35 and 32

Elam is the younger brother of Will Hutchins (434) and the son of Sam Hutchins (433). Elam, a Believer, was a long-time enemy of Wilbur Whateley, but never dared to do anything about it. Wilbur once shot and killed Elam's dog, a collie named Jack, while attempting to provoke a showdown. Elam wisely chose not to respond.

Elam has the natural ability to cause nearby pieces of wood to creak and groan. A practical joker, Elam sometimes uses this talent to befuddle city slickers who come visiting.

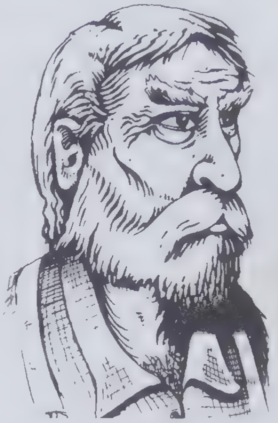
Spells: Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Lame Animal.

202

Silas & Anstiss Bishop, 62 and 51

Silas is a Believer who never had much truck with the decayed Whateleys. Once, years ago, he saw the infant Wilbur and his mother, Lavinia, running naked up Sentinel Hill. He knows quite a few Whateley secrets. Silas is narrow-eyed and suspicious of strangers.

Spells: Augur, Bind Enemy, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Warding.



Silas Bishop

203 & 204

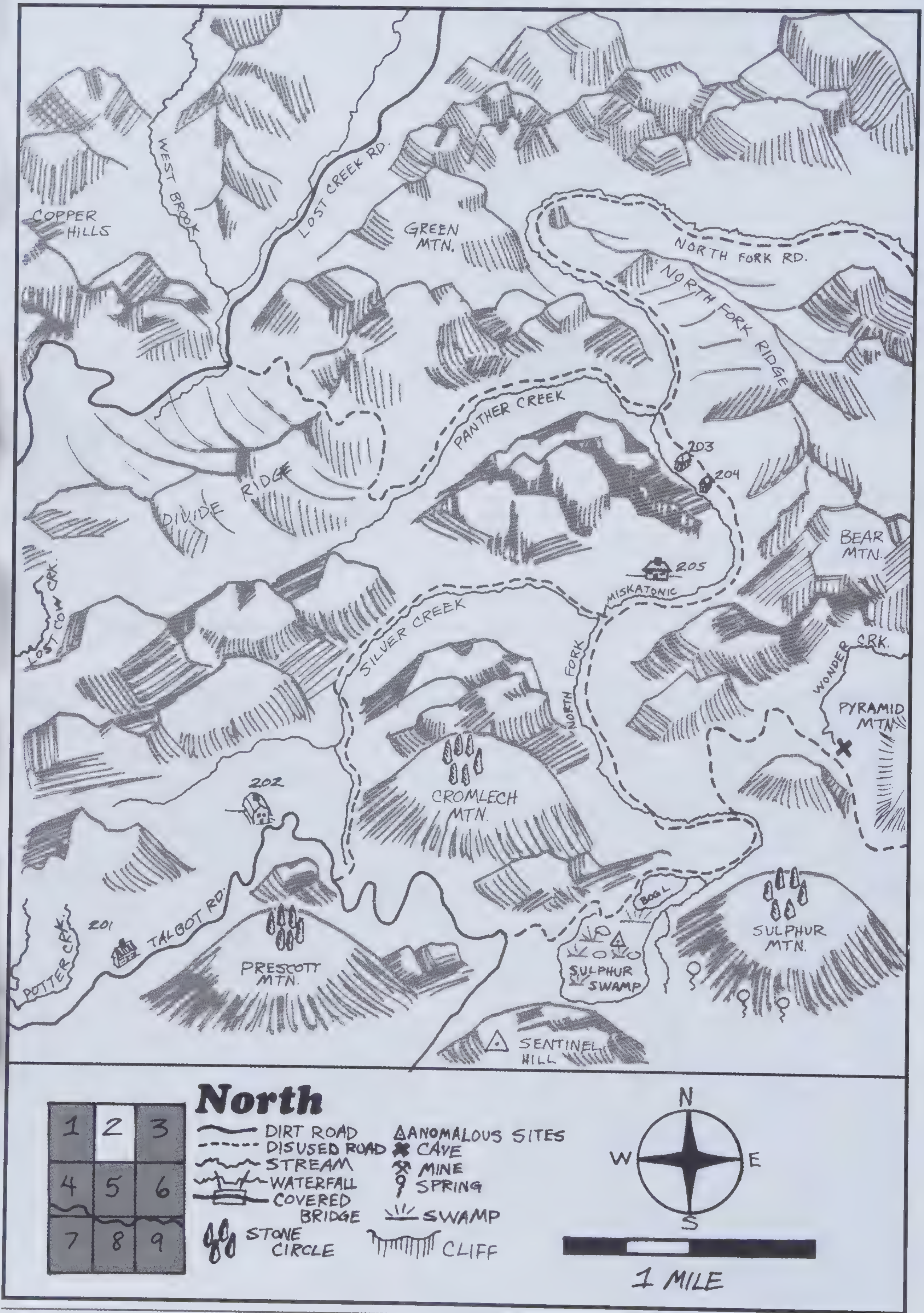
The Wilson/Dunstable Clan

These two isolated families are neighbors, their respective farmhouses located within a short distance of one another. The clan consists of two families that over the years have interbred to such an extent that there is no hope of accurately tracing family relations. Among the most degenerate of any people found in the valley, they are harmless if left unmolested.

All in all, almost twenty people live in these two cramped, filthy farmhouses, including nearly a dozen dirty, uneducated children. Most of the children have never been seen in the village. The majority of the clan are squinty-eyed and suspicious-looking, several displaying distinctly mongoloid tendencies and sloping brows.

Their average INT is woefully low (6-9), and a couple individuals are worse. The two families are headed by Mabel Duristable, 56, a stern matriarch who directs the group's disgusting practices.

If county officials should ever become aware of these families, arrests are made, and the older members of the family are convicted and jailed. The children are separated and placed in state homes.


COPPER HILLS
WEST BROOK
LOST CREEK RD.
GREEN MTN.
NORTH FORK RD.
NORTH FORK RIDGE
PANTHER CREEK
DIVIDE RIDGE
203
204
205
BEAR MTN.
MISKATONIC
LOST COW CRK.
SILVER CREEK
NORTH FORK
WONDER CRK.
PYRAMID MTN.
CROMLECH MTN.
202
201
TALBOT RD.
POTTER CRK.
PRESCOTT MTN.
BOG L.
SULPHUR SWAMP
SULPHUR MTN.
SENTINEL HILL
North
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

205

Burned Farm

This house burned several years ago, the result of a fire set by members of the Wilson/Dunstable clan. The former owner made the mistake of complaining to them about some of their habits, leading them to believe he would notify the county if they didn't stop. After the fire, the complaining individual moved out and has not been seen or heard from since.

Bear Mountain

With a successful **Spot Hidden roll**, an investigator standing below Bear Mountain can see a cave on its north face [Spot check, DC 10, +1 to the DC per 10 feet of distance from the cave]. It is the home of a large male black bear who, if cornered by investigators entering the cave, attacks savagely. It is capable of attacking with either both claws or a claw and a bite every round. [It can make multiple attacks in a round as a full-round action. For the bear's d20 statistics, see the Creature chapter of the core rulebook or Appendix 3.]

Black Bear, adult male

STR 24	**CON 15**	**SIZ 24**	**POW 10**
DEX 12	**HP 20**	**Move 16**	

Damage Bonus: 2D6
Weapon: Bite 35%, damage 1D10+2D6
Claw x2 45%, damage 1D6+2D6
Armor: 4 points of fur and gristle.
Skills: Climb 50%, Listen 45%, Track 65%.

A Burial Ground

Along the north bank of Panther Creek, some of the ground has washed away from the hill, revealing some bones. Careful exhumation brings forth a nearly complete skeleton of an Indian, along with some arrowheads and other relics. An **Anthropology roll** [Knowledge (anthropology), DC 20] identifies the artifacts as Abenaki.

Anyone who removes any of the relics from the area is haunted by dreams of someone stalking them. Every morning, the investigator must make a Sanity check (0/1). These dreams continue relentlessly until the relics are replaced where they were found.

Sulfur Springs

Located on the southwest face of Sulfur Mountain, these three springs produce heated water high in sulfur content. The water collects in two large, naturally dish-shaped depressions before draining down the mountain into the swamp. These waters have long been claimed to possess medicinal properties, and many locals often travel here to soak in the tubs. Any investigator who soaks in the pools for at least three hours finds himself healed of 1 hit point worth of bruises or strained joints. The treatment can be used effectively only once per day, and it does no good against burns, open wounds, diseases, or the effect of poisons. With a successful Sanity roll, any person relaxing in the waters for three hours also regains 1 point of Sanity.

Sulfur Swamp

This large bog is named for the constant stench of sulfur that pervades the area. So saturated is the water that along some spots of furry yellow crystals have accumulated.

A few times each week, the swamp belches up a great bubble of evil-smelling gas from its depths. Although this gas disperses quickly, occasionally a flock of birds or some other creature will be engulfed and felled in a swift stroke. Humans are allowed to **roll CON vs. the gas's POT of 8** [Fort save, DC 10]. Investigators who successfully resist are struck by nausea and weakness [*e.g.*, they are nauseated], but recover fully in 1D3 hours. **Those who fail suffer 1D6+2 points of damage** [1d3 Con dmg] and are rendered senseless; recovery takes 1D3 days.

Panther Creek

Named for the mountain lion that was shot and killed here by George Sumpter back in 1713. Recent sightings of a large cat has the locals wondering if the long-absent carnivore is not making a return to New England.

The animal recently spotted is, in fact, a real panther, a black one that escaped from a small circus traveling through New Hampshire a couple years ago. The owner of the circus, fearing legal repercussions, never reported the loss and simply moved on. This animal, coal-black and powerful, has been living off the local wildlife, supplemented by the occasional sheep or cow. It freely moves back and forth between New Hampshire and northern Massachusetts. It presently lairs in a well-hidden cave in the south face of Green Mountain, sleeping much of the day and hunting at night. Investigators may stumble across its tracks or even one of its kills. (The bloody carcass of a slain sheep wedged some thirty feet off the ground in a tree may give investigators pause.)

A successful **Zoology or Natural History roll** [Track feat and Wilderness Lore check, DC 20] identifies the tracks as those of a leopard or similar large cat, determining that the beast is not a mountain lion or cougar. Unless the panther is cornered, the animal will not attack humans. Horses tied up and left unguarded are, however, fair game. An investigator's horse might be killed or gravely injured. The panther would then chase off any other mounts, leaving their riders stranded. [For the panther's d20 stats, use the leopard provided in the Creatures chapter of the core rulebook.]

The Black Panther

STR 17 CON 12 SIZ 15 POW 12
DEX 20 HP 15 Move 18

Damage Bonus: 1D4

Weapon: Claw (x2) 55%, damage 1D6+1D4;
Bite 35%, 1D10+1D4;
Rake 80%, 2D6+1D4 damage.

Armor: 1 point of fur.

Skills: Climb 85%, Jump 60%, Hide 80%, Sneak 90%.

The panther attacks with both claws and a bite every round [as a full-round action]. If both claws hit, then the animal hangs on, continuing to bite (automatic damage) as it attempts to rake with its hind claws. [In the d20 system, if the panther successful hits with its bite attack, it can attempt to grapple as a free action. If it succeeds, it can either inflict bite damage each round or make two rake attacks with its hind legs, each inflicting 1d3+1 damage.]

Wonder Creek

This small stream issues from a cave on the foot of Pyramid Mountain. Warmed by some underground source, the spring has never frozen over, even in the coldest of winters, giving rise to its name. The water is actually cooling water that has passed over the still functioning Hyperborean machinery beneath Pyramid Mountain.

Region Three

North Fork Valley

This is a region of steep mountains and heavy forests, little suited to farming. The topography is dominated by the valley of the North Fork Miskatonic which, fed by numerous tributaries, begins to take on the appearance of a small river. Major terrain features include the steep and craggy Raven Mountain, domed Farr's Mountain, and the oddly-shaped Pyramid Mountain—so named for its rough resemblance to the geometric form. A large bog, called by the locals Snake Swamp, lies south and east of Pyramid Mountain. It drains to the North Fork Miskatonic via a small stream.

Locals believe that the Farr family first settled this area in the early eighteenth century. A few of their descendants still occupy these ancient homes. Others followed in the years after, settling along Raven and Wonder Creeks, but the area proved less than hospitable. Many of these farms are now abandoned.

Travel in this region is difficult. What remains of the roads that once followed the banks of the numerous streams are often impassable to automobiles, and sometimes they are nearly invisible to the eye. When dry and clear, cars can traverse the North Fork Road as far as the Fred Farr farm, but beyond this point the driver proceeds at his own risk. The old road along Raven Creek is passable when the weather is good, but the rest of the roads in this region are little more than tracks through the woods, overgrown and blocked by saplings.

301

Abandoned

A **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15] made while passing by this deserted structure notices a sudden movement near one of the paneless windows of the house. If the building is approached, a man bursts out the back door and runs full-tilt for the woods beyond. The inside of the house shows signs of recent habitation.

This man is an escaped convict who slipped out of the Aylesbury jail several months ago and found his way to the valley. Wanted on several counts of felony assault and unarmed robbery, the convict is dangerous only if cornered. If captured and returned to Aylesbury, the investigators can collect a reward of $100.

If the investigators have left an automobile parked somewhere in the vicinity, the fleeing felon circles back—**successful Sneak roll** [Move Silently check, opposed by the investigators' Listen checks]—and hot-wires it (**Electrical Repair**) [Disable Device check, DC 15 in the 1920's]. If successful, he is gone before investigators can stop him. The car will be found a week later by Boston Police, abandoned in an alley in the city's North End.

Roger McClean, Escaped Con, age 26

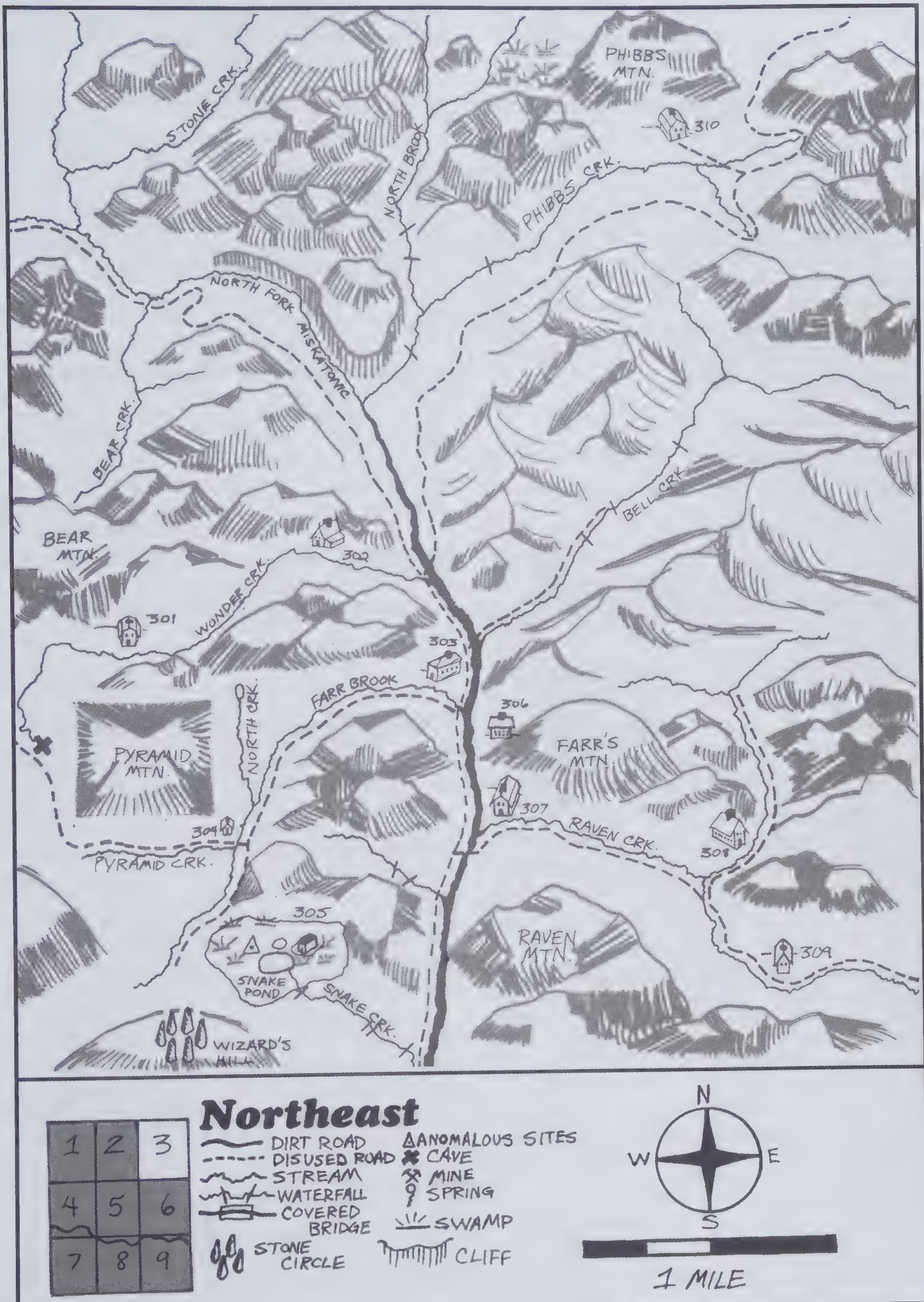
STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 9 EDU 7 SAN 55 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 80%, damage 1D3;
Head Butt 65%, damage 1D4;
Kick 75%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Dodge 60%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 70%, Jump 75%, Listen 65%, Electrical Repair 55%, Sneak 75%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #16]


STONE CRK.
NORTH BROOK
PHIBBS MTN.
310
PHIBBS CRK.
NORTH FORK MISKATONIC
BEAR CRK.
BELL CRK.
BEAR MTN.
302
WONDER CRK.
301
303
FARR BROOK
NORTH CRK.
PYRAMID MTN.
306
FARR'S MTN.
307
RAVEN CRK.
308
304
PYRAMID CRK.
305
SNAKE POND
SNAKE CRK.
RAVEN MTN.
309
WIZARD'S HILL
Northeast
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

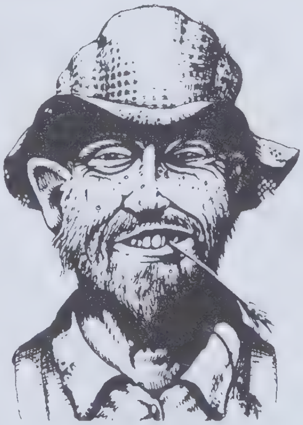
302

Abandoned

The farmhouse here is obviously empty, with stout locks sealing the front and back doors. This farm has been deserted for nearly three years, ever since the owner, Samuel Osborn, dropped out of sight. His nephew, Joe Osborn, removed what few valuables were here some time back. Investigators who explore up Wonder Creek for approximately 300 yards and make a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15] discover what happened to Samuel Osborn. They find his skeleton pinned to the bottom of the rocky creek by a fallen tree.

303

Fred & Lena Farr, ages 36 and 32



Fred Farr

This is one of the oldest farms in the region, built around 1715 by Nathaniel Farr. Fred, a witness to the climactic end of the Dunwich Horror, is Nathaniel's direct descendant. Aside from his knowledge of the Horror, Fred can also tell investigators a little about the old woman who lives up Raven Creek, Granny Barnes (308). He often does chores for the old lady. One day while working behind the house, he heard heavy, sliding, slithering noises coming from behind a boarded-up window in the back. Respectful of the old woman's privacy, he never asked about it, but has ever since wondered what made that noise.

Fred is not a Believer. When he pulled down the ring of stones atop Farr's Mountain fifteen years ago, he angered many of the cultists. Fred stood his ground—after all, the property was his. The Believers finally backed off.

304

Abandoned

This house has been empty for many years; it lacks windows and the doors hang open. Although there is little to be found inside, except for dead leaves and debris, a thorough search of the cellar [Search check, DC 20] turns up a rusty but salvageable musket of early eighteenth-century vintage. This collector's item can be sold at E. Parrington's gun shop in Arkham for $35.

305

A Rotting Shack

This rotting building stands atop a spot of dry land in the middle of the swamp. No one knows who built it or why, but it has stood here, unused, for as long as anybody can remember. A further description is found below under "Snake Pond."

306

Rebecca Farr, age 57

The widowed mother of Fred Farr, Mrs. Farr is practically blind from cataracts and partially cared for by her son, Fred (303). Fifteen years ago, she was beset by nightmares involving spiders. At her insistence, Fred finally pulled down the ring of stones that stood atop Farr's mountain, ending the dreams. Rebecca was once a Believer, but she has abandoned the cult and turned to Christianity.

Spells: Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Warding.

307

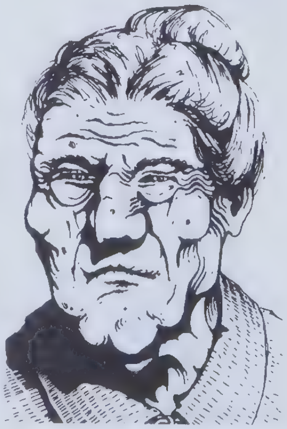
Peter & Virginia Harsen, ages 38 and 36

Last year, the Harsen's 14-year-old son, Jeff, died from a rattlesnake bite. His swollen body was found in the woods near the creek, a mile north of Granny Barnes' place (308).

308

Granny Barnes, age 71

This ramshackle farm seems abandoned at first glance, but the small, well-kept vegetable garden by the side of the house suggests otherwise. Mrs. Barnes is exceptionally aged and a victim of crippling rheumatoid arthritis. Neighborly Fred Farr (303) brings her supplies from town and occasionally helps out with repairs around the farm. She lives alone.



Granny Barnes

309

Abandoned

If the overgrown yard behind the house is explored, investigators find a recent clearing about eight feet in diameter. There is an odd mound of carefully placed stones in the center of the clearning, as well as evidence of a small, recent fire.

An **Anthropology or Occult roll** [Knowledge (anthropology), DC 15; or Knowledge (occult), DC 20] identifies the evidence as part of an Indian ceremony of protection or warding against an evil spirit once worshipped in the area. A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 15] reveals its identity as Abhoth. John Lightfoot, a sixty-year-old Indian from New Hampshire, still celebrates the rite twice annually at irregular intervals. John is now the last of his line. Since the demise of his tribe, the ceremony is no longer effective.

310

Levi & Hannah Stone, ages 32 and 29

This rude cabin houses the Stone couple and their one son, Zekle, 12. Levi is a large, bearded, bear-like man who at first meeting seems a friendly, hale, and hearty type. This thin facade disguises a man with 0 SAN who abuses his family, and who worships a strangely carved figure of wood he found long ago in the swamp near his cabin. An entire scenario based on this family is found in *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham*.

Bear Creek

Last year, a black bear was bothering some of the Dunwich farmers. Believing the animal's lair to be in the vicinity of Bear Mountain, Bert Wallace placed several large traps along the east bank of Bear Creek. Bert died a short time later, never having revealed the existence the half-dozen traps. They remain where they were placed, rusted but still functional.

An investigator who unwittingly sets off a trap suffers 2D4 points of damage, plus the danger of contracting blood poisoning, tetanus, or some other infection (see the rules for Disease for more ideas). A horse suffers similar damage, plus stands a 50% chance of having its leg damaged so badly it will have to be destroyed. In any case, the horse is lamed and has to be walked home. Recovery time for the animal is 1D6 months, and it is unlikely the owner will be willing to rent to the investigators again.

The rusted traps are not wholly reliable. When a character steps on a trap, make a **Luck roll** [Reflex save, DC 15] to see if it snaps shut. If the roll is successful, the character can carefully pull his or her foot away without suffering injury (**DEX x5** or less) [Escape Artist check, DC 10]. Traps always spring when triggered by the weight of a horse.

There are six traps scattered along both sides of Bear Creek, from the headwaters to the junction with the North Fork Miskatonic. All are well hidden, but detectable with a **Spot Hidden roll** [Search check, DC 10 to 15] if the investigators know to look for them.

Farr's Mountain

A ring of stones crowns this domed hill. An early Believer, Nathaniel Farr, erected them in the early eighteenth century. Fifteen years ago, Fred Farr pulled down these stones at the insistence of his mother. They lay buried in the high grass. Beneath this hill are the remains of a Hyperborean's ancient temple to Atlach-Nacha.

The Mound

At the junction of two creeks nearly a mile north of Granny Barnes' house (308), insightful investigators may find a rounded mound. Since it is nearly obscured by the thick growth of trees covering it, searchers need a **Spot Hidden roll** [Knowledge (geography), DC 15; or Spot check, DC 20] to even notice its odd, symmetrical shape. No analysis will reveal its true nature. Only John Lightfoot (309) knows that it is a centuries-old Indian site once connected with the rites of his people.

A Ruined Still

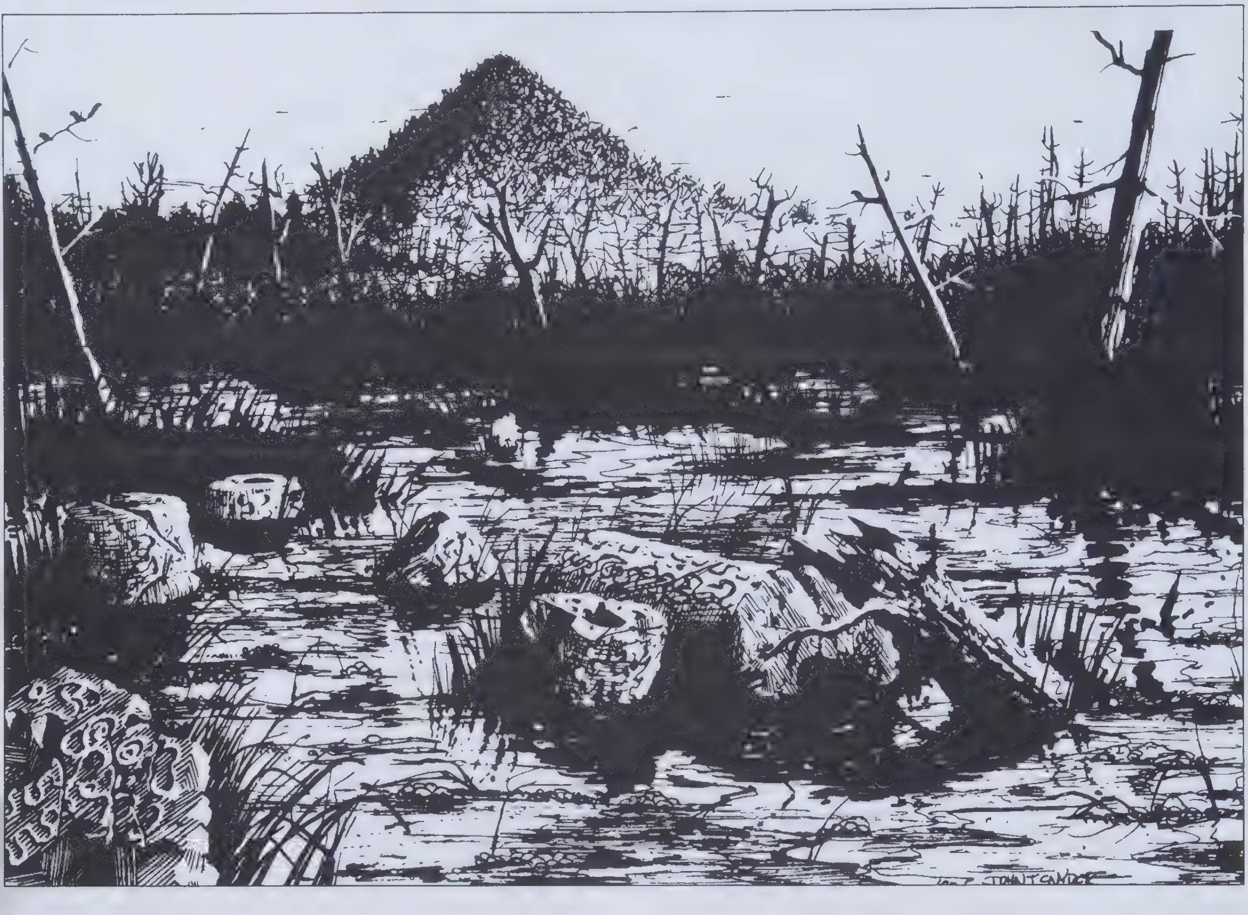
At a fork in the north branch of Raven Creek, investigators may find the remains of a large distilling operation. The rusted drums and twisted copper pipes are now overgrown, partially buried in the marshy bank of the creek.

Pyramid Mountain

This peak has an odd, symmetrical shape. This is due to the fact that beneath the layers of soil, there is a huge stone pyramid, built tens of thousands of years ago by the Hyperboreans. This pyramid served as the civic and religious center of the prehistoric colonists. In the winter, Pyramid Mountain is the last to be covered by snow and the first to thaw barren in the spring. This is due to the heat generated by an underground power supply.

Snake Pond

The large swamp surrounding this pond is unusually thick with snakes. Poisonous varieties, especially copperheads and timber



Snake Pond

rattlers, are often spied here, despite both species' normal preference for upland forests. Many of these specimens are of record or near-record size.

In the center of the swamp, a large body of water called Snake Pond is fed by a smaller pond from the north, Little Snake Pond. A small, wooden shack has been built near the pond upon a rise of land (305). For some reason, it has become the favorite place of the many water snakes that inhabit the swamp. Although none of the snakes are poisonous, entering the shack suddenly brings the curious investigator face-to-face with hundreds of brown diamond-patterned, squirming serpents (**SAN 0/1D2**).

Water snakes are generally nasty-tempered and don't hesitate to bite if they feel threatened. The bites are nearly harmless, but they could be frightening, particularly if the investigator is not sure if they are poisonous or not (**Zoology or Natural History roll** [Wilderness Lore, DC 15] to correctly identify). Feel free to call for an additional **SAN roll with a loss as high as 1/1D6** if the investigator panics.

A twisting path, but dry, leads from behind the shack to some stone ruins found further back in the swamp. There is little left of what once stood here, mostly foundations poking up through the swampy water. If explored carefully, traces of carvings are found which a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** identifies as Hyperborean [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 10]. A **second successful Mythos roll** [DC 15] tells the investigator he is looking at the remains of a temple anciently dedicated to Yig. An **Idea roll** [Spellcraft, DC 10; or Intelligence, DC 15 (can't take 10)] allows an investigator to spot the stones of a fallen arch and note they are inscribed with what appears to be magical symbols. A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [DC 20], or a knowledge of Gates [Create Gate spell and Spellcraft check, DC 15], allows the investigator to realize that the stones might be reconstructed and the magical Gate reassembled.

It takes three days to dig out the stones, and even longer to reassemble the arch. Each day, the investigator leading the project is allowed an **INT x5 roll** [Intelligence, DC 10]. If successful, the investigators puzzle the arch together, successfully reassembling the Gate. Anyone willingly stepping through this Gate loses 1 magic point [or 1 temporary Strength] before arriving within the interior of the buried pyramid (see the "Gate Room" for more details).

Timber Rattler

STR 2D4 CON 2D6 SIZ 1D6
POW 1D8 DEX 3D6 Move 6

Weapon: Bite 50%, venom POT 2D6+2

Armor: none

Skills: Hide 85%, Sneak 85%.

Copperhead

STR 1D4 CON 2D6 SIZ 1D3 POW 1D6 DEX 3D6
Move 7

Weapon: Bite 50%, venom POT 1D10.

Armor: none

Skills: Hide 80%, Sneak 90%.

[For d20 statistics for snakes, consult the Creature chapter of the core rulebook.] Occasionally, investigators may spot a Child of Yig. This huge, intelligent specimen of timber rattler or copperhead has a white crescent on its head.

Region Four

Prescott / Dunlock Valleys

This area, including the Prescott and Dunlock Creek Valleys, is one of the most fertile in Dunwich country. The highest point is Mt. Hutchins, connected by a long ridge to White Mountain, a peak of only slightly less elevation.

In 1712, Ebenezer Place settled this area, but it was not until 1745, with the almost simultaneous arrivals of the Massachusetts Dunlocks and New Hampshire Prescotts, that the area was truly populated. The Dunlocks settled mainly in the western valley, while the Prescotts built their homes in the vale to the east. Eventually a dispute arose over the ownership of certain bottom land near the junction of Dunlock and Prescott Creeks, a dispute that finally resulted in bloodshed. A Dunlock widow was then paid a sum of money, followed by most of the southern valley lands coming under the control of the Prescotts. Although the murder occurred long ago, bad blood still exists between the families. Investigators who become too friendly with one of the families will find themselves ostracized by members of the other clan.

Simon Teeples, self-proclaimed minister of God, has recently settled in this area, attracting both Prescotts and Dunlocks to his fiery Sunday morning sermons. Teeples wishes to expunge the area of the Believers and their ilk.

To the east lie the numerous farms of the extended Hutchins family, one of the founding names of Dunwich. In the northeast, several farms were originally built by members of the Potter family. Of bad stock and disagreeable habits, most of the Potters were eventually driven out by their neighbors, some of them resettling to the east and south of the village (916, 917).

Most of the improved roads are negotiable by auto, at least during the good weather. The old road that runs along the top of Place Ridge can be negotiated by car for barely half its length, and then only under the best of conditions [+10 the DC of all Drive checks].

401

Orville & Amy Pierce, ages 41 and 40

Newcomers to the area, Orville and Amy bought this place only ten years ago. In October of 1927, the family lost a child, nine-year-old Ben, who disappeared one morning while looking for his older brother and sister. No trace of the missing child was ever found. Some said Wilbur Whateley was behind it, although the family nervously and publicly maintained that they had no reason to suspect Whateley.

402

Abandoned

Formerly owned by Ned and Alice Farr, this farm is now abandoned and going to ruin. The elderly couple died two years ago during the long cold snap.

403

Carl & Amanda Bartlett, ages 46 and 42

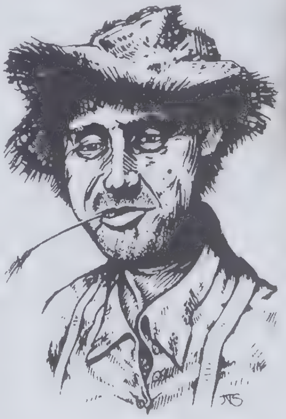
Outsiders to the Dunwich community, Carl and Amanda's house and barn display numerous glass witch-balls.

404

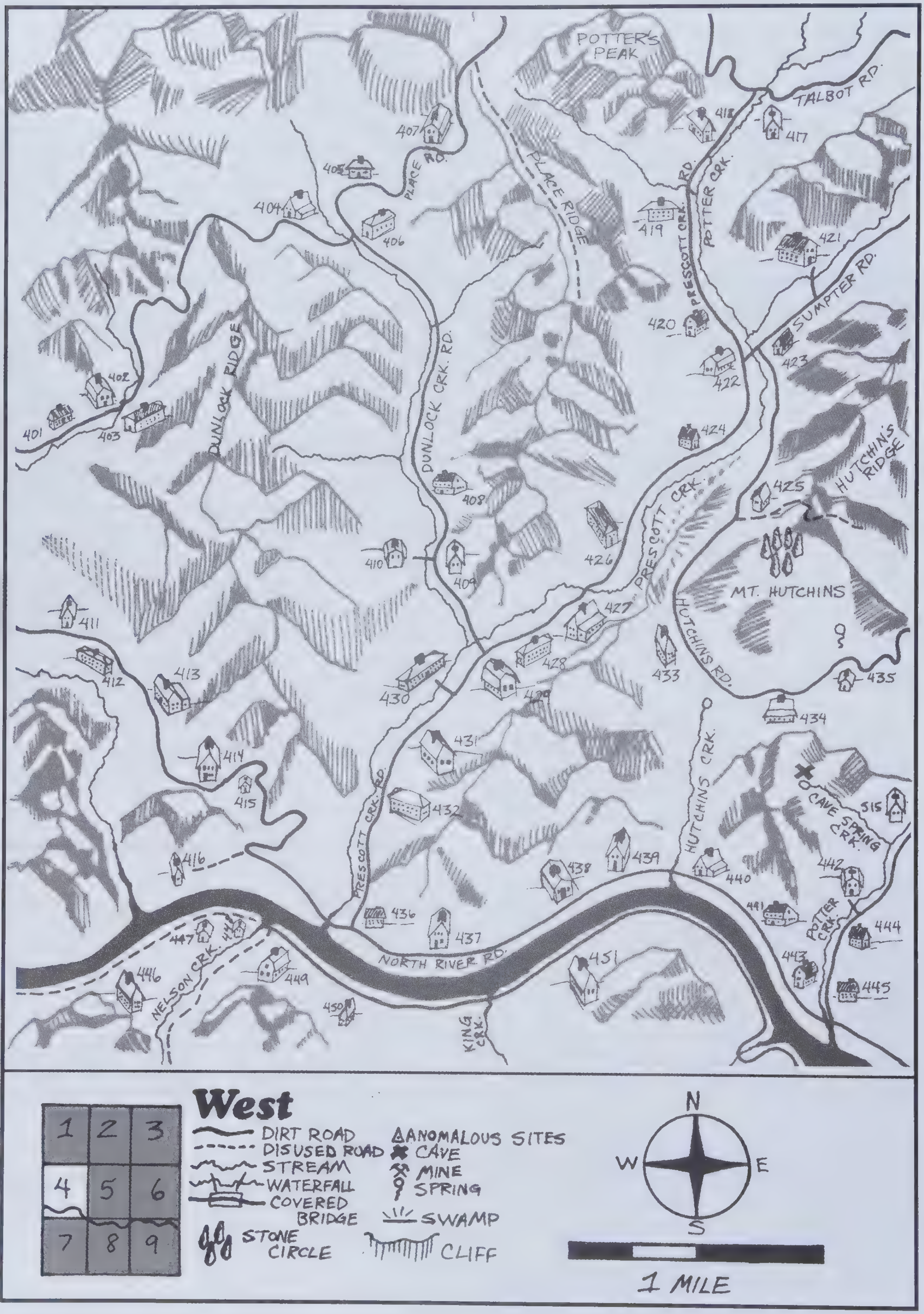
Old Bill Dunn, age 36

A middle-aged bachelor and quintessential New England Yankee, Old Bill is not particularly talkative. It's rare for a visitor to elicit more than an "Ee-yup" or a "Nope" from the man. Bill chews tobacco and walks with a slight limp, the result of being kicked by a horse several years back.

Bill is an expert whittler [Craft (woodwork) +9], an occupation visitors usually find him engaged in. Old Bill likes to carve small animals, most no more than an inch or two tall. He has been at this for years, and hundreds of the miniature beasties decorate the inside of his house. None of these carvings are recognizable as normal animals, and



Old Bill Dunn


POTTER'S PEAK
TALBOT RD.
PLACE RD.
PLACE RIDGE
PRESCOTT CRK. RD.
POTTER CRK.
SUMPTER RD.
DUNLOCK RIDGE
DUNLOCK CRK. RD.
PRESCOTT CRK.
HUTCHIN'S RIDGE
MT. HUTCHINS
HUTCHINS RD.
HUTCHINS CRK.
CAVE SPRING CRK.
PRESCOTT CRK. RD.
POTTER CRK.
NORTH RIVER RD.
NELSON CRK.
KING CRK.
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
449
450
451
515
West
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
S
E
W
1 MILE

some are even downright frightening. If asked about his inspiration for these pieces, Bill merely shrugs and says, "Dunno." At the keeper's option, Cthulhu Mythos rolls might identify some of Bill's monstrous, dream-inspired whittlings.

405

Allen & Marjorie Smith, ages 27 and 25

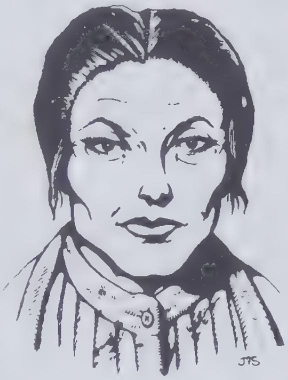
This is the daughter and son-in-law of Joshua and Irene Place (407). The older couple gave this property to the newlyweds, an inducement intended to keep the couple in the area. Marjorie is a long-time member of the Believers, but her husband, an outsider, has grave concerns about the cult and its activities. For a long time, he has urged his wife to move out of the valley and away from Dunwich, but she refuses to hear of it. If befriended, the distraught Allen may confide his fears to the investigators.

Spells: Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Warding.

406

Abandoned

407


Irene Place

Joshua & Irene Place, ages 52 and 49

Joshua and Irene run a modestly successful farm raising chickens and sheep. They are descended from the original Places, who came here in 1692. They are fully-active Believers, regularly attending the cult's hilltop rituals. Irene is a very influential member of the group.

Dowsing, a New d100 Skill

Not only can this art be used to locate water, but other objects as well. Caves might be noticed by the movements of the rod, and the underground river will certainly cause a strong reaction. [d20 characters with the Dowsing feat can make Psychic Focus checks to discern these same phenomena.] Dowsing over Abhoth causes the stick to twist violently [with a skill check against DC 10], calling for a **SAN roll of 1/1D4** [for sensing the deity's presence]. Dowsing on Sentinel Hill, over the imprisoned Dunwich Horror [Psychic Focus, DC 5], causes the stick to burst into flames. The user must **roll SAN** against a loss of 1/1D8 and make a roll of **CON x5** [Fort save, DC 10] or suffer a heart attack causing 3D6 points of damage. [If the dowser survives, he correctly senses that the Dunwich Horror wasn't banished—it remains imprisoned under Sentinel Hill.]

It is widely believed that Irene can foretell the future by examining the entrails of an animal that has been slaughtered in a particular manner. She charges the locals $1 for this service (an outsider pays more), and the petitioner must provide the sacrifice. Sarah's predictions are rumored to be 80% accurate [her augury spell is actually 71% accurate]. Sarah is considered second only to Zebulon Whateley when it comes to knowledge of poisons and their cures.

Irene has the Pharmacy skill at 94% and Medicine at 85%. [Knowledge (pharmacy) +10 and Knowledge (medicine) +8]. She also knows the following spells: Augur, Bind Enemy, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Charm Animal, Contact Nyarlathotep, Detect Enchantment, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Healing, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Stop Heart, Warding.

Her husband, Joshua is a renowned dowser. He has located numerous wells for the local residents. He is willing to teach the art to investigators he likes. It takes one day of training in the field and a successful roll of **POW x1 or less** to gain a basic skill of 20+1D10%. [d20 characters with the Sensitive feat can justify increasing their Psychic Focus skill or learning the Dowsing feat after studying with Joshua.]

Joshua has the Dowsing skill at 95% [Psychic Focus +9] and knows the following spells: Call Horned Man, Charm Animal, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Warding.

408

Caleb Dunlock, age 44

A year and a half ago, this widower's unmarried 23-year-old daughter, Angie, gave birth to a monstrous child. Caleb put the hideous stillborn bat-winged thing in a jar filled with alcohol. He took it to the Aylesbury County Fair, where he sold it to Nichols' Carnival for $15. Little Donny Dunlock is viewed daily by visitors to the touring show. Reverend Teeples claims it was the work of the Devil.

409

Martin & Luna Dunlock, ages 71 and 58

Martin and Luna are ardent followers of Simon Teeples (422) and stand behind his policies regarding the Believers.

410

Abraham Dunlock, age 48

Abraham is single. His wife ran off years ago, taking the children with her. Sunday afternoons here are crowded; Abraham runs organized cockfights in the barn out back. As many as twenty to thirty locals can be found here gambling, yelling, swearing, and enjoying the blood spilled by the fighting birds. Even Prescotts attend, although they do not mix easily with the Dunlocks. They are lured here by the cheap thrills of blood and gambling. Cockfights are illegal in Massachusetts. If a complaint is filed, they will be broken up by the State Police. Abraham and other members of the Dunlock family will hold a serious grudge against those who reported them.

411

Peter & Linda Baker, ages 30 and 28

An odd pattern of boulders arranged on the barren hillside high above this house faces in the direction of the village. Easily seen from a quarter mile away, a closer approach reveals it to be a six-sided figure contained within a circle some twenty feet across. A successful **Occult roll** [Knowledge (occult), DC 10] identifies the symbol as a type of hex sign similar to those found in the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

The Bakers know only that the sign was there when they bought the farm eight years ago. The previous owner told them that around 1825, some folks living out Aylesbury way came and built the symbol.

The hex sign is as ineffective against Believers as it is against Cthulhu monsters. Only the neurotic witch woman, Abigail Conley (88), fears the sign and will not approach the house.

412

Brian & Kay Barnes, ages 38 and 28

The Barnes' 12-year-old son, Bradley, has a Marine Band harmonica, and he plays the hell out of it. (He stole it from an Aylesbury kid.) He's not always good [Performance (harmonica) +1], but he's full of energy. He often joins the summertime Saturday night jam sessions at Will Bradford's place (429).

413

Old Lady White, age 82

This otherwise unremarkable house exhibits a strikingly beautiful garden of perennials and an arched trellis filled with gorgeous roses. Edna White's blooms have in the past won blue and red ribbons at the Aylesbury County Fair. Her skills include **Botany 95%** [Knowledge (biology) +9].

414

Abandoned

Five years ago, a huge, dead tree fell across the roof of this farm, breaking it in half. The family packed up everything that wasn't destroyed and moved out of the valley.

415

Morton & Becky Dunlock, ages 55 and 26

Morton spends all day in the fields, and the childless Becky gets restless and bored. Possessed of a pretty face and a nice figure, she uses them to lure neighbors, traveling salesmen, or just about any healthy male into the hayloft (skill: Seduction 90%). [She's seductive enough to effectively have the hypnotism spell (Will save, DC 13, to resist) without an ability or Sanity cost; on a failed roll, the results are always seduction.]

If the bearded and bushy eyebrowed Morton finds out, he comes looking for the culprit(s) with a loaded 12-gauge shotgun. Only Squire Whateley carries enough weight with Morton Dunlock to talk some sense into the man, making him go home and put his gun away. Otherwise, investigators are in serious danger. Once Morton's mind is set to something, it's difficult, if not impossible, to talk him out of it (successful Persuade roll at one-half skill [Diplomacy check, DC 30]).

Weapon: 12-gauge Shotgun 78%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6 [Atk +4 melee (4d6, shotgun)].

416

Ruined Windmill

This ancient structure, built in the early eighteenth century, has collapsed. Removing the debris reveals an old stone basement. It holds nothing of interest or value except for fragments of the skeleton of the past owner. Nearby can be found the filled-in cellar of a house that also stood here. Roger Whitlock owned the mill and the house, but both were destroyed as the result of a terrific thunderstorm. Whitlock and his entire family died in the tragedy.

417

Widow Dorothy Prescott, age 38

Dorothy is lonely and longs for a husband. She is not a bad-looking woman, and she will attempt to lure a likely looking male investigator into her bedroom. Once this has been accomplished, she tries to use this indiscretion to force the man to marry her. If the intended spouse refuses, she takes her complaint to Martin Prescott, the 71-year-old patriarch of the Prescott family. He and some of the Prescott men show up in the village, shotguns in hand, looking for the investigator who sullied the honor of their niece.

418

Jimmy Prescott, age 47

Jimmy is a confirmed bachelor. His house has been painted a shocking shade of red. Last year while visiting Aylesbury, Jimmy found a couple cans of paint sitting in an alley unattended and apparently unwanted. He brought them home and put them to good use.

419

James & Beryl Prescott, ages 38 and 36

The first time the investigators meet Beryl, she has a black eye. The next time, she has a black eye again, but on the other side. The third time she has a split lip or a bloody nose. James beats Beryl at least once a week.

The couple's 15-year-old son, Billy, has been missing for two weeks. Not a trace of him has turned up (M10).

420

Jonah & Mary Prescott, ages 55 and 55

There is a cave on this man's property, its existence known to many in the valley. The entrance was found by Jonah after heavy spring rains washed away part of the hillside behind his house. Crawling through the narrow entrance, he and two cousins explored the cave, discovering evidence of an extensive cavern system. After some tedious exploration, they discovered a sharp drop-off. Far below them, they saw ancient steps carved into the sheer wall of stone. Deciding to explore, two of them descended to the steps by ropes. Jonah stood watch and waited for their return. The two men never came back.

Jonah never attempted further explorations of the cave. To keep the curious away, he finally sealed the cave off. He dislodged a large slab of stone that stood above the cave entrance, causing it to slide down and block the opening.

Jonah can show investigators the entrance to the cave. He may even be willing to help them in explorations, but only if they promise him a fair share of the Whateley gold when it is found (he first asks for one-quarter, with his **Bargain skill of 35%** [Diplomacy, DC 15, to strike a deal or haggle with him.]) No matter what investigators may tell the man, Jonah is convinced the caves lead to the fabled treasure. He refuses to believe the investigators are not after the Whateley treasure. He will draw up his own contract and make the investigators sign it before giving them entrance to the cave. (See The Upper Caverns, "Prescott Entrance," for more details.)

421

Abel & June Sumpter, ages 65 and 63

Abel is a Spanish-American War veteran. While serving with the army, he learned to play the banjo, taught to him by a camp mate. When the friend was killed in action, Abel inherited the banjo and still plays it to this day (Performance [banjo] +5). He enjoys the Saturday night sessions at Will Bradford's (429).

Abel has a good riding horse for rent, as well as a wagon and draft horse.

422

Simon & Emmy Teeples, ages 41 and 36

A heavy-browed, steely-eyed preacher of stern countenance, Simon moved into the valley with his family about four years ago. He has learned of the existence and practices of the Believers, and he uses the Sunday morning services held at his home to rail against their actions. One of his followers, Elias Prescott (432), is a man who in the past was wronged by the Abigail Conley, the supposed "witch woman" (88).

The Believers keep a close eye on Teeples and his followers. They have already discussed the steps they will take against the preacher and his followers. Virginia Adams (59), as usual, has called for the most drastic actions.

423

Agnes Hutchins, age 58

Agnes is a widow with a grown son, 34-year-old Chester. She is a friendly sort who is always ready to sit down with company. Chester, however, hates outsiders. If he comes home and finds Ma talking to a bunch of no-account city folk, he loses his temper and orders the strangers out of the house and off the property. Chester is big and strong (STR 18 and SIZ 18), and he is probably more than a match for most investigators.

Chester Hutchins, Lout, age 34

STR 18 CON 18 SIZ 18 INT 9 POW 8
DEX 10 HP 18

Damage Bonus: 1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3;
Head Butt 65%, damage 1D4;
Kick 90%, damage 1D6.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #17]

424

Daniel & Ellie Prescott, ages 29 and 27

In 1924, this couple's young daughter, Jennifer, was lost in the abandoned mine on the south face of Harsen's Peak (Region 9). Ellie painted the memorial found on the rock by the mine's entrance.

425

Jubal & Doris Hutchins, ages 62 and '17'

Jubal is the younger brother of Sam Hutchins. Married just last year, his young bride is only 13 years old, a fact quite obvious to anyone who meets her.

426

Markham & Janet Prescott, ages 51 and 44

Markham owns property on which stands the Witch Tree, the ancient oak supposed to have caused the death of a state surveyor back in 1898. The tree can not be seen from the house, but for 50 cents, Markham will show a group the way and tell them the story. Markham was there when the state surveyor suffered his fatal heart attack. "His face was all screwed up liked he was scairt to death, and his hair was turned snow-white!"

The Witch Tree

This huge and obviously ancient oak was a giant when the first settlers arrived here in 1692. Before long, people began telling stories about it. Some claimed they sometimes heard a voice when near the tree; others claimed they had experienced strange and frightening visions. Markham Prescott claims to "never seen nor heard nothin'," but he is quick to point out that no one in his family has ever tried to trim or disturb the tree in any way.

In 1898, a state surveyor wanted to use the huge tree as a marker. Despite warnings, the surveyor attempted to fasten a small metal plaque to the tree with nails. The surveyor had struck only a single hammer blow when he was suddenly seized by a fatal heart attack. The next surveyor wisely attached his marker to a nearby younger tree. The first metal plaque can still be seen, undisturbed, still hanging from the single nail partially driven in by the ill-fated surveyor.

The tree is inhabited. The spirit of one of the druid descendants who lived in the valley centuries ago haunts this spot. Using magicks passed down by the Irish adepts who had come here centuries before, the druid now lives forever within the body of the tree. Barely sentient, the spirit fully awakes only when it senses the tree is threatened. The spirit uses a variety of different spells to scare off or even kill threatening animals and humans. The tree can be chopped down or burned, but the spirit will continue to defend itself against its attackers until its POW is expended.

The Witch Tree has **POW 25** and knows the following spells: Charm Animal, Death Spell, Freak Weather, Implant Fear, Stop Heart. [See Appendix 3, Entry #18]

427

Virgil & Agnes Prescott, ages 41 and 38

Virgil is a dog breeder, raising bloodhounds in a kennel built out behind the house. The Massachusetts State Police occasionally call upon Virgil to aid them in tracking down fugitives or lost children, paying him $5 per day. Investigators are charged the same, but the price is subject to **Bargain** [a contested Diplomacy check; Virgil has the skill at +5]. Virgil will, of course, break out his tracking dogs for free in the case of a neighbor whose child is missing. Virgil owns a pickup truck in which he transports his animals.

While visiting, one of the investigators is befriended by an eight-week old puppy the kids call Jeb. This puppy is slightly lame, but otherwise healthy. It follows the chosen investigator everywhere, tangling itself between the character's legs while he is walking and sitting obediently next to the investigator's foot whenever he should stop. Jeb is begging to be taken home and made a pet. The offspring of two of Virgil's best trackers, Jeb will have a Track skill of 85 % by the time he is two years old [Jeb has the Scent ability and Wisdom 14]. Virgil offers to sell the pup to an investigator for $8. If the investigator hesitates, Virgil mentions that if he can't get rid of the pup, he'll have to drown him.

Skills: Dog Handling 80% [Animal Handling +9, Diplomacy +5].

428

Joe & Felicia Prescott, ages 36 and 35

Joe is tremendously overweight, close to 450 pounds, and can move about only when aided by members of his family. He wears clothes made from gunny sacks. During nice weather, he can be found sitting in his front yard, his bulk supported by a chair made of roughly mortared bricks and padded by quilts.

429

Will & Betty Prescott Bradford, ages 66 and 56

Old Will plays the fiddle, an instrument taught to him long ago by his uncle. He hosts summer night jam sessions on his broad front porch, where he is joined by Abel Sumpter (421), Will Hutchins (434), Billy Taylor (445), and the youngster, Bradley Barnes (412). Together they make foot-stompin' good music. The gatherings are usually attended by Prescotts and Dunlocks, as well as others. Reverend Teeples shuns the gatherings, feeling such merriment must somehow be sacrilegious.

430

George Dunlock, age 62

The patriarch of the Dunlock families. He does his best to keep the old grudges alive.

Weapons: .30-06 Rifle 80%, damage 2D6+4;
12-gauge Shotgun 80%, 4D6/2D6/1D6.
[Atk +6 ranged (2d10, rifle; or 3d6, shotgun)]

431

Jim & Helen Prescott, ages 47 and 44

Followers of Reverend Teeples. Jim keeps a still operating in a shed near the barn, selling moonshine for 65 cents a quart to locals and outsiders alike—always an honest measure. Reverend Teeples disapproves, but not vehemently.

432

Elias & Mary Prescott, ages 41 and 34

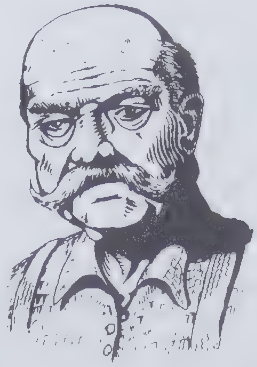
Followers of Reverend Teeples. Elias was victimized in the past by Abigail Conley (88) and her devious magic. Unknown to them, their 17-year-old daughter, Honey, has been secretly attending Believer ceremonies on the hilltops. If found out, she will be in serious trouble, possibly leading to open warfare between the Believers and members of Reverend Teeples' congregation.

Honey's Spells: Call Horned Man, Dream Vision.

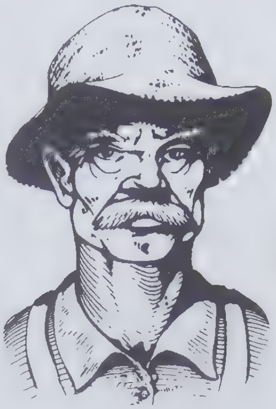
433

Old Sam Hutchins, age 72

The oldest male member of the Hutchins family, old Sam was at Cold Spring Glen the day the state police officers disappeared into its gloomy depths. Sam, a widower, has served as village selectman for the past twelve years.



Old Sam Hutchins



Will Hutchins

434

Will & Martha Hutchins. ages 48 and 45

This man is the eldest son of Sam Hutchins and was present the day the Dunwich Horror appeared atop Sentinel Hill. Will learned to play the guitar via a mail-order course he took several years ago (Performance [guitar] +5). He regularly attends the sessions at the Bradford place (429). He still plays the cheap laminated guitar that came with the course, but has developed a technique for coaxing some sweet notes from the instrument.

435

Peter & Sarah Babcock, ages 37 and 34

This couple, along with their three young children, are relative newcomers to Dunwich. Active churchgoers, every Sunday they drive their Ford into Aylesbury to attend services at the First Baptist Church. They have met the Reverend Teeples, but don't care much for his flamboyant style. Glass witch-balls hang in their windows.

436

John & Ellen Prescott, ages 57 and 53

Ellen is one of the valley's most popular midwives. She has seen a number of odd births in her time, but nothing like the bat-winged monstrosity stillborn to Angie Dunlock last year (408).

437

Jean & Maria Mancelle, ages 37 and 35

The Mancelles are of French-Canadian stock and Catholic religion. Although good folk, the Mancelles suffer some discrimination from some of the long-standing Yankee families in the area. On Sundays, they attend the Catholic church in nearby Aylesbury, taking their four young children with them. Numerous witch-balls of colored glass can be seen in their windows.

438

Mary Prescott, age 55

Mary is a widower and the mother of Calvin Prescott (439). She is strong and stern-looking, and disapproving of her son's behavior.

439

Calvin & Honor Prescott, ages 36 and 32

This untidy farm is occupied by polygamist Calvin Prescott; his wife Honor Prescott; and his two common-law wives: Celeste Croft, 24, and Hortense Miller, 18. Calvin is an unfriendly sort who doesn't care much for snoopy strangers. There are nine unkempt children living here, between the ages of one and fifteen.

440

Jimmy Banks, age 52

Jimmy lives by himself in this old house. Often seen wandering around his untended fields talking to himself, he owns only a single cow and a few chickens, raising no crops, and keeping only a small, weed-filled vegetable garden. The house itself has had no work done on it in decades; the roof leaks, all exterior walls are peeling and decaying. The place could rightly be condemned.

Jimmy hasn't been quite right since being kicked in the head by a horse when he was eight years old; the left side of his head is pressed-in in an awful manner. His mother died five years ago. Since then, he has had to fend for himself. Although incredibly dirty and none-too-bright, Jimmy is harmless and liked by his neighbors.

441

Burned Ruins

442

Cyril Hutchins, age 66

Cyril is thought to live alone, but members of the Hutchins family know better. His hopelessly insane great-uncle, Caleb Hutchins, has been locked in the cellar of the house. The day Caleb went atop Hutchins Mountain in 1875 to destroy the old stone circle, something drove him mad. Now 98, he is kept chained to the wall but is usually quiet, offering no real problems to the nephew now charged with his care. However, he is extremely sensitive to Mythos happenings within the valley. During the season of the Dunwich Horror, Caleb nearly drove Cyril crazy with his constant screams, moans, and cries.

In 1875, Caleb Hutchins, following a dispute with young Noah Whateley over the latter's late-night trespassing on Hutchins property, hauled a case of dynamite up the mountain and attempted to blow up the ring of stones. His attempts were only partially successful—one stone was dislodged, another badly damaged. Apparently, Noah Whateley interrupted him. When family members hauled the screaming man back down from the mountain, his mind was gone.

If the aged man is discovered, a successful **Psychoanalysis roll** [DC 20] might get him to reveal some of the things he knows about the evil Whateleys.

443

Harold & Janet Hutchins, ages 31 and 30

This man owns two bloodhounds, tracking dogs he purchased as pups from Virgil Prescott (427). He is often too busy with his farm to be hired for tracking duties, but he can refer investigators to the Prescott kennels.

444

Abandoned

The portion of this ancient farm above ground is all but gone. Only the stone cellar remains, nearly filled with slimy green water. A haven for frogs and toads, in the spring the standing water is nearly alive with tens of thousands of black, wriggling tadpoles. It's favorite place for kids to collect specimens. Next summer, one such child will fall in and drown. His parents will be heartbroken.

445

Billy & Marsha Taylor, ages 32 and 29

Billy often joins in music sessions over at Will Bradford's (429), playing a wash-tub bass [Performance (wash-tub bass) +5, Performance (old jug) +1].

446, 447, 448, 449, 450

Abandoned

These collapsing ruins are victims of the flood of '88. Roofs and walls have collapsed. The cellars are still filled with dirt, silt left by the Miskatonic River when it overran its banks.

451

Honus & Ruth Wheaton, ages 52 and 50

Honus keeps a small farm, but feeds himself and his wife with the fish he catches in the river. Investigators who want to take a ride on the lazy river can rent one of Honus's two leaky rowboats for $1 a day. He also knows the best places to dig for worms.

Cave Spring Creek

Sweet water flows from this cave which leads almost fifty yards back into the hill before abruptly ending. There is no entrance to the cavern systems from here.

Mount Hutchins

A circle of rough, standing stones crowns the domed Mt. Hutchins. This circle can be reached easily by using the old track over the ridge. At the summit of the ridge, a faint footpath leads up the north face of the mountain, eventually reaching the ring of stones at the top. The damage done by Caleb Hutchins has been repaired, and the stone circle is still used by the Believers. One of the stones has been mortared back together.

Undercut Bank

On the north side of the Miskatonic, across the river from Nelson's Creek there is a dangerous spot in the river where at least three children have drowned over the centuries. A strong current tends to pull weak swimmers beneath an undercut bank, trapping and drowning them. Any investigator caught in this current must make two consecutive Swim rolls before drowning to free himself of this powerful current. [Characters should use the "Drowning and Suffocation" rules from the core rulebook; the Swim check is against DC 16.] Water flowing from the Miskatonic into the underground system is the source of this suction.

Region five

Sentinel Hill

An area crisscrossed by ridges separating deep valleys and glens. In this region, the events described in "The Dunwich Horror" took place. An air of dread still lingers here. The destruction of two entire families is still a recent event. Many witnesses to the events of the Horror live in this area.

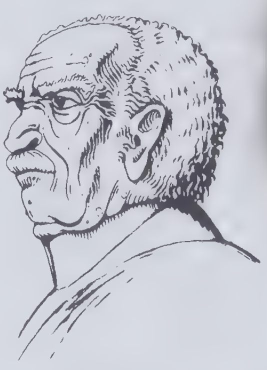
This region was first settled in 1712 when Jacob Whateley built his house near Sentinel Hill. Others followed in the years after, and it is still mostly inhabited by descendants of the first Dunwich settlers.

Most of the improved roads in this area are passable by automobiles, although care needs to be taken when near the glens or by steep drop-offs. The unimproved tracks are not so bad that a car could not get down them, but they do offer the usual difficulties and frustrations.

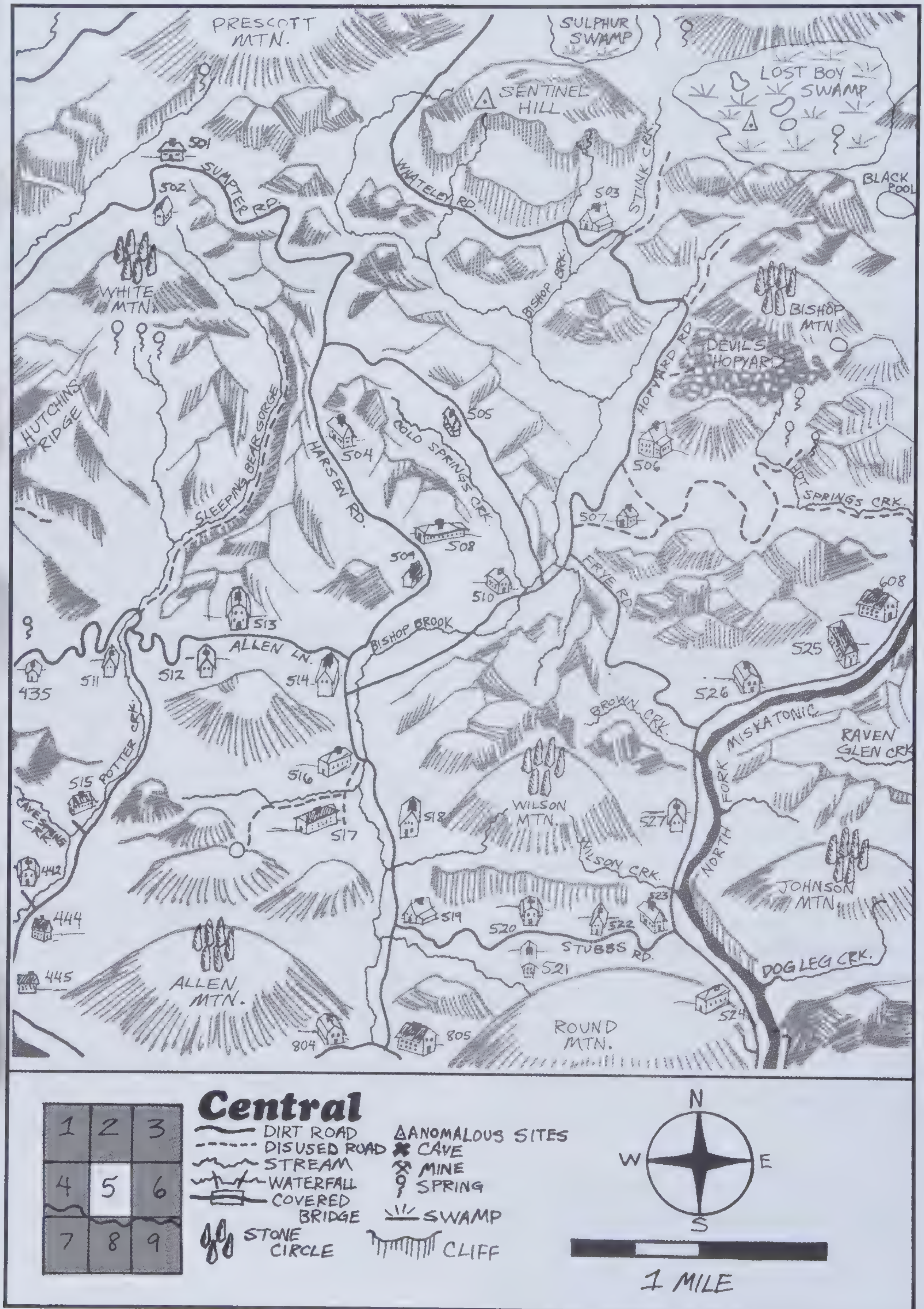
501

Zechariah & Sarah Whateley, ages 82 and 80

The first to sell cattle to Wizard Whateley after the birth of Wilbur, Zechariah is a silent, stern Yankee who wants little to do with strangers. He is still angry about what happened after Noah Whateley brought the Horror to the township. He is angrier about the fate of his son, Curtis (502). Zechariah blames the Miskatonic University professors for his son's present mental condition. He lumps all



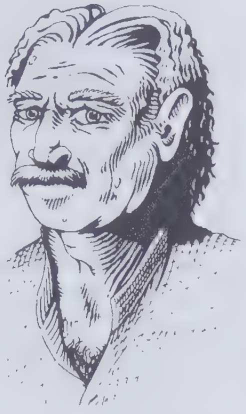
Zechariah Whateley


PRESCOTT MTN.
SULPHUR SWAMP
SENTINEL HILL
LOST BOY SWAMP
BLACK POOL
501
502
SUMPTER RD.
WHATELEY RD.
503
STINK CRK.
BISHOP CRK.
WHITE MTN.
BISHOP MTN.
DEVIL'S HOPYARD
HOPYARD RD.
HUTCHINS RIDGE
SLEEPING BEAR GORGE
HARSEN RD.
504
505
COLD SPRINGS CRK.
506
HOT SPRINGS CRK.
507
508
509
510
FRYE RD.
608
513
525
BISHOP BROOK
ALLEN LN.
511
512
514
435
526
BROWN CRK.
MISKATONIC
RAVEN GLEN CRK.
NORTH FORK
POTTER CRK.
515
CAVE SPRING CRK.
516
WILSON MTN.
517
518
527
442
WILSON CRK.
JOHNSON MTN.
444
519
520
522
523
STUBBS RD.
521
DOG LEG CRK.
445
ALLEN MTN.
524
ROUND MTN.
804
805
Central
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

well-dressed, erudite investigators in with the professors. Zechariah is a village selectman.

502

Curtis & Ruth Whateley, ages 50 and 45


Curtis Whateley

Curtis was present at Sentinel Hill the day the Dunwich Horror was banished. He had the misfortune of using the telescope at the same moment that the monster was made visible by the Dust of Ibn Ghazi. He was struck senseless by the sight of the monster, and has yet to fully recover. The family's farm is starting to show signs of his neglect.

Ruth is friendly, but the investigators find Curtis detached and uncommunicative. He spends most of his time sitting in a chair in the front room, staring off into space. He will not speak with strangers and rarely talks with his wife. He is in the habit of suddenly rising from his chair and, without saying a word, leaving the house to go walking across the township. He returns several hours later, never explaining where he has been. Ruth worries about him, but feels that there is little to do but watch and wait.

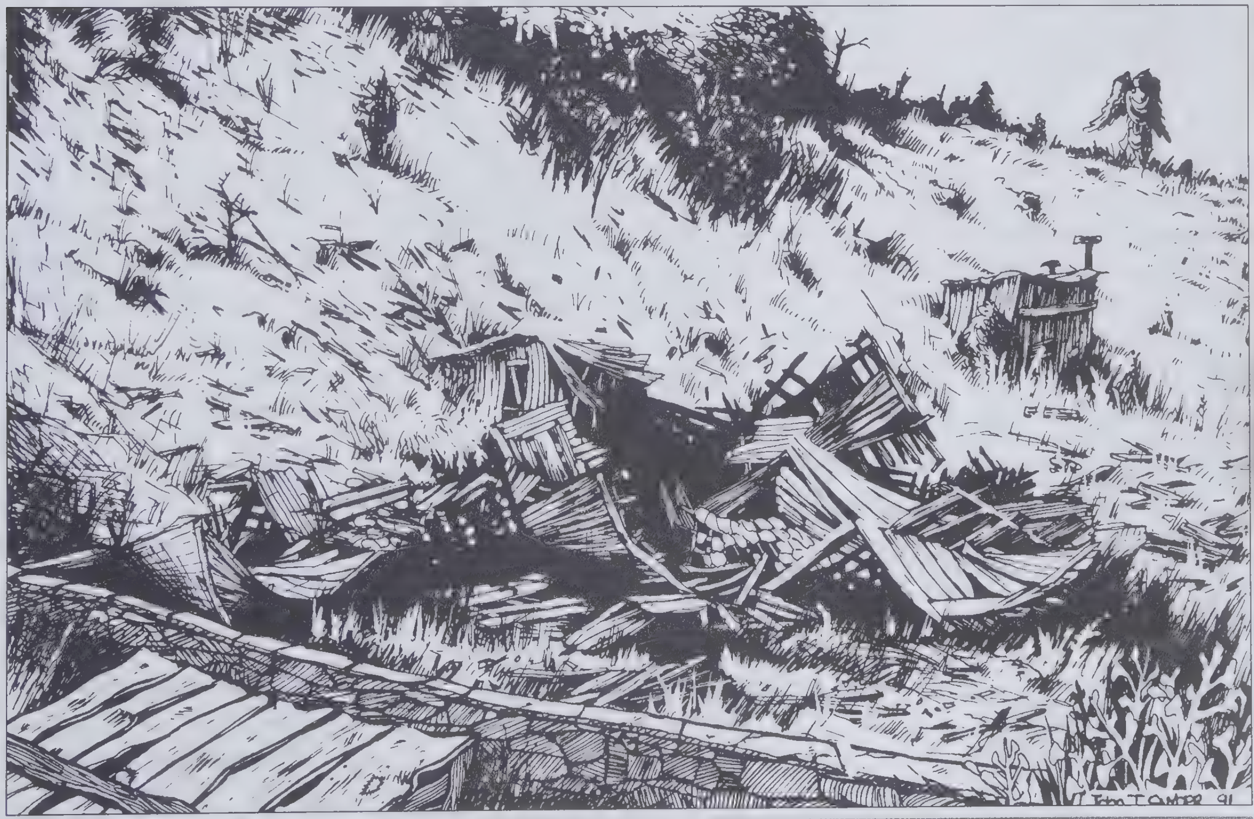
Curtis, hopelessly insane, is the victim of a voice he hears in his head. At the instruction of this voice, he has unearthed the body of Old Wizard Whateley and hidden the moldered corpse in the ruined sawmill (M6). Breaking into Squire Whateley's home a few weeks ago, he stole the strange gold ferronniére and fastened it around the brow of the corpse. When the stars are right, the voice from the other side will awaken the corpse and send it to the top of Sentinel Hill, there to invoke the chant that will free the Dunwich Horror from its banishment.

Successful **Psychoanalysis** on Curtis [DC 20] brings forth this voice, which rants and raves, gibbers in tongues, then finally threatens the investigators with doom before departing, leaving Curtis to die in front of them. The man's quaking body horribly disintegrates before the investigator's startled eyes while he tries vainly to choke out the location where the corpse is hidden. The voice Curtis hears in his head is that of the Son of Yog-Sothoth. It speaks from wherever it is trapped and held prisoner. Its echoing, alien voice is tinged with a rude, backwoods accent. [**Sanity check** (1/1D6) to witness this horrible event.]

503

Wilbur Whateley Ruins

This house, until recently the oldest in the region, lies in ruins, a victim of the Dunwich Horror. Growing hungry, the monster



The Wilbur Whateley Ruins

burst its way out, escaping to the darkness of Cold Spring Glen. Timbers and planks lie scattered everywhere, many of them covered with an unidentifiable gooey substance. A small shed nearby stands untouched. Empty, the door hangs open on its hinges. Over the nearby rise, the upper portion of a stone statue of a gargoyle can be seen, a monument marking the Whateley burying plot. On the other side of the house, the remains of a furnace, built into the side of the hill, can be discovered. Used in early alchemical experiments, it appears long abandoned.

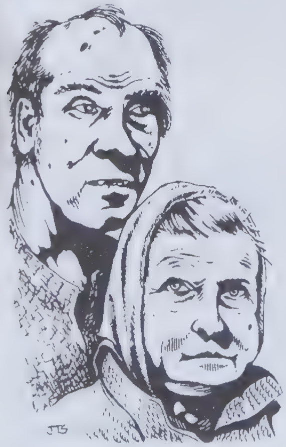
No one dares guess what the goo is, but some say the amount of this sticky substance changes over a period of time. Sometimes there is more of it; at other times, less. Some members of the Whateley family have examined the place, but few found anything to salvage. Wilbur's belongings, along with his library, were kept in the outlying shed, which somehow survived the rampage of the Horror. The rotting books found here were eventually given to Miskatonic University by Squire Whateley, who was glad to be rid of the cursed things. What other few belongings Wilbur had were divided up among the other relatives.

If the investigators examine these ruins more than once, they will notice that the amount of tarry goo does seem to change, and rapidly. The goo has a multi-dimensional quality to it. It is literally pulled through into this world by the tidal forces generated by the moon. Twice a day when the tide in this part of the world would be highest, the amount of goo is greatest. At periods of low tide, far less of it is seen. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** made while examining the goo hints at its strange origins [DC 10] and a possible connection with Yog-Sothoth [DC 15].

If the ruins are pulled down, or at least the rear portion cleared, a door leading into the hillside is found, giving access to the caverns below Dunwich (see The Upper Caverns, "The Whateley Entrance.")

The Empty Grave

If investigators explore the area of the statue, the Whateley burying plot is easily found. Fenced with rotting wood, it contains nearly three dozen graves. The empty grave is obvious; a pile of dirt stands nearby. Closer examination finds the rude coffin in the bottom broken open, the corpse it once contained gone. The headstone identifies the empty grave as that of Noah Whateley, died August 1, 1924. This is the grave of Wizard Whateley (SAN loss 0/1). A boot print in the freshly dug soil is the only clue investigators will find. If it is somehow checked, it matches the boot of Curtis Whateley.



Earl and Mamie

504

Earl Sawyer & Mamie Bishop, ages 55 and 56

Earl and Mamie, both widowed while in their thirties, share a common-law marriage that has lasted over twenty years. Earl is a friendly sort, used to showing around newspaper reporters and university professors alike. A frequent visitor to the Whateley farm, he often noticed the odd smell that lingered around the house and sheds. He remembers that its odor was similar to the strange scent sometimes found around the circles of stones on top of the hills.

Mamie Bishop is equally friendly. She was a past confidant of Lavinia Whateley. Lavinia told her several secrets, which Mamie has yet to reveal to anyone. Lavinia also confessed to Mamie her fears regarding Wilbur.

505

Elmer & Selina Frye Ruins

This was the home of the Horror's first victims, a family of five. Most of the timbers are coated with the odd slimy goo that waxes and wanes with the passage of the moon. Although a neighbor, Charlie Potter (514), hauled away a few of the larger timbers, the ruins are pretty much undisturbed.

506

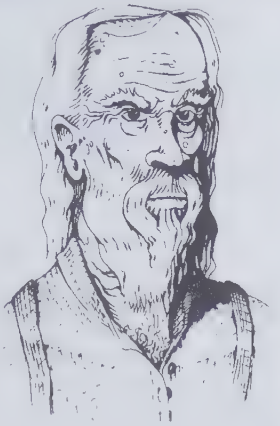
Seth Bishop Ruins

Another house destroyed by the Dunwich Horror. This was the home of Seth Bishop, 74, his housekeeper, Sally Sawyer, 34, and her young son, Chauncey, 12. All three were killed by the Dunwich Horror. Little or no traces were left of their bodies. Like the other houses, the ruins of this place are covered with a thick slime that seems to wax and wane with the phases of the moon. What few items were salvageable were taken away by various members of the extended Bishop family.

507

Zebulon Whateley, age 66

Zebulon is from a branch of the Whateley family that is considered only "semi-decayed." He is a second cousin to both Squire Sawyer Whateley and the deceased Noah (Wizard) Whateley. Zebulon is a Believer and skilled in their ways. He is a little wary of strangers, but helpful. He had no use for either Noah or Wilbur.



Zebulon Whateley

Zebulon brews the potent drink imbibed by the Believers during their rituals. It is made from a strange gray fungus that grows on an abandoned house not too far away (904). Inside his house, Zebulon keeps a collection of magical-looking things, including strange rocks, oddly carved figures, and small specimens of crystal. Zebulon likes to dwell upon these objects when testing his fungus based drink.

The first time investigators call upon Zebulon, he will be in the midst of a test session. Their knocks unanswered, investigators find the door unlatched. Peeking in, they find the old man sitting rigid in a chair, eyes wide open and staring unblinkingly at one of his funny objects set up before him on a table. Although he at first appears dead, the old man responds to shaking, waking up to gaze around the room mystified at the presence of the strangers. It takes a moment for his head to clear and his feet to get back on the ground before he can speak with the intruders.

Zebulon Whateley

STR 8	**CON 12**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 16**	**POW 15**	[illegible]
DEX 12	**APP 13**	**EDU 6**	**SAN 50**	**HP 12**	[illegible]

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Astronomy 35%, Occult 56%, Pharmacy 95%, Medicine 92%.

Spells: Call Horned Man, Detect Enchantment, Dream Visions, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Healing, Warding.

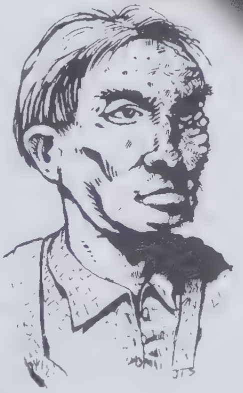
[See Appendix 3, Entry #19]

508

Wesley & Anne Corey, ages 22 and 20

Wesley is the son of George Corey (510) and a member of the Believers. Wesley was with the group who witnessed the climax of the Dunwich Horror atop Sentinel Hill.

Spells: Warding, Augur.



Willie Harson

509

Willy Harsen, age 32

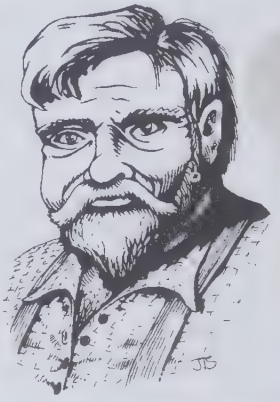
By Dunwich standards, this farm is fairly prosperous. Willy Harsen, a wounded veteran of the World War, has a wooden leg. The left side of his face is covered with scars. This disfigurement and the missing leg are the result of phosphorous burns Willy suffered while fighting in France. Seeing Willy for the first time causes a SAN loss of 0/1 point.

Willy is a little bit cold, harsh, and distant—bitter about his injuries and his life. Happily married before the war, his pretty wife, Annie, could not bear to look upon his scarred face. Shortly after Willy was released from the hospital, she ran off with an Aylesbury man. Willy is generally liked, regarded with a mixture of pity and respect. Investigators who get to know him find he is intelligent and not at all unfriendly.

Willy murdered his faithless wife and her Aylesbury lover, burying their bodies in a shallow grave along the deserted Nelson Creek Road the other side of Hale Mountain (Region 7).

510

George & Emily Corey, ages 44 and 38



George Corey

These reasonably prosperous farmers are Believers. It was their hired boy, 13-year-old Luther Brown, who first encountered the Dunwich Horror at the mouth of Cold Spring Glen.

George is a fair dowser. He has the **Dowsing skill** at 65% [that is, the Sensitive feat, the Dowsing feat, and Psychic Focus +7] and the following spells: Warding, Charm Animal, Detect Enchantments.

511

Bill & Cassie Hutchins, ages 33 and 21

There is a black mourning wreath on this home's front door. The family lost a child last month, the victim of a hit-and-run car accident along Potter Creek Road. The two Potter cousins (916) were seen driving through in Temple's truck just about the time of the accident, but the two men had an alibi, which placed them at Amos Whateley's farm at the time of the accident.

The Potters were indeed the culprits responsible. Their cousin, Temple, took advantage of his recently forged agreement with Amos Whateley, coercing the hapless Amos into providing his cousins with the alibi they needed.

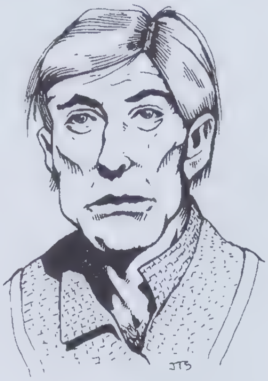
512

Abandoned

513

Henry Wheeler, age 34

Henry is a young widower, his wife killed in a carriage accident several years back. Henry accompanied the University professors to Sentinel Hill and was a witness to the climax of the Dunwich Horror.



Henry Wheeler

514

Charlie & Ethel Potter, ages 41 and 39

This farm is in moderately good shape. Charlie and Ethel are considered by most to be some of "the good Potters," despite their kinship to Temple and the cousins.

Out behind the barn, Charlie keeps a pile of heavy timbers. He and his sons salvaged them from the ruins of the Frye house (505). Potter had hoped to use them to shore up his sagging barn, but found it impossible to clean them of the tarry goo that coats them. The lumber sits unused.

Both Charlie and his eldest son, Peter, 17, have noticed that the amount of goo on the timbers changes. Sometimes there is very little; at other times, quite a bit. They have no idea why. If the investigators poke around the old timbers, they can find [Search check, DC 15], stuck in this goo, small fragments of a human jaw bone and several teeth—all that is left of Elmer Frye.

515

Selma Potter, age 41

Selma is a widow and lives alone.

516

Abandoned

517

Jake & Penelope Allen, ages 41 and 35

Jake appears thin, pale, and unhealthy. A terrible cough racks his body. A **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 10] notices blood flecks on his handkerchief. A **Medicine roll** [Knowledge (medicine), DC 10] tells the investigator Jake is suffering from the advanced stages of tuberculosis. If not immediately hospitalized, he is certain to die, but the family has no money. Perhaps the investigators feel generous. Jake's hospitalization will last six months and total a little over $1200, but he will walk out fit, healthy, grateful, and totally unable to ever repay his benefactors.

518

Jebel & Nellie Wilson, ages 41 and 40

Jebel distills the finest moonshine in the township, using a secret formula handed down to him by his grandpa. He charges 85 cents a quart for his moonshine, a price too high for some. None deny, however, that the whiskey is worth its price.

519

Zeke & Constance Wilson, ages 39 and 25

This farm has an extra large orchard including apple, peach, pear, and plum trees. If the investigators visit in the spring or summer, they find the orchard beset by a plague of caterpillars, the likes of which are unknown in these parts. These big, black, hairless insects are the size of a grown man's thumb. The insects attack both the fruit and foliage, destroying not only the crop, but also the orchard itself. Zeke has been offered aid by George Corey (510), a Believer, but he has politely rejected it, having doubts about the decidedly non-Christian behavior of the cultists. He has twice attempted chemical treatments, neither time to any avail.

Investigators who make a **Zoology roll** [Wilderness Lore, DC 15] find the caterpillars to be unidentifiable. In fact show oddities leading to doubts about the nature of their origin. Neither **Cthulhu Mythos** nor **Occult**

[Knowledge (occult)] reveal anything additional. Investigators might attempt to persuade the farmer to accept the Believers' aid, but unless they make a **Persuade roll** [Diplomacy, DC 20], he politely refuses. He is thereafter suspicious of the investigators, and for the most part, he refuses to aid them.

520

Vernon & Alice Stubbs, ages 35 and 33

Vernon is Norman Stubbs' younger brother. Together the two men enjoy poaching deer by night, using flashlights to freeze their prey, then shooting them down with shotguns (Region 7).

521

Norman & Gretchen Stubbs, ages 38 and 35

Norman is a large, hulking brute who has little or nothing to say to strangers. His wife, 35, doesn't talk at all. Three years ago, after warning Gretchen about her incessant gossiping, Norman finally cut out her tongue with a linoleum knife. Although the incident is known to most of the neighbors, it was never reported to the authorities.

522

Harold Bishop, age 40

Born and raised in Dunwich, Harold later attended Miskatonic University in Arkham, studying for a degree in history. Halfway through his third year at the school, he suddenly quit and, giving no explanation, returned to the valley to take up the life of a farmer.

Still an avid reader, Harold keeps an extensive library in an upstairs bedroom, specializing in local and Massachusetts history. He can't explain his sudden return to Dunwich, and he does not know why he threw away his education and future to come back here. Harold finds little to admire in his neighbors, the Stubbs brothers (520 & 521), but he makes an effort to stay on their good side.

Skills: Local History 90% [Knowledge (local) +10].

523

Widow Agatha Wilson, age 69

This exceptionally large house, three stories tall and with two great chimneys, is occupied solely by the Widow Wilson. The place is disagreeably filthy and odorous, the result of the two dozen cats the woman keeps as pets.

524

Abandoned

525

Sylvester & Jill Brown, ages 42 and 30

Sylvester is the son of the widow Carey Brown (526). A large icehouse stands behind the house in a cool spot shaded by trees. In the winter, Sylvester cuts blocks of ice from the ponds dug behind the barn and packs them into this building, insulating them with sawdust. Sylvester usually cuts enough ice to supply most of his neighbors throughout the summer.

526

Carey Brown, age 64

Mrs. Brown the wife of the late Abner Brown, who was savagely murdered a few years ago by Matthew Potter. The woman, now growing senile, lives alone in this big farmhouse.

527

Abandoned

This house is obviously unoccupied. Daylight can be seen peeking through the walls and roof. At night, far back on the property, lights can be seen shining from the windows of a largish, two-story shed built near the hill. This is an old spring house built atop an artesian well, originally intended to keep the spring from freezing over in winter. Reclusive Jacob Brent dwells on the second floor of this cold, damp structure.

Cold Spring Glen

This deep, dark, wooded ravine was for a time the lair of the Dunwich Horror. Here five Massachusetts State Policemen met their deaths when they followed the trail of the monster down into the depths.

Investigators descending into the heavily wooded glen find the slope very steep, but the going is made easier by the thick growth of trees and shrubs. Ascent is more difficult. **Two Climb rolls** are necessary to make it back out. [d20 characters must climb 50 feet, making Climb checks against DC 15]. Failure results in no injuries, just a loss of time—only a danger if the investigator is being pursued by something.

At the bottom of the narrow glen, the investigators find a rocky stream, eight feet wide but shallow, spilling musically over Rocky Falls. It courses between banks covered with thick moss and spreading ferns. The scene would be idyllic if not for the gloom cast by the huge trees and the traces of strange odors that always hang in the damp air. Investigators who make **Spot Hidden rolls** [Spot, DC 11] find traces of the mysterious taffy goo found in other places visited by the Dunwich Horror.

Although it was announced that all the officers lost their lives, remains of one of the policemen, Roger Axwater, were never positively identified. This man still lives. The insane survivor, confined by his madness to the depths of the glen, turned feral. Naked and intensely paranoid, he flits from place to place, adding fuel to the stories of ghosts that haunt the place. During the day, Axwater lairs beneath a deep rocky overhang dubbed Bear's Den by the locals.

Investigators who carefully explore the glen either find Axwater or traces of his presence. The man is insane and flees from groups of strangers. He lies in wait for trespassers, jumping them and attacking with his rough club before running away. He is completely hairless. Most of his face and body are covered with horrible sucker-shaped scars. His strength is enhanced by his madness.

Roger Axwater, Maniac Cop, age 35

STR 20 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 4 EDU 12 SAN 2 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Club 75%, damage 1D4

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 65%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4

[See Appendix 3, Entry #20]

If the investigators manage to capture Axwater and drag him out of the glen, friends and family reward the investigators generously. Attempting to flush Roger out of the glen toward the south results in his capture by the villagers, who are then rewarded warmly instead of the investigators. Flushing Roger out of the head of the glen possibly results in a panicked plunge off the edge of Sleeping Bear Gorge, shortly followed by the policeman's death. Investigators then have to answer some questions put to them by the State Police. Bringing down poor Roger in a hail of gunfire results in the investigators having to answer many, many questions.

Devil's Hopyard

This barren hillside of several acres is devoid of any vegetation, strewn with rocks left exposed by the eroding soil. Livestock and humans alike tend to naturally avoid this area. Horses adamantly refuse to go within 200 yards of the place.

A **Geology roll** [Knowledge (geology), DC 10] discovers drafts from narrow vents in the side of Bishop Mountain. These carry spores from the underground out and across the hillside (**POT 12**) [Fort save, DC 12]. When active, these spores are toxic to most earthly life forms. In concentration, as in the Devil's Hopyard, they eventually destroy all plant life. Finding the environment inhospitable, the spores quickly encyst and go dormant, preventing a larger area of devastation.

These vents lead eventually to the mi-go complex below ground, which provides the greatest venting of spores in the valley. They could conceivably be closed if someone properly placed enough large charges of dynamite nearby [Demolitions, DC 20]. However, the large explosion and resulting underground collapse would cause a great cloud of spores to spew forth, engulfing anyone within 300 yards, exposing them to a spore with **POT 30** [Fort save, DC 30].

Over a greater distance, the spores disperse and the effect is less drastic, creating a general malaise, or lethargy, that effects the emotional state of animals and humans. Generations of exposure lead to serious genetic damage, creating deformed and unhealthy offspring. The constant venting of these spores is a contributing factor to the widespread degeneracy and decay found in Dunwich Valley. Some people, such as Squire Whateley and Marie Bishop, seem to enjoy a natural immunity to the effects of the spore.

Sentinel Hill

The pinnacle of this hill is guarded on the south face by a series of rock faces impossible to climb without equipment [Climb check, DC 25]. A trail on the north side of the hill allows a strenuous walk to the top.

On top of the hill, investigators can find a strange table-like object carved of stone. It's eight feet long and nearly four feet wide. Scholars have long debated the origin and purpose of this mysterious relic. A deep groove cut into the upper surface runs around its perimeter before leading to a trough cut at the foot of the slab. Some professors venture that it is a wine press from the colonial era, but others hint at darker purposes and ask why anyone would place such a heavy object in a place so difficult to reach. The old legends of Dunwich persist in the notion that the slab was already in place when the first settlers arrived in 1692.

The ground surrounding the slab holds the bones of dozens of humans. Although extensively analyzed, these bones have caused disagreement as to their origins. Some claim the bones to be Indian, while others point to minor, clearly Caucasoid features.

A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll [DC 10] identifies the carvings around the outside edge of the slab as Hyperborean, but the crude execution seems atypical. An **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10] allows the investigator to realize that it is probably a latter-day copy of something Hyperborean in origin. In fact, the druids who once inhabited the valley carved the slab, imitating of the Hyperborean relics they found beneath the ground. A successful **Hyperborean roll** [Speak Hyperborean, DC 10] finds many grammatical errors, but it can be deduced that the altar is dedicated to Yog-Sothoth. The slab was first used by the druids to commit animal sacrifices, and later by generations of Whateleys to commit human sacrifice. In either case, the blood was collected via the chiseled trough and then ingested, leaving the drained corpse to be claimed by the god.

In lieu of the ability to read Hyperborean, a second **Idea roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10] tells an investigator the slab was used to commit some sort of animal sacrifice. A second **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [DC 10] identifies the deity as Yog-Sothoth.

If the investigators unearth any of the bones still believed to buried here, study of skull fragments coupled with an **Anthropology roll** [Knowledge (anthropology), DC 10] reveals traces of Celtic bone structure within the basically Indian skull.

Lost Boy Swamp

This large swamp is treacherous, filled with quicksand and unexpected deep holes. It is named after a Dunwich youth who entered the swamp over a century ago and never returned. The usual rumors of a ghost haunting the swamp are heard, but there is nothing to support them.

Region Six

Eastern Uplands

A sparsely settled district, this region is nearly wilderness. It is remarkable for its deep gorges and many sheer cliffs. Hemlock, Big Chief, and Whippoorwill Mountains, along with Abbott's Lookout and Wizard's Hill, are among the highest promontories in Dunwich Valley. Big Hook Creek is in the center of a gently sloping valley, but the North Fork Miskatonic traces much of its course through a deep gorge between Whippoorwill Mountain and Wizard's Hill, and it is flanked by sheer cliffs of stone. The southern portion of North Fork is more gentle. Several operating farms can be found along the North Fork Road.

It is believed the region was first settled in the middle of the eighteenth century by Josiah Abbott, but the records are incomplete. The only long-lasting farms are those that were built along the southern stretch of the North Fork.

The North Fork Road is as good an unimproved road as will be found in the Dunwich area, but the secondary roads are not maintained and will quickly destroy the suspension of most automobiles. Hook Road, although improved, is in far worse condition than North Fork Road.

601, 602

Abandoned

These two farms are long-abandoned and going to ruin. Over the years, a number of families have tried to live in the shadow of Wizard's Hill, but none have found it to their liking. Rumor holds that the hill is haunted, and that the spirit of old Jacob Whateley stalks the area, looking for victims. Although no one has ever reported being attacked or injured, several people claim to have seen the ghost at one time or another. Those who have tried to live there say that on some nights, something starts stirring atop the hill. Sometimes that something comes down from the hill.

An investigator who makes a **Track roll** in either of these two houses [that is, uses the Track feat with a Wilderness Lore check, DC 20] finds traces of footprints in the dirt and debris. They are indistinct, but a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [DC 10] identifies the tracks of a byakhee.

603

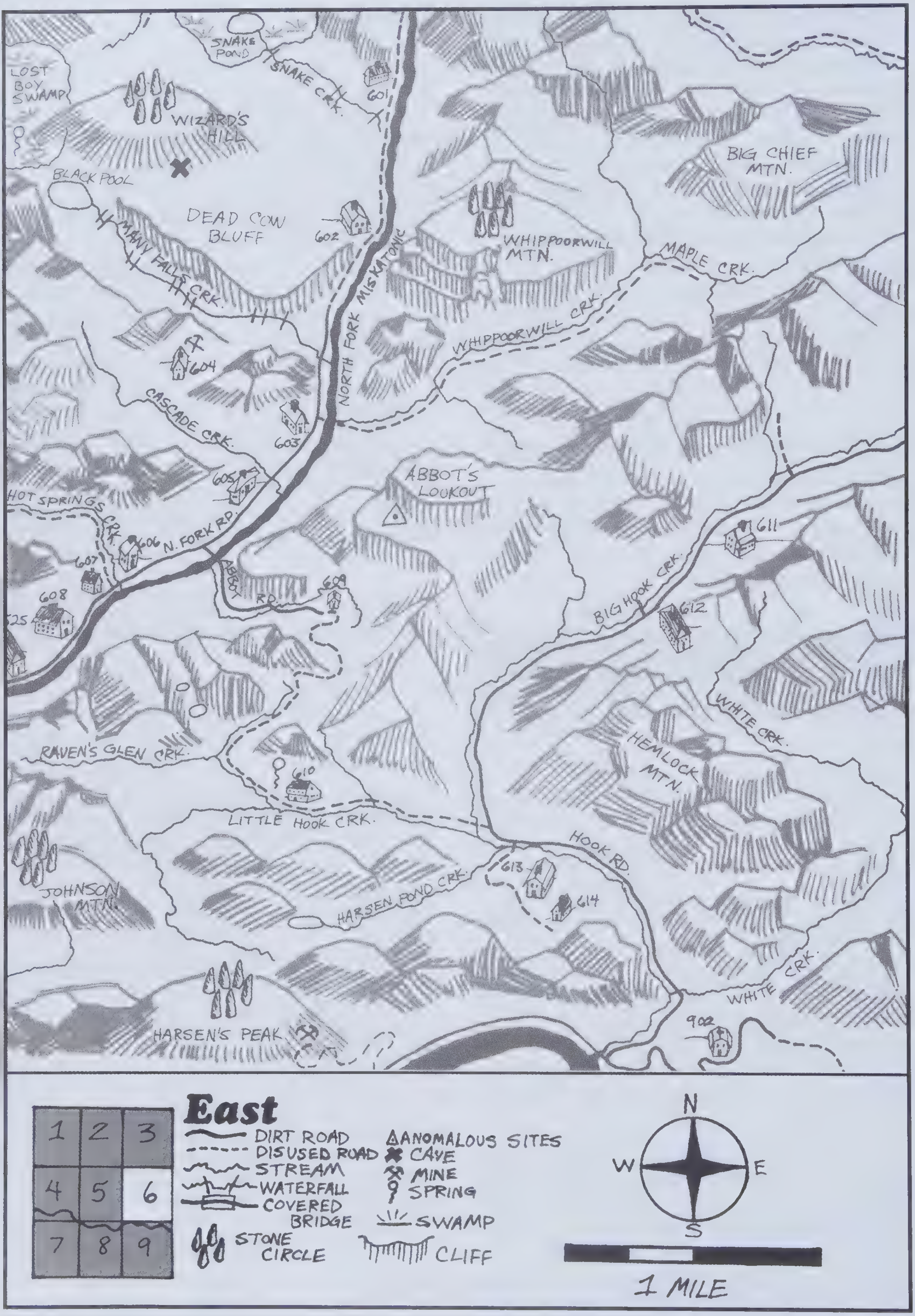
Jaspar Bentley, age 62

Jaspar is a bachelor and a near life-long resident of this small house. He is considered something of a hermit and an eccentric. Investigators find that, while not unfriendly, he seems to be covering up a secret of some sort.

Jaspar is the last surviving member of the Bentley family. Both Jaspar's father and grandfather devoted their lives to trying to find the gold many believed the Whateleys were mining from the hills of Dunwich. Their major endeavor was the deep mine located in the hills up behind the house. A second mine, farther to the south, was also worked for a short period of time (Region 9).

Beginning in 1841, James Bentley—later joined by his son, Forrest—toiled in these mines for nearly forty years before a tragic accident ended the lives of both men. Jaspar was only fourteen at the time, but had already been working beside his father and grandfather for many years when the disastrous cave-in occurred. As the story goes, the collapse occurred right after the young Jaspar had gone down the hill to fetch fresh water. Hearing the roar of the collapse, he ran back up the hill, but found the mine choked with dust and filled with tons of collapsed rock. The entire rear portion had inexplicably fallen in, crushing his unfortunate father and grandfather to death.

Jaspar's mother had died years before. Left without family, he just stayed on, living by himself in the simple house built by his grandfather. He does a little farming, enough to feed himself and provide a little money. He is known around the village and


SNAKE POND
SNAKE CRK.
LOST BOY SWAMP
WIZARD'S HILL
601
BLACK POOL
DEAD COW BLUFF
602
NORTH FORK MISKATONIC
WHIPPOORWILL MTN.
BIG CHIEF MTN.
MAPLE CRK.
MANY FALLS CRK.
WHIPPOORWILL CRK.
604
CASCADE CRK.
603
ABBOT'S LOOKOUT
605
HOT SPRINGS CRK.
606
N. FORK RD.
607
608
525
ABBOT RD.
609
611
BIG HOOK CRK.
612
WHITE CRK.
HEMLOCK MTN.
RAVEN'S GLEN CRK.
610
LITTLE HOOK CRK.
HOOK RD.
613
614
HARSEN POND CRK.
JOHNSON MTN.
HARSEN'S PEAK
WHITE CRK.
902
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
East
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

visits Osborn's store at least a couple times a year. He never visits the mine behind the house, but is willing to show the investigators the footpath that leads to the opening. He will warn them to be careful around the mine. The shaft is dangerous, and they should be wary of venturing in too far.

Jaspar holds a dark secret. The cave-in was not an accident, but the result of an explosion set by the boy himself. It mattered not, for his father and grandfather were already dead, killed by the vast thing they discovered in the caverns below. Jaspar sealed the opening so others would never have to know, and he has quietly guarded the spot ever since. If investigators announce they wish to excavate the mine, Jaspar does not try to stop them. Sensing the inevitable, he excuses himself, steps into the house or a bedroom, and blows his brains out. **Lose 1/1D4 SAN**.

604

Abandoned Cabin

James Bentley built his small, one-room shed. He used it to spend nights near the mine rather than taking the time to go all the way back to the house. The place is filled with an assortment of mining and climbing equipment, including many tools. [The climbing equipment provides a +4 equipment bonus to Climb checks in the Underground, but only if the ropes are replaced.] All the ropes are rotten and useless. A rotting bed sits in the corner.

605

Abandoned

606

Alvin & Doris Chase, ages 41 and 42

Most of the members of this family appear extraordinarily pale. Weak and unenergetic, their condition might be blamed on the general Dunwich malaise, except that Debra, the 17-year-old eldest sister, appears bright, healthy, and normal. If an investigator makes a successful **Medicine roll** [Knowledge (medicine), DC 10], he spots among the other family members the unmistakable signs of arsenic poisoning.

Checking around, the investigators learn that until a year ago, the family was fit as a fiddle, even exceptionally healthy. Joe Osborn can tell them that for the last nine months, Debra has been regularly receiving small wrapped packages from Tillinghast's Drugs in Aylesbury, addressed to her name, General Delivery, Dunwich. Records at Tillinghast's Drugs shows monthly shipments of arsenic-based rat poisoning to that name and address. The person ordering it claims to be a farm owner particularly plagued with rodents.

Debra is, of course, using the poison to slowly kill her entire family. One week after the investigators meet this family, the youngest boy, eight-year-old Billy, dies and is buried in the poorer portion of Dunwich cemetery. If questioned by investigators, Debra pretends to not understand their accusations. If the police show up, she panics and tells the whole story. She will be tried, convicted, and imprisoned in a state facility for seven years. She never reveals her motives.

607

Abandoned

608

Arthur & Mildred Brown, ages 33 and 31

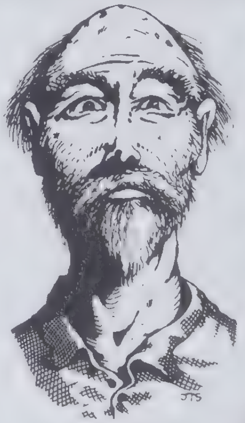
This couple still grieves over the loss of their young son. Last year, Donny, then 10 years old, was accidentally hanged while playing cowboys and Indians with some playmates. Donny was supposed to be a cattle rustler captured by the posse. The boy was their only child. Mildred is medically incapable of having any more children.

609

Duncan Abbot, age 49

Abbott is the direct descendant of Josiah Abbot, who settled in this region in the mid-eighteenth century. The house he lives in was built by Josiah himself. Duncan is the last surviving Abbot in the valley.

Duncan is a strange, reclusive man, suspicious of strangers. On the southwest face of Abbot's Lookout, there is a giant face carved into the stone (see the sidebar). Duncan normally refuses visitors who want to climb the mountain just to see it, but if offered money (anything more than a dollar), Abbot's greed overcomes his apprehension, and he agrees to lead the way up the narrow winding path.



Duncan Abbot

610

Abandoned

This farm looks to have been uninhabited for at least twenty years. The trees and overgrown brush make it difficult to see the

The Face on the Cliff

This carving, nearly five feet high, has been so badly worn by wind and weather that it is unnoticeable unless a **Spot Hidden** roll is made [Spot check, DC 20] or the stone visage is carefully pointed out by Duncan Abbot. It is most easily discerned at sunset when the slanting rays of the sun cast shadows that highlight its features [+5 circumstance bonus to the aforementioned Spot check]. A **History, Anthropology, or Occult roll** identifies the carving as Celtic inspired. [Knowledge check, DC 10] A **Geology roll** [Knowledge (geology), DC 15] estimates its age at 1500+ years.

The existence of this face has been known to generations of Abbotts, but it was of no concern to any of them save for Duncan. As a young boy, Duncan developed a fascination for the face on the mountain. He visited it regularly, often sitting silently in front of it for hours on end, neglecting his chores and angering his parents. By the time Duncan's parents died, leaving their only child the whole of the Abbot property, Duncan was totally fixated upon the ancient stone face. He visits it at least once every day, bringing it fresh water in a bucket. On Solstice nights, Duncan spends the entire time on the cliff ledge, dancing before the face to celebrate the sunrise. The dreams he experiences promise him that some day, a golden paradise will be his.

The Believers know of Abbot and his worship of the face, but think little of it. They allow him to worship in the manner he chooses. Unbeknownst to anyone, Abbot's obsession is misplaced. Abhoth, sleeping below the ground, is the true source of his dreams. It may be that someday Duncan Abbot will be the one called on to waken Abhoth from his slumber.

house from the road. The place was once moderately successful, but then in 1915, the spring water behind the house slowly and insidiously turned poisonous. Unfortunately, the family dwelling there, the Johnsons, didn't notice the gradual change in the water, and thus suffered a slow, irreversible poisoning. Cap Pritchett discovered their blackened, swollen bodies when he came to deliver the mail.

The water flowing from the spring seems attractive, although horses stubbornly refuse to drink it. The toxic nature of the water is noticed by anyone taking a small taste and making a **Medicine or POW x 1 roll** [Heal or Wisdom check, DC 20; or Knowledge (medicine), DC 15]. An investigator who quaffs from the spring finds himself soon after beset with stomach cramps and a fever. The POT of the spring's poison is only 5 [Fort save, DC 5; a roll of 1 still fails], so it is quite likely the investigator will suffer only slightly, losing 1D3 points of damage and recovering overnight. Those who fail to resist the poison lose 2D4 hit points and are off their feet for 1D3+1 days.

611

Sharon Osgood, age 59

Sharon is a widow who lives way out here with her crippled son, David. She is reasonably self-sufficient. Her relatives in the village occasionally bringing her supplies from Osborn's store. David was born crippled. Some say he was the victim of the meteor that passed over the Osgood house the night he was delivered, way back in June of '82. As an infant, the boy suffered from a chronic condition resembling arthritis that only grew worse as time went on. By the time the boy was five, his mother had stopped bringing him into the village. No one in the township has seen the boy since he was eight years old.

When David was only six, his father, Bartholomew Osgood, committed suicide. His body was found in the woods near the house, the greater portion of his face blown away by the blood-covered shotgun lying in the grass beside him. Sharon has lived alone ever since, working the farm as best she can and claiming to spend the greater part of her time caring for her handicapped son. Most villagers contend the boy is long dead and that the old woman is simply touched in the head. Notes found in the journals of Tucker Jones' father indicate the physician believed the boy would never live to see the age of ten.

David is not dead. He still lives, residing in an upstairs room of the house. His condition is terminal, his joints completely fused and immovable. Even worse, his flesh has turned woody and fibrous. The paralyzed man has actually grown into the wooden frame of the ancient farmhouse, his body fusing with the timbers, the two inseparable. Although his mother feeds him what little nourishment he still needs, and cares for him as best she can, David is in constant agony and only longs to die. Sarah, of course, will not hear of it and does whatever she can while trying to make her son more comfortable.

Although Sarah would violently oppose it, David would be thankful to any investigators willing to put him out of his misery. Most weapons are nearly useless against David's hardened flesh [DR 20/+2]. Chopping him up with an axe is possible, but would be a grim task, lengthy and unsettling. Setting fire to the house, destroying both it and its pitiful occupant, is the easiest and most efficient method of accomplishing David's demise.

The death of her son pushes Sharon's already tipsy Sanity over the edge, and she collapses into a babbling heap, unable to implicate the investigators in what could possibly be ruled murder. If she does manage to accuse the investigators, they become suspects. If the investigators resort to arson, and the burned ruins of the house are examined, no bones or other human remains are found. The old rumors resurface. It is then assumed by all that Sharon's son died long ago, and that she has merely been entertaining a fantasy all these years.

612

Jason Whitney, age 65

Until three years ago, Jason, a life-long bachelor, shared this house with his younger brother, Robert. Since Robert's death, folks say Jason hasn't been quite right in the head. If investigators explore the property, they find the body of Jason's deceased brother in the smokehouse, propped up in a sitting position and neatly cured. A close inspection of the corpse reveals that small cuts of meat have been carefully removed. If strangers discover the partially eaten corpse, the old man collapses into a catatonic state. There is no cure for his condition, and he will have to be institutionalized.

613

Abandoned

This farm was abandoned over twenty years ago, shortly after the poisoning of the Johnson family (610). Fearing their water would also turn bad, the resident family packed up and left.

614

Murdock Taylor, age 34

Murdock is a surly, scroungy-looking man, unfriendly to strangers. Many rumors still circulate about the accidental gun death of his senile mother last year. Worse stories are told about certain aberrant practices the man is said to indulge in with the chickens raised in a lean-to coop next to the house. Murdock's sanity has slowly eroded (now only a low SAN 18), the result of long-term drinking of the strongly toxic water polluting this area.

Wizard's Hill

Wizard's Hill is crowned with the familiar circle of standing stones, but in addition, it has two finely carved pillars of granite decorated with strange runes.

A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 10; or Speak Hyperborean, DC 10] identifies the runes as Hyperborean, but the carvings are more crudely executed than most Hyperborean examples. A second successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [or Spellcraft, DC 10] allows the investigator to realize the purpose of the pillars: they create a small interspatial opening that can be used by a creature to enter and leave this time and space. This gate is usable only by the byakhee that was originally summoned here. [This last fact is only evident if a character with Create Gate and Summon Byakhee can make a Spellcraft check, DC 15.]

The origin of these two pillars is disputed, but the old rumor holds that Jacob Whateley placed them here back in the early eighteenth century. He used them to conduct some sort of infernal rite. A long-standing legend says that the ghost of Jacob Whateley haunts this hill, still searches for new victims to sacrifice. A number of people claim to have seen some strange being, or thing, moving about the circle of stones at night.

These pillars were, in fact, carved by Jacob Whateley, using information found in his father's books and in the places below Dunwich. It was atop this hill that a Whateley first summoned into being a creature from outside the rim. This monster still haunts the area, visiting the hilltop on random nights, most frequently during the months of October through March (although it makes occasional appearances at other times of the year). The creature is responsible for at least half a dozen disappearances over the last two centuries.

If the investigators linger near the circle at night, or attempt to destroy or uproot the pillars, they attract the attention of the byakhee, who comes to investigate and probably attack. The creature silently appears atop one of the carved columns, leering down at the investigators, steam trailing from its ice-coated wings. [For the byakhee's statistics in the d20 system, see the core rulebook.]

The Lurker on the Hill

STR 19	**CON 12**	**SIZ 20**	**INT 11**	**POW 12**
DEX 15	**HP 16**	**Move 5/20 flying**		

Damage Bonus: 2D6.

Weapon: Claw 40%, damage 2D6
Bite 35%, 2D6 blood drain

Armor: 2 points

Skills: Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 55%

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see.

[See Byakhee, core rulesbook]

A cave found in the south face of the hill leads back approximately 35 feet, then ends abruptly at a perfectly flat wall. Investigators should notice the odd uniformity of the cave — it is nearly pentagonal in shape. A **Geology roll** [Knowledge (geology), DC 10] finds evidence that the cave was artificially constructed. The back wall shows traces of odd symbols and mathematical formulae, partially obliterated in some purposeful manner.

This cave was constructed ages ago by the mi-go, who used it to transport themselves between their underground fungus breeding complex and the surface. When the facility was finally abandoned, the Gates were dismantled.

Characters who have learned any type of Gate spell [including any variant of Create Gate or Create Time Gate] have a chance of reconstructing this one. For each week a character spends studying the Gate, he is allowed a **roll of INT x1** [Intelligence check, DC 25; or Spellcraft, DC 20]. If successful, he finds the key to reassembling the gate and learns that it conveys users only a very short distance, probably less than 500 yards. Reassembly takes a day, plus the **sacrifice of one POW point** [or for d20 characters, a permanent drain of 1 STR]. One passenger can use the gate at a time. Investigators who watch another person enter see a flash of an image: the user's destination. It is a vast, dark room (see "The Gate Room" in The Mi-go Complex).

Harsen's Pond

The same toxins that turned other water sources in the area bad poisoned this small, placid body of water just west of Hook Road. The water has soaked into the ground surrounding the pond, killing off all vegetation in a five-foot-wide swath. The pond itself is devoid of any life, even at the microscopic level. Occasionally the carcasses of birds or other small animals are found lying next to the water, unfortunate victims of the poison. The **POT of this water is 3** [Fort save, DC 5; on a failed check, take 2 Con damage].

A Boarded-Up Mine

This is a second Bentley mine. It was worked for three years by Jaspar's son, Forrest, and believed abandoned around 1868. The opening was closed off a few years ago with old boards and fencing. A faded sign warns: "Danger! Keep Out." A stone near the opening is hand-painted with the words: "Jennifer Prescott, 1917-1924, We Miss You." (424). A small child, playing with friends in the mine, fell down a narrow fissure and was lost. Her body was never recovered. Shortly thereafter, the entrance was sealed.

The boards can be easily removed and entrance gained. The shaft is found to be a natural cavern, widened by the miners, which twists and turns for some sixty feet, all the time sloping steeply downward. Near the end of the tunnel, hidden in shadows, is a narrow fissure in the floor, believed to have opened up in just the last few years. People who years ago explored the mine say there was no fissure there. The opening is barely big enough to admit a full-grown investigator (see The Underground, "South Bentley Mine").

The Rotting Bridge

The Abbot Road Bridge over the North Fork Miskatonic is safe enough for most foot traffic or even a single mounted horse, but if a car or heavily-loaded wagon is driven over it, it breaks and collapses into the rocky stream eight feet below. An **Idea roll of INT x3 or less** [Intelligence check, DC 15 (can't take 10); or Spot check, DC 20] made before setting out across the bridge allows an investigator to recognize the poor condition of the structure and avoid making a disastrous mistake. Some of the villagers (for example, Cap Pritchett) might warn the investigators beforehand about the condition of this bridge.

Automobiles that suffer the collapsing bridge are badly damaged and need 1D3x100 dollars worth of repairs, requiring 1D3 weeks' time. Any wagons or buggies suffer similar damage (1D3x50 dollars), and the horse pulling it is lamed or killed (20% chance of death). Investigators suffering such a fall must make a **Luck roll** [Reflex save, DC 15]. If successful, they suffer 1D3 points of scratches and bruises. Unlucky investigators suffer 1D6+1 points of serious injuries.

Region Seven

Wheeler Ridge

This is a steep, mountainous region, sparsely settled and thickly wooded. Hale Mountain forms the highest peak, but others, including Wheeler Mountain, nearly match it.

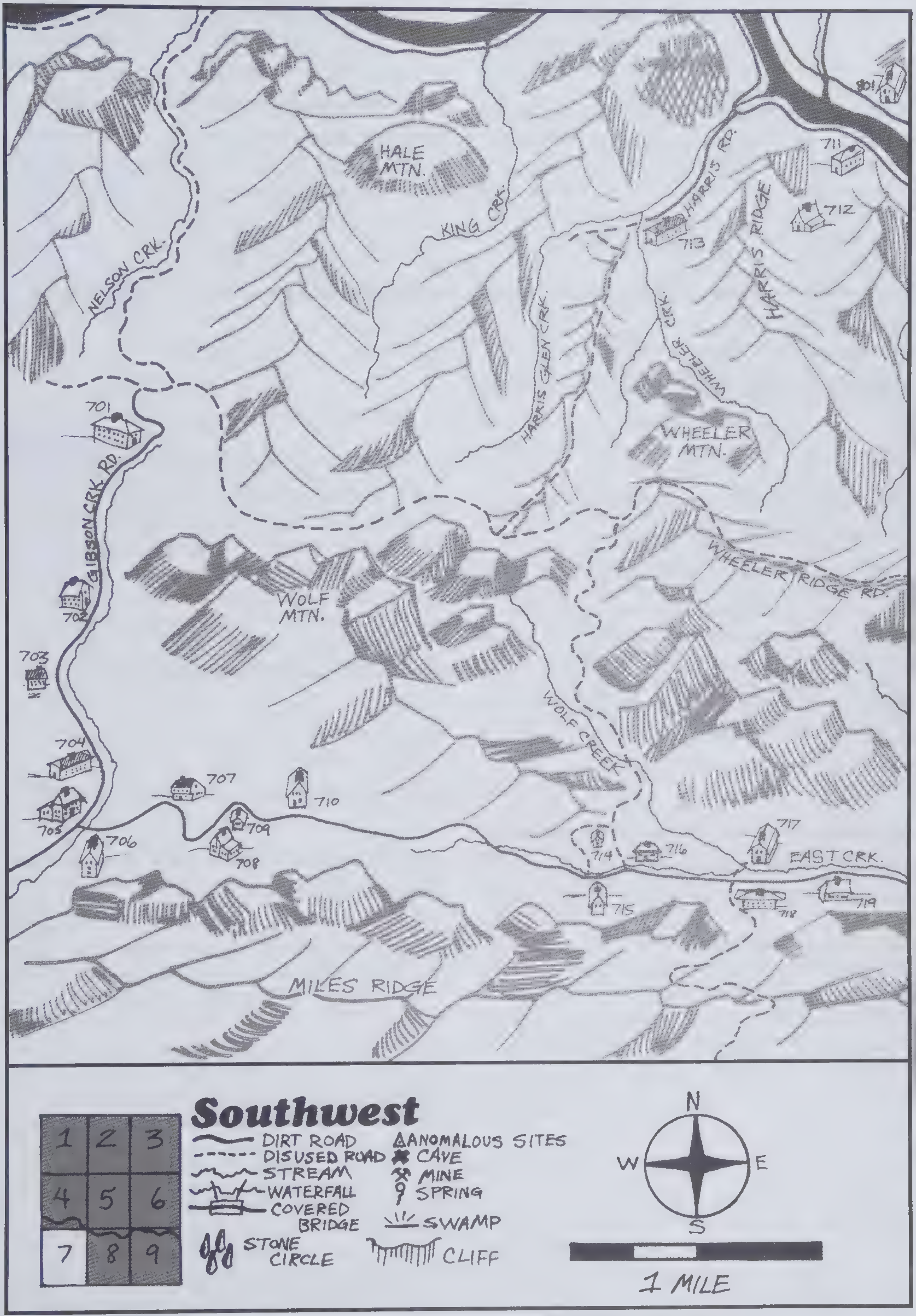
The first settler was William Wheeler, who built a house along what is now Harris Road. The structure, now abandoned, still stands near the road, just east of Wheeler Creek (713). The farms along East Creek, north of Miles Ridge and Gibson Creek, are among the better-maintained properties in the township. Most of these farmers do their trade in Aylesbury or Dean's Corners and do not share the same telephone trunk line with the majority of the valley residents. Although poor and ill-educated, the residents seem unlike typical Dunwichers.

East Creek and Gibson Creek Roads are both reasonably maintained. Both are passable by automobile when weather permits. The unimproved tracks are very overgrown. The road along Wheeler Ridge is so obscured that it is sometimes difficult to follow its course.

701

Abandoned

This house was purposely burned to the ground by its previous owner who, before he was restrained and committed to Sefton


HALE MTN.
KING CRK.
NELSON CRK.
HARRIS RD.
HARRIS RIDGE
HARRIS GLEN CRK.
WHEELER CRK.
WHEELER MTN.
GIBSON CRK. RD.
WHEELER RIDGE RD.
WOLF MTN.
WOLF CREEK
EAST CRK.
MILES RIDGE
801
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
Southwest
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
S
E
W
1 MILE

asylum, also tried to sow his fields with bags of rock salt shipped in by the truck load. These events occurred in 1899, and for all anyone knows, Jubilation Sherman may still be locked away somewhere in the sanitarium's basement. Although no one knows what caused Jubilation's mind to snap, rumor had it that he had for a long time been surreptitiously following Noah Whateley, hoping to learn the source of the man's antique gold coins.

702

Merle Gibson, age 77

Merle lives by himself, a long-time widower. Merle's not fond of strangers, but he attempts to be civil and patient with investigators, at least up to a point.

703

Michael & Sybil Gibson, ages 51 and 50

The large elms surrounding this farmhouse are twisted and losing their foliage. The leaves are spotted with a brown blight. Successful **Biology rolls** [Knowledge (biology), DC 10] reveal the trees to be infected with Dutch Elm disease, a blight for which at this time there is no cure. Once the symptoms are recognized, investigators will spot additional signs of this disease all over the valley. Within twenty years, every elm in the valley will have been wiped out, replaced by maple, oak, and ash.

704

Bill & Marsha Gibson Webb, ages 47 and 46

This couple is childless, Marsha having suffered three successive miscarriages in the early years of her marriage. Investigators snooping around the house might find evidence to the contrary. In the cellar, locked in a roughly enclosed six-by-four-foot room, are three pale, undersized children. Ill-fed and mistreated, the trio (ages 8, 12, and 14) are incapable of speech. They will never be normal, despite rescue and treatment. The oldest child, a girl, weighs only 45 pounds.

705

Harold & Arthur Gibson, ages 55 and 53

The two elder Gibson boys live here. Neither ever married. Although they tend to mind their own business, the brothers have a sneaking suspicion that something's not right up at the Webb house (704).

706

Ethel McKinney, age 91

This woman, blind and nearly deaf, gets by with the aid of the two Gibson boys, Harold and Arthur (705).

707

Abandoned

"For Sale"

708

Adam & Kay Buford, ages 38 and 31

This farm is exceptionally well-kept, a rarity in Dunwich Valley. Adam has lately expanded his farm and is in the process of acquiring additional cows for his dairy herd.

709

Abandoned

This farmhouse is falling down and useless. Adam Buford recently acquired the property.

710

Craig & Doris Owen, ages 41 and 37

Craig is one of the few beekeepers in the valley and presently boasts about his three productive hives. Sometime soon, the bees, driven mad by either Abhoth spores or some strange conjunction of stars and planets, attack and kill one or more persons, possibly including the beekeeper himself. The swelling bodies are found covered with scores of tiny wounds, bee stingers protruding from each and every one. When the last body is discovered, the bees are found nearby, clinging to a wall or rock face in a great seething mass. They mill about ceaselessly, forming strange, unsettling patterns that slowly emerge and then quickly melt away. After a couple of hours, the bees begin to die, falling lifeless to the ground. Twenty minutes later, every single insect is dead.

It is possible that the investigators may be among those attacked by the killer bees. The insects attack relentlessly. The only hope is for an investigator to find a body of water and submerge himself. The bees would then circle for a moment before speeding off in search of other prey.

711

Abraham Harris, age 88

Abraham's a bitter old man, not too talkative with strangers. He is a widower who lost his entire remaining family two years ago, when his grandson went insane and killed everyone in the house up the road. Abraham knows that the family's throats were not merely cut, but that his son had apparently tried to carve gills into their necks (713).

712

A Squatter Family

This place is currently inhabited, albeit illegally, by Bart and Josie Wright, aged 28 and 26, and their seven dirty, shoeless children. Bart and Josie came here six months ago, abandoning their pitiful farm in the New Hampshire hills. The Wrights fear that if they are discovered, they will be forced to move out, not realizing that many of their neighbors are already aware of their presence. No one cares if the family lives there or not. If investigators discover the place, the family tries to hide from them. If drawn out, the squatters prove to be young, innocent, and without malice.

713

The Murder Farm

Until two years ago, the Mark Harris family successfully farmed this property. Then their oldest son, Jack, went mad one night and killed them all with a butcher knife. Jack is serving a life sentence in the state prison while the property falls into decay. Through the cracked and broken windows, dried blood and gore can still be seen, staining the walls and floors. Locals never visit the place, and stories say the place is haunted.

714

Abandoned

A rusty pitchfork lies hidden in the tall grass near this deserted, decaying structure. The first investigator approaching the house who fails his **Luck roll** [Reflex save, DC 10] stumbles across it. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot, DC 10] allows the investigator to see it before injuring himself, while a failure spells an accident. The investigator suffers 1D2 points of damage in his foot or leg and stands a 50% chance of contracting tetanus.

715

Joe & Mabel Taylor, ages 55 and 54

Mrs. Taylor has a beautiful voice, put to good use by the choir master at the First Baptist Church in Aylesbury. She is definitely anti-Believer, but rejects the fundamentalist preachings of the Reverend Teeples and his ridiculous charges of supernaturalism (422).

Skills: Sing 95% [Performance (singing) +10].

716

John & Sarah Miller, ages 53 and 50

Joe keeps a pack of hunting dogs in kennels next to his barn. He claims to use them for "coon hunting" but most folks in the valley know that Joe uses them to illegally run down other game. The dogs are large and strong, trained by Miller to attack on command. They are aggressive, hostile, and fearless, even against Cthulhu Mythos monsters. Headstrong and willful, they can be dangerous if not controlled by an experienced handler. Joe Miller's pack of five dogs has a **Track skill of 55%.** [Each one has the Scent ability and Wisdom 14.]

Joe is willing to use his dogs to help investigators, but will ask for $4 for the day (or night). However, if a bear or other large predator is threatening part of the township, he may bring the dogs out of his own accord, partly to be a good neighbor and partly just to show them off. [See the core rulebook for typical dog statistics.]

Hunting Dogs

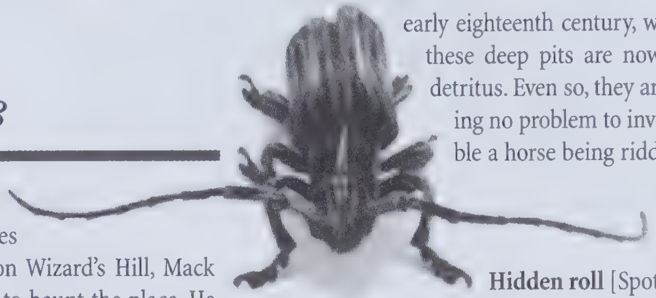
STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 5 INT 4 POW 8
DEX 15 Hit Points 9 Move 5
Weapons: Bite 65%, damage 1D3

Joe occasionally breeds litters of puppies, keeping the most promising pups and selling the rest off for $2-$3 each. An investigator who takes home one of the cute, floppy-eared puppies soon finds that Joe's hunting dogs make bad house pets. Chewed shoes, rugs, and furniture greet the hapless investigator every time he or she returns home from even a few hours' absence. Books are not exempt, and the puppy exhibits a pronounced fondness for moldy Mythos tomes.

717

Abandoned

"For Sale" signs mark this property, but the house looks long abandoned, the door standing open. The floor in the rear portion of the house is nearly rotted through and can only hold a total of 30 SIZ points [three Medium-size investigators] before collapsing and dropping investigators into the partially water-filled cellar below. [When a fourth investigator enters, the floor collapses.] Although stagnant and smelly, the water breaks their fall. Investigators suffer only 1D3-1 points of damage. They will want a change of clothes.



718

Mack Richards, age 55

Mack is a widower who lives alone. Once, while hunting on Wizard's Hill, Mack saw the thing that supposed to haunt the place. He says "it warn't no ghost, but kinder a big bug thing, nearly the size of a man. Smokin' and fumin' like a demon and stinkin' to high heaven!" The thing scared Mack half out of his wits, but in the company of others, he's willing to go back there and try to shoot the thing.

Weapons: .30-06 Rifle 65%, damage 2D6+4
[Atk +4 melee (2d10, rifle)]

719

Brian & Jennifer Smith, ages 36 and 35

This family lost an 8-year-old son in October of 1924. The boy disappeared one day while crossing the fields to call his father for lunch. No trace of him was ever found. Wilbur Whateley's name was mentioned more than once, but no one ever followed up on the rumors.

An Exposed Grave

A steep hillside on the east bank of Nelson Creek Road has recently washed away. Ten feet above the road, hanging half-exposed from the surrounding soil, are the remains of a pair of human skeletons. The remains are those of Maggie Harsen and William Anders, the missing wife of war veteran Willie Harsen and her Aylesbury lover. Discovering this to be the place of their trysts, Willie waited for them, murdering them at an opportune moment and burying them practically where they lay. Willie circulated the story that his wife had run off with another man, and the woman's disappearance was soon forgotten. On the wrist of the female is a cheap ID bracelet identifying the skeleton as that of Maggie Harsen.

The Wolf Pits

There are six of these, two in each of the three valleys lying between Hale Mountain and Wheeler Mountain. Dug in the early eighteenth century, when wolves were still a problem, these deep pits are now half-filled with soil and forest detritus. Even so, they are still 3 to 4 feet deep. While posing no problem to investigators on foot, they can stumble a horse being ridden at anything over a walk. They are well-hidden and will only be seen by a running investigator or galloping rider with a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 20].

Investigators on foot who tumble into one of these pits must make a **roll of DEX x5 or less** [Reflex save, DC 15] or suffer 1D3 points of damage and a twisted ankle or wrenched shoulder. If the investigator is mounted, the horse stumbles and pulls up lame, possibly breaking a leg (20% chance). The investigator is pitched from the horse [make a Ride check, DC 15], suffering 1D3 points of damage if his **Ride roll** is successful and 1D8+1 points of damage if the roll is failed.

Wolf Mountain Wild Dog Pack

A pack of dogs, former farm animals turned feral, have bred with native coyotes and now roam parts of the township, raiding chicken coops and attacking herds of sheep. They are a cautious, cunning pack, and it is unlikely the investigators will ever catch more than a glimpse of their silhouettes running along a ridge. It will take a **Zoology or Natural History roll** [Wilderness Lore, DC 15] to assure the investigators these beasts are not wolves.

Although the pack fears humans, and hesitate to attack horses, they will track and pace a group of investigators, stealthily trailing the party's flanks. At night, the coydogs sometimes gather atop Wolf Mountain to howl balefully at the moon.

A Hidden Cemetery

A small, badly overgrown family cemetery is completely obscured by thick woods. The nine slate headstones all bear the surname of James, with dates indicating that the burials all took place between the years 1712 and 1724. Further exploration, coupled with a successful **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot check, DC 15], reveals the remains of house foundations a short distance away. The structure itself is long gone. The chimneys have collapsed, and the cellars are filled with dead leaves and dirt. No one in the village recalls anyone by the name of James, and the family's existence and ultimate disappearance is an unexplained mystery.

A Poaching Place

Investigators who visit this area at night might be intrigued by the strange dancing lights they see up the valley of Bell Creek. These are the flashlights of the Stubbs brothers, Vernon and Norman, notorious poachers (520 & 521). Shining their lights in a deer's eyes, they cause the animal to freeze, making it an easy target. This practice is strictly illegal.

If the poachers are approached, the pair put on a friendly, good ol' boy attitude, hoping the strangers won't take offense to their illegal hunting practices, even going so far as to offer help or directions. Threatening to turn the Stubbs brothers in to the authorities gets them riled. While they stop short of murdering the investigators, the brothers don't hesitate to beat them up if they think they can handle it. [Subdual damage works well for this purpose.]

The Stubbs attempt to get the drop on the investigators. If successful, Vernon holds them at gunpoint while Norman takes turns challenging the healthy males to fist fights. Norman will probably win most of the fights, but if he gets tired, he and his brother exchange places. Female investigators will not be harmed, but the brothers leer at them, offering lewd and threatening suggestions. Antagonizing the brothers only makes them worse. They at first only intend to teach the city slickers a lesson, but if the investigators persist in threatening them, the beatings grow worse and worse until one of the investigators is finally killed. Panicked, the brothers then decide the best course is to go ahead and eliminate the remaining witnesses.

Norman Stubbs, Big Brother, age 38

STR 17	**CON 15**	**SIZ 17**	**INT 7**	**POW 6**
DEX11	**APP 7**	**EDU 3**	**SAN 30**	**HP 16**

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3
Grapple 80%, damage special
Head Butt 80%, damage 1D4
Kick 75%, damage 1D6
12-gauge Shotgun 75%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Club 75%, damage 1D6

Skills: Natural History 50%, Track 65%, Zoology 20%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #21]

Vernon Stubbs, Little Brother, age 35

STR 17	**CON 17**	**SIZ 16**	**INT 8**	**POW 6**
DEX 12	**APP 8**	**EDU 4**	**SAN 28**	**HP 17**

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 90%, damage 1D3
Grapple 85% damage special
Head Butt 85%, damage 1D4
Kick 85%, damage 1D6
12-gauge Shotgun 70%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Club 75%, damage 1D6

Skills: Natural History 40%, Track 70%, Zoology 18%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #35]

Region Eight

Dunwich Valley

This extremely hilly region is filled with deep gorges and ravines. The low spots are wet and swampy. Although some of the hills and ridges south of the river are quite high, nothing compares with the summit of Round Mountain just north of the village.

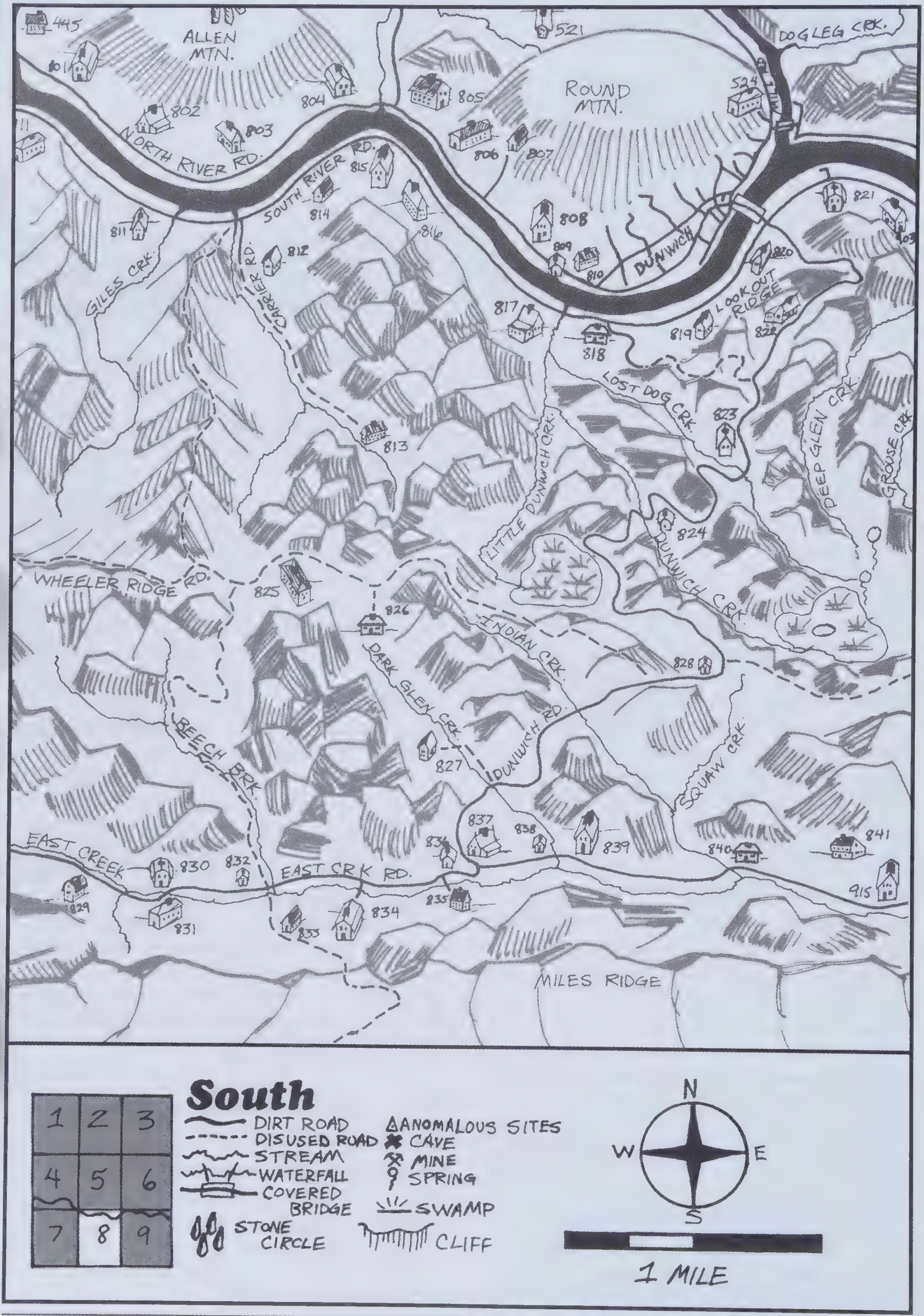
This area was settled early in the eighteenth century when some of the first Dunwichers moved out from the village center. Those farms along the south and north bank of the river are thought to be among those first built, but many ancient specimens can be found among the hills along the road to Dunwich.

East Creek Road is well-used and properly maintained. Although these residents are technically in Dunwich Township, few of them ever visit the village. Most trade in Dean's Corners. Their telephones are not on the Dunwich trunk line; they are serviced through the switchboard at Dean's Corners instead. Although the road leading to Dunwich gets some attention from the county, it is still hazardous—a narrow, winding path that becomes too muddy in the rainy season to safely negotiate. Most of the unimproved roads are only semi-passable to cars, and some of them are completely blocked by collapsed hillsides or fallen trees.

801

Barney & Shirley Allen, ages 53 and 40

Barney has a couple of fields blighted with large circles, in which all the foliage appears burned and destroyed. These circles, most five to seven feet in diameter, are rumored to be caused by witches or by something akin to last season's Dunwich Horror.


445
801
ALLEN MTN.
521
DOGLEG CRK.
ROUND MTN.
524
804
805
802
803
NORTH RIVER RD.
806
807
SOUTH RIVER RD.
815
814
821
811
GILES CRK.
CARRIER RD.
812
816
808
809
810
DUNWICH
820
LOOKOUT RIDGE
817
818
819
822
LOST DOG CRK.
823
813
LITTLE DUNWICH CRK.
DEEP GLEN CRK.
GROUSE CRK.
824
DUNWICH CRK.
WHEELER RIDGE RD.
825
826
INDIAN CRK.
828
DARK GLEN CRK.
DUNWICH RD.
SQUAW CRK.
BEECH BRK.
827
837
838
839
836
840
841
EAST CREEK
830
832
EAST CRK RD.
835
915
829
831
833
834
MILES RIDGE
South
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

A successful **Biology or Botany roll** [Knowledge (biology), DC 10] reveals that a tiny, very normal fungus is responsible for the blights. A second **Biology or Botany roll** [DC 15], or a **Chemistry roll** [Knowledge (chemistry), DC 15], allows the characters to recommend a chemical formula that should destroy the fungus without damaging the surrounding crops. This roll is not actually made until after the farmer has applied the treatment. If the roll is then failed, the toxic formula destroys most of the crop in that field. The farmer holds the investigators responsible and charges them with losses of $225, subject to **Bargain** [opposed Diplomacy checks].

802

Edward & Betty Allen, ages 43 and 38

Edward and Betty share their farm with their three children and two nephews. The nephews are the offspring of Edward's deceased sister. The Allens are the boys' nearest kin and now their legal guardians (811). The two adopted boys, several years younger than the other children, are badly treated by Edward and Betty. They are forced to work harder and given less to eat than the couple's natural children. The pair sleep in the barn, kept warm only by ragged blankets. Although many residents know of the poor treatment the boys receive, there is no law against it. Folks figure that as soon as the two boys are old enough, they'll most likely run away from home.

803

Widow Allen, age 79

804

John & Jane Allen, ages 36 and 33

A large German Shepherd is tethered to a tree in the front yard and barks savagely at any and all strangers or vehicles that pass by. If the investigators pass by on foot, the dog barks ferociously and yanks its chain until it breaks free. Snarling ferociously, the dog leaps the stone fence and comes straight at the investigators.

The dog means no real harm, and if the investigators do not run away, it stops before reaching them, sniffing curiously. Investigators who shoot the dog before learning the truth will break the hearts of 8-year-old Douglas Allen and his little sister, Mandy. [The dog has 6 h.p. and Fort +4] Their angry father demands to be paid $5 to replace the dog.

805

Ward & Eileen Adams, ages 59 and 55

The parents of Virginia Adams (59), the couple has little to do with their daughter these days. It wasn't bad enough that she took up with the Believers—now she's the scandal of the town.

806

Bob & May Barnes, ages 43 and 42

Bob keeps a collection of seven human skulls on a shelf out in the barn. He found them a couple years back while plowing a field. The seven skulls range from partial fragments to one nearly complete specimen. Bob says he found no other bones in the area, just the seven skulls. **Anthropology** [Knowledge (anthropology), DC 10] fails to identify the skulls as either Indian or caucasian. A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [DC 15] reminds an investigator that the commoners of Hyperborea did not inter the entire corpses of their dead—only the heads.

807

Argus & Marvel Barnes, ages 49 and 41

This couple rarely has any truck with the village, living a secluded, rustic life away from everybody. Village talk says that Argus and Marvel were once nice, normal people, but against better advice, they went ahead and ate birds from a flock of deformed chickens they had raised. According to the story, the couple "ain't been quite right in the head since." Whatever the cause, Argus meets snoopy strangers with a 12-gauge shotgun in hand and quickly runs them off his property [Atk +3 ranged (3d6, shotgun)]. The only people who can safely approach them are Bob and May Barnes, Argus's brother and sister-in-law. Even then, the reclusive couple acts wary and nervous.

808

Roberta Simmons, age 69

Roberta is a long time Christian who, due to her age, does not get around much anymore. It's been over six years since she was able to make it to Aylesbury for Sunday services, and her guilt grows daily. Her long years in the area have made her aware of the many pagan practices of the local inhabitants, and she lives in constant fear of these people. Her house is decorated with many Christian images, and she greets visitors wearing a large crucifix on a chain around her neck. She does not trust investigators and will not allow them into her house. Most conversations with this woman end with her calling down the wrath of the Lord upon the bewildered visitors, then slamming the door in their faces. The Believers keep a watchful eye on her, but feel she poses little threat.

809

Abandoned

"For Sale"

810

Ben & Tulip Cahill, age 40 and 36

This man is an expert climber, branch trimmer, and "tree feller." Ben can cause even the largest tree to drop within six inches of a given mark. He owns a fine collection of saws, pruning shears, and other equipment.

Skills: Climb 97% [Climb +10], Fell Tree Accurately 96% [roll percentile dice].

811

Burned Remains

This was formerly the farm of Edward and Sally Allen Cartwright. It burned to the ground three years ago, killing the couple and leaving their two young boys orphans. The boys are now in the custody of Sally's brother and sister-in-law, Edward and Betty Allen (802).

812

Hiram Callahan, age 69

This old man has a reputation as a hard-bitten hermit with no use for anybody in the township. Years ago, he began greeting visitors with shotgun blasts over their heads, and people have since then respected Hiram's privacy.

If the investigators explore the place, they find the house quiet and deserted. The front door stands unlatched and slightly open. Inside, the house is quiet, but pervaded by a sickeningly sweet odor overlaying the usual musty smell of these ancient farmhouses. In an upstairs bed, old Hiram has been dead for several months, with stained sheets and blankets clutched tightly in his skeletal hands. An investigation will follow, his death eventually being ruled as the result of natural causes.

813

Abandoned

814

Andrew & Lily Thomas, ages 32 and 29

This family moved here from Aylesbury just last year, inheritors of the property they now occupy. They are unfamiliar with Dunwich and the folk hereabouts, but are familiar with the rumors about the valley. They put little stock in these stories, believing them the product of the imaginations of ignorant hill folk. They have no relatives living within the valley.

815

The Blair Family

The six Blair children (ages 5 to 16) occupy this farm. No adults are present. The children's father died last winter, the result of severe pneumonia, and the children's mother has been dead for three years. Although the oldest son, Gerald, claims to be 18 and of legal age, Aylesbury County officials believe otherwise and are making efforts to break up the family. Marie Bishop, perhaps conveniently, has been unable to locate any records regarding the birth of the eldest boy. Despite the lack of adult supervision, the Blairs, as Dunwich families go, seem to do all right.

816

Jonathan Frye, age 66

Jonathan keeps a mysterious object in his barn, a large bronze case turned up by his plow in a corn field a few years back. The farmer is willing to show it to strangers, charging 10 cents a head for the privilege of seeing it.

The four-foot-long case is shaped like a casket. A **Spot Hidden roll** [Search, DC 12] locates traces of carvings; a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** [DC 10] identifies them as Hyperborean. Opened, the case is found to contain the bones of a human skeleton. Most of the bones are turning to dust, but fragments of the skull, easily identifiable as human, still remain.

The remains of this man, a Hyperborean wizard, might be returned to some semblance of life by using the ancient ferroniére, a ressurrection spell or other distasteful means. The remains are not complete, but given time, the powers of the resurrection device will regrow what is missing. The ancient Hyperborean is able to communicate with the investigators telepathically, but whether that would be to their good or ill is unknown.

Zadagrool, Ancient Wizard

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 9	INT 19	POW 26
DEX 11	APP 5	EDU 30	SAN 0	HP11

Dmage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Dagger 65%, damage 1D4+1

Spells: Cause Blindness, Cloud Memory, Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Contact Deity/Tsathoggua, Create Gate, Create Mist of R'lyeh, Death Spell, Detect Enchantment, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Flesh Ward, Mental Suggestion, Shrivelling, S/B Byakhee, S/B Dimensional Shambler, S/B Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Warding, Wither Limb.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 28%, Fast Talk 80%, Hyperborean History 65%, Occult 75%, Persuade 70%, Pharmacy 80%, Psychology 75%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #34]

Zadagrool, if resurrected by the ancient device, will cooperate with investigators, but he has his own agenda. He will struggle daily against the servitude forced upon him by the bearer of the ferronniére. Once free of the bondage, he lays plans for escape and possibly for revenge. He is a worshipper of Azathoth.

817

Gabriel & Honor Frye, ages 42 and 40

Gabriel and Honor are nearly destitute. For three years in a row, a mysterious wasting disease has afflicted their cattle herd and financially wiped them out. Again this spring, with the thaw, the first signs of the disease showed up, the cattle pulling up lame and developing running sores on their abdomens. Their farm is posted "For Sale," but there have been no offers. Out behind the barn, in the nearer pasture, a **Geology roll** [Knowledge (geology), DC 10] reveals the presence of a narrow crack in a rock face containing a spore vent (**POT 10**). [Fort save, DC 10].

818

Widow Anderson, age 78

819

Abner & Annabelle Parker, ages 55 and 55

Abner has been bedridden since he was felled by a stroke three years ago. His wife, whose age is problematical, is a full-blooded Potumcock Indian. She is very knowledgeable about the Indian legends regarding the area of Dunwich, and she can teach a chant to the investigators that will remove the bad luck incurred by killing a whippoorwill.

Spells: Augur, Dream Vision, Charm Animal, Implant Fear.

820

Ruth Tebler, age 40

This decrepit farmhouse seems to have but a single occupant. A plain, tired-looking middle-aged woman is always standing in the front yard near the road when the investigators pass. She scrutinizes the strangers as they go by.

821

Herman & Nancy Blake, ages 38 and 31

After the third straight year of bad crops and dying livestock, this family is about to lose the mortgage on their farm. The First Bank of Aylesbury is due to foreclose in the next few weeks, and only a miracle can save them. They desperately need $250.

822, 823, 824

Decrepit, Aging Houses

These old homesteads wear a uniform aspect of age, squalor, and dilapidation. One hesitates to ask directions from the gnarled, solitary figures spied now and then on crumbling doorsteps or on the sloping, rock-strewn meadows.

825

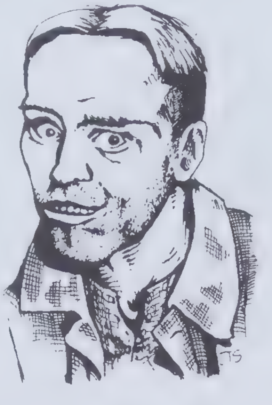
A Blasted House

This ancient farmhouse was struck several years ago by a direct bolt of lightning, which peeled the walls back and left the structure a total ruin. Investigators who probe the wreckage find ruined furnishings and the rusted remains of a bicycle. With a **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot or Search, DC 20], searchers discover fragments of a book: *Regnum Congo*, by Pigafetta, identified with a **roll of EDU x3 or less** [Cthulhu Mythos, DC 10; or Knowledge (art [literature]), DC 20].

826

David Ray Condon, age 25

This sagging, leaning house, situated high on the hillside, is barely visible from the old Wheeler Ridge Road. An old track leads toward the house, but 100 yards away, the route is blocked by a fallen tree. Cars and carriages cannot pass beyond this point.



David Ray Condon

People believe there is but a single tenant here, a rarely seen and solitary young man who speaks to almost no one. Unguessed by anyone, David keeps in an upstairs room a man who miraculously survived the destruction of the house down the road (825).

The ancient man is named Israel Bishop, a long-lived degenerate addicted to cannibalism. Terribly injured, and unable to procure his own food, Bishop has been teaching the young Condon the secrets of his obscene cuisine. The old man, using a spell he calls Food of Life, has found a way to extend his natural life span. This spell must be cast during a cannibalistic feast; it is directed toward the food. Grandpa Bishop, a past Believer, is incredibly old, terribly burned, and frightening to behold, worthy of a SAN loss of 1/1D4 points. His adopted grandson, David Ray, is as insane as the old man and capable of nearly anything. David has, on occasion, shaved his head bald.

If a lone investigator visits the house, Condon invites him in and then attempts to overpower him. After tying him securely, he helps the decrepit Grandpa to murder and butcher the unfortunate victim. What food cannot be immediately consumed is stored in the smokehouse out back. Inedible remains are buried in shallow graves in the cellar of a nearby abandoned house (827).

Israel Bishop, Ancient Cannibal, age 113

STR 5	CON 24	SIZ 9	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 2	APP 1	EDU 8	SAN 0	HP 17

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: Claw Hammer 35%, damage 1D4 plus impale.

Spells: Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Food of Life, Stop Heart, Warding.

Skills: Anthropology 8%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Dodge 1%, Listen 99%, Persuade 48%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #32]

David Ray Condon, Apprentice Cannibal, age 25

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 10	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 8	EDU 7	SAN 0	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist?Punch 80%, damage 1D3
Head Butt 45%, damage 1D4
Kick 55%, damage 1D6
Fireplace Poker 85%, damage 1D8

Spells: Evil Eye, Food of Life.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Dodge 75%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 70%, Jump 65%, Listen 65%, Occult 32%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 80%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #33]

827

Abandoned

Remains of the repasts of Condon and Grandpa Bishop can be found here, buried in shallow plots in the dank and collapsing cellar.

828

Old Man Jesse Harris, 90

A gnarled, arthritic old figure, Jesse usually sits on his porch working a much-whittled hunk of wood. If asked for directions, he can point the way to Dunwich, but never fails to warn travelers not to linger there. "Things ain't right with them people, I kin tell ye that much," he says.

829

James & Mildred Pelter, ages 35 and 34

The front yard of this farm is cluttered with at least a dozen rusted and damaged automobiles and six broken tractors. James is an amateur mechanic fascinated by gas engines. He collects whatever wrecks he can find, stripping them for usable parts. He always has an old clunker or two running and ready to rent to investigators ($2 per day). [If an investigator ever fails a Drive check by 5 or more while operating one of these vehicles, it stops working until temporarily fixed with a Repair check, DC 15.]

Skills: Auto Repair 92%
[Skill Emphasis (Repair) and Gearhead feats (substituting Disable Device for Computer Use); Repair +11].

830

Frank & Winifred Johnson, ages 44 and 41

831

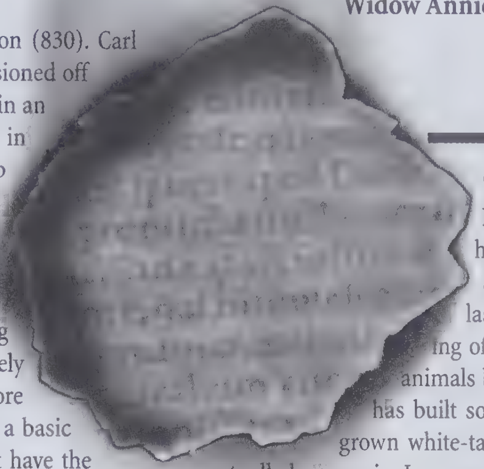
Al & Joan Fritch, ages 39 and 38

Al is a dowser, a student of Joshua Place (407). Although not as good as Joshua, he gets the bulk of his work from farmers living outside of the valley.

Skills: Dowsing 65% [Sensitive and Dowsing feats; Psychic Focus +7].

832

Carl Johnson, age 55



Carl is the bachelor brother of Frank Johnson (830). Carl used to work for the railroad, but he was pensioned off when he lost all the fingers on his right hand in an accidental explosion. Regardless, he is skilled in the use of dynamite and can, for a price, help investigators with any sort of blasting chores. He is willing to enter caves or take other risks, but will demand pay commensurate with the danger. His skill allows him to seal caves or blast stumps without endangering nearby tunnels or structures. Working closely with Johnson for the period of a week or more gives a character who makes an **INT x5 roll** a basic Explosives skill of 10+ 1D20% (if he doesn't have the skill already).

Skills: Explosives 95%

[Skill Emphasis (Demolitions) and Cautious feat; Demolitions +11].

833

Abandoned

834

Jack & Babs Hartwell, ages 45 and 43

Jack Hartwell is generally thought to be the best shot in the valley. Jack's three teenaged sons are likewise expert with the use of rifles and shotguns. All are avid hunters and actually practice a bit of rudimentary conservation. The Hartwell family is willing to help investigators track down and kill ravaging bears or even monsters. [See Appendix 3, Entry #22 & 23]

Jack: STR 13, DEX 18, CON 12, 12 H.P.
.30-06 Rifle 96%, damage 2D6+4
12-gauge Shotgun 94%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Harrison: STR 12, DEX 14, CON 10, 11 H.P.
.30-06 Rifle 88%, damage 2D6+4
12-gauge Shotgun 78%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Alex: STR 12, DEX 14, CON 10, 10 H.P.
.30-30 Rifle, 81%, damage 2D6+4
16-gauge Shotgun 77%, damage 2D6+2/1D6+1/1D4

Terry: STR 12, DEX 14, CON 10, 9 H.P.
.30-30 Rifle, 83%, damage 2D6+4
20-gauge Shotgun 80%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

835

Widow Annie Franklin, age 65

836

Old Harvey Skelton, age 71

Harvey is an expert trapper, but in his old age, he's considered a bit of an eccentric. His passion for the last twenty years has been the building of live traps with which to capture animals big and small. The largest trap he has built so far is capable of holding a full-grown white-tailed deer, although he has yet to actually lure one in. Long ago, he discovered evidence of some odd animal that seemed to regularly visit the area of Wizard's Hill. Since that day, he has wanted to trap the wily and elusive beast. Given funding of $150, Harvey is capable of constructing a larger and even more elaborate Rube Goldberg device capable of capturing and holding the byakhee haunting Wizard's Hill. [Craft (woodwork) +6, Craft (trapmaking) +9]

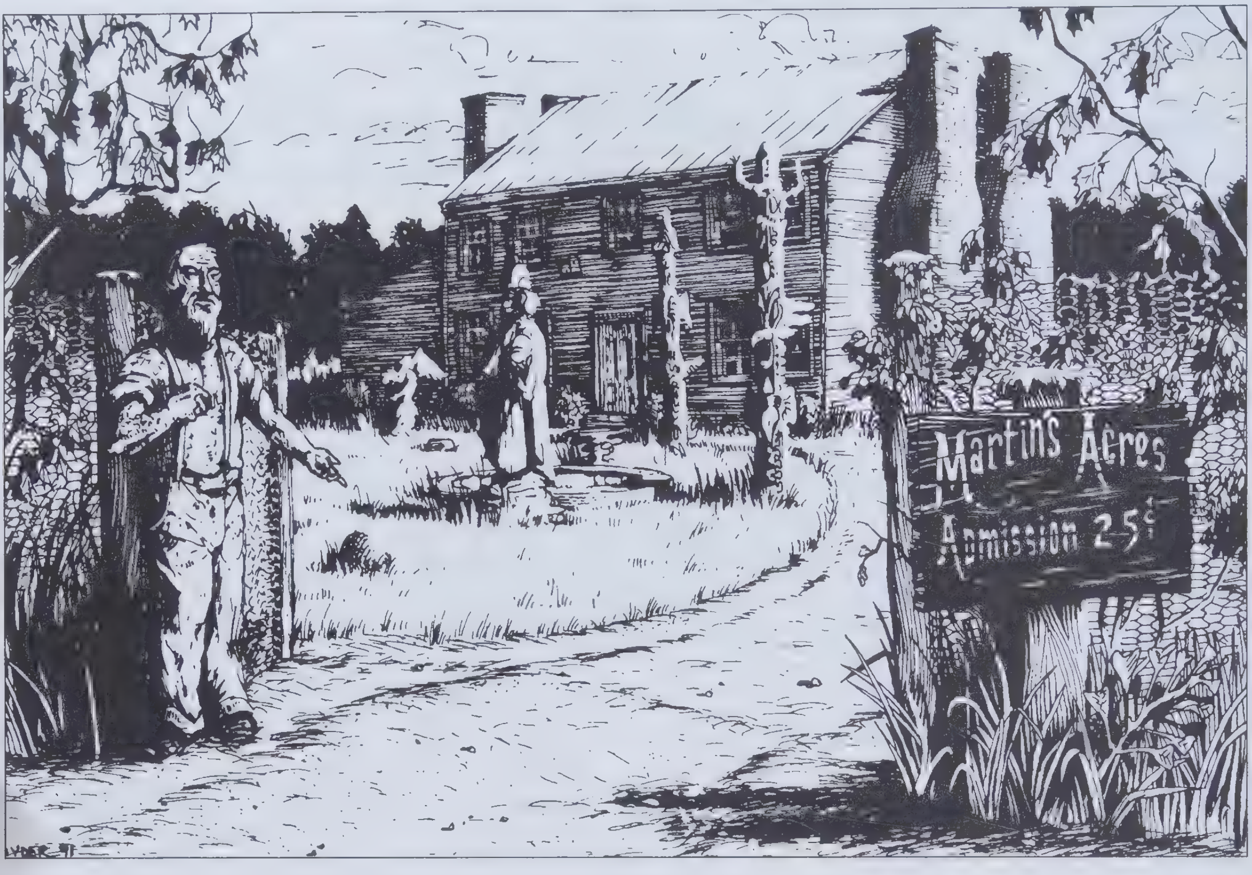
837

Abner & Hazel Standish, ages 62 and 58

838

A Ruined Mill

Built next to a double set of waterfalls, this small grinding mill was operated between the years 1742 and 1799 by Gilbert Owen. It is long-abandoned and partially collapsed. Anyone entering the remains of the mill must **match his SIZ against the 8 STR of the rotting floor on the Resistance Table** [Reflex save, DC 15]. If the floor loses the struggle, the investigator falls through into the basement, suffering 1D6 points of damage. [The damage from this 10-foot fall can be negated with a Tumble check, DC 15.]



Martin's Acres

839

Abandoned

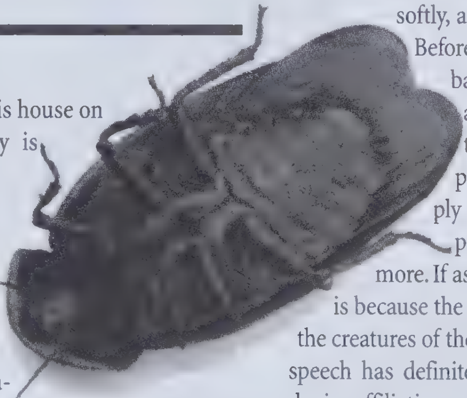
“For Sale” signs mark this obviously abandoned property. Travelers headed for Dunwich see, painted on a large boulder above the hillside, the words: "Jesus Saves."

840

The Tourist Attraction

Driving by, it is impossible to miss this house on the side of the road. The property is fenced with wire heavily overgrown with scrub and saplings, but a large wooden sign near the front gate proclaims the place to be “Martin's Acres.” Admission is 10 cents.

From the front gate, the investigators see an old farmhouse, its yard crowded with a collection of primitively carved totems and modern concrete birdbaths. Lurking around the fringes of the yard, partially hidden by the trees and bushes, roams the man's herd of “dinosaurs.” These beasts are made from fallen trees and boughs that caught the fancy of owner Lewis Martin, 62. Lewis has painted them bright shades of green and orange and placed them to look like saurian heads rising up on long necks. The paint is always fresh. Lewis lovingly repaints his creations every spring as soon as the weather turns warm.



Visitors who tire of wandering the front property are invited out back, where Lewis keeps a small pond fed by a local brook. Here, he proudly shows off his favorite trick. Kneeling next to the pond, he places a cupped hand in the water and begins calling softly, as though coaxing something up from below. Before long, the small fish in the pond, perch and bass, draw near the man, then begin to swim in and out of his lowered hand. So trusting are the fish that they even allow the old man to pick them right up out of the water. They simply flop around until they splash back into the pond, then turn around and come back for more. If asked for an explanation, Lewis only says that it is because the love of God resides within him. He states that the creatures of the field and forest sense this and trust him. His speech has definite Old Testament overtones, but if asked, he denies affiliation with any definite religion.

Lewis was once a Believer, but when he tired of the petty infighting that seemed to mark the group, he retired from active participation. He is eccentric but harmless. Through his connection with the Believers, Lewis knows much about the events of the Dunwich Horror.

Spells: Bind Enemy, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Charm Animals, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Healing, Lame Animal, Warding.

841

Abandoned

The Stone Cairns

Located near the head of Squaw Creek, these three stone cairns are roughly beehive-shaped and stand nearly ten feet tall. No one knows their origin, but they are obviously ancient. An **Anthropology or History roll** [Knowledge (anthropology) or Knowledge (history), DC 10] identifies them as Celtic in style. No one has ever tried to take one down, and rumors of curses protecting them have kept the locals away. Two of the cairns are empty; the third contains the fragmented skeleton of a druid dead for nearly 1500 years.

Callech, Long-Dead Druid

STR 10	**CON 12**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 17**	**POW 28**
DEX 12	**APP 12**	**EDU 14**	**SAN 0**	**HP 11**

Damage bonus: none.

Weapons: Cudgel 85%, damage 1D6+1.

Spells: Augur, Blight Crop, Call Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath/Horned Man, Charm Animal, Death Spell, Dream Vision, Freak Weather, Healing, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire.

Skills: Botany 95%, Camouflage 80%, Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, First Aid 75%, Hide 95%, Listen 85%, Sneak 95%, Track 95%, Medicine 65%, Zoology 90%.

[See Appendix 3, Entry #24]

Region 9:

Indian Hill

This is an area of low hills and, south of the river, swampy, badly drained land. Farmland along the riverbank and around Indian Hill is relatively rich and fertile, but to the south, the land grows low and boggy, unsuitable for most crops or livestock. A few farms are built along the north side of Miles Ridge, but they have generally fared poorly. Indian Hill, dome-shaped and almost circular, is the highest point in the region.

The area south of the river was settled early in the 18th century. Most of the farms to the south, near Miles Ridge, were built at a later date. Most farms in the southeast were established by members of the Potter family, usually after they were driven out of their old homesteads by their angry neighbors.

Travel through the area is difficult. The road along the river is kept in good shape, but this end of East Creek Road is neglected. The old tracks through the area are unreliable and often run through low spots filled with mud.

901

Abandoned Shack

This tumble-down shack was once inhabited by miner Forrest Bentley, his wife, and his young son, Jaspar. They lived and worked here for three years in the late nineteenth century, while the elder Bentley remained at the north mine near Cascade Creek (Region 6).

902

Hoof and Mouth Farm

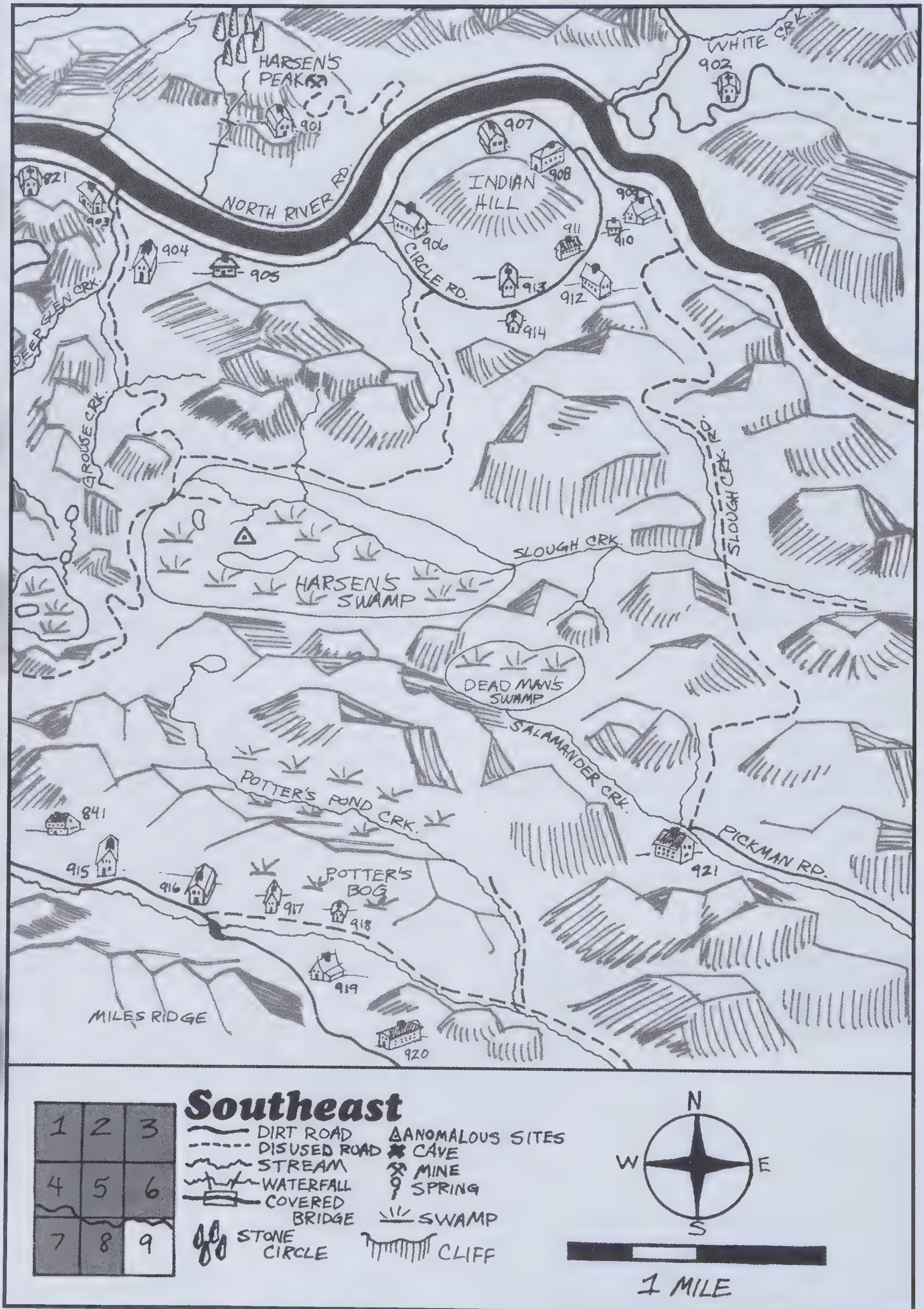
This farm is long vacant, and the surrounding forest is slowly reclaiming it. Cow skulls are placed at intervals along the tumbled stone walls, giving the place an ominous appearance. If the house itself is examined, the investigators find an Aylesbury County notice tacked to the door, faded and a little difficult to read. A successful **English roll** [Intelligence check, DC 10, for native speakers; Speak English, DC 10, for anyone else] allows an investigator to learn that the farm was condemned three years ago due to an infestation of hoof and mouth disease. A large mound behind the house marks the spot where nearly two dozen cows were destroyed and buried. County records indicate irregularities in the findings. Apparently, there was some consternation before hoof and mouth disease was officially declared as the cause.

If investigators explore the surrounding property and make a successful **Geology roll** [Knowledge (geology), DC 10], they discover a crack in the ground that proves to be a spore vent (**POT 8**) [Fort save, DC 10].

903

Will & Dolores Johnson, ages 48 and 47

Fourteen years ago, this couple's son, Thomas, disappeared one night after sneaking out of the house. The next day, the boy's lantern was found on the slopes of Indian Hill. No trace of the


HARSEN'S PEAK
901
WHITE CRK.
902
907
908
INDIAN HILL
909
910
911
NORTH RIVER RD.
921
903
904
905
906
CIRCLE RD.
913
912
914
DEEP GLEN CRK.
GROUSE CRK.
SLOUGH CRK. RD.
SLOUGH CRK.
HARSEN'S SWAMP
DEAD MAN'S SWAMP
SALAMANDER CRK.
POTTER'S POND CRK.
841
PICKMAN RD.
921
915
916
917
POTTER'S BOG
918
919
MILES RIDGE
920
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
Southeast
DIRT ROAD
DISUSED ROAD
STREAM
WATERFALL
COVERED BRIDGE
STONE CIRCLE
ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
SPRING
SWAMP
CLIFF
N
W
E
S
1 MILE

missing boy has ever been found. Thomas Johnson, then 13 years old, was lured into the underground by the visions produced by Abhoth.

904

A Decaying, Abandoned Farm

This place has been abandoned for many years. Only an investigator with a successful **Spot Hidden roll** [Spot, DC 10, plus +1 to the DC for every 10 feet] would notice if from a distance. The rotting remains of the building are covered with an unusual amount of fungus growth, including a gray branching form not immediately familiar. A **Botany or Biology roll** [Knowledge (biology), DC 20] made while examining this unusual fungus reveals it to be an undiscovered species. This fungus proves especially fragile. If removed from the immediate area, it deteriorates rapidly, leaving nothing but a tarry smear.

The unidentifiable fungus was created by Abhoth's spores, which found the high acid content in the atmosphere around these moldering ruins conducive to growth. The **spore POT within the area of the ruins is 12** [Fort save, DC 12].

If the investigators ask around about this house, they learn that it was abandoned more than thirty years ago. The place has always had a reputation for madness, death, and suicide. It seems that every family who ever took up residence here came to a bad end.

Properly prepared, this fungus has a powerful hallucinogenic effect on any human who consumes it. Zebulon Whateley comes here to collect the fungus, the major ingredient in his psychedelic brew.

Old Zebulon might be encountered here, bandanna wrapped tightly over nose and mouth, collecting specimens of the fungus, which he wraps in vinegar-soaked cheesecloth, a method that preserves his harvest long enough to get it home and prepared. If investigators have made friends with Zebulon, he might show them his method of preserving the fungus. He can also explain some of its powers and dangers, including the horrible results of blood infection by the spores.

905

Paul & Velma Kline, ages 40 and 37

Paul once explored Harsen's swamp, finding the great stone head legends say resides in the middle of the bog. Paul can tell investigators that the head was huge, lying on its side, and unlike anything he'd ever seen in his life. He says that while looking at the head, he had the awful feeling that someone, or something, was watching him. When the whippoorwills began to gather in the trees about him, he beat a quick retreat out of the swamp. For $2, he will guide investigators to the spot where he found the head.

906

Ned & Deborah Allen, age 35 and 31

Ned, a skilled rider, has good horse for rent. A veteran of the World War, he is also a crack shot. Of adventurous blood, Ned is likely to volunteer to accompany investigators if things sound exciting or dangerous. [See Appendix 3, Entry #25]

Weapons: .30-06 Rifle 82%, 2D6+4
[Atk +6 ranged (M1 Garand rifle, 2d10)].

Skills: Ride 85%, Sneak 80%.

907

Bhule & Jane Perkins, ages 41 and 29

The Perkins farm is clean, and the six children here are as neat and as well-clothed as the family's limited finances will allow. Their youngest daughter, 11-year-old Lindy, disappeared last month while walking to the village on an errand. She turned up three days later, found wandering aimlessly in a field by a neighbor. Lindy has not spoken a word since her return, remaining withdrawn and uncommunicative.

Temple Potter (917) is the prime suspect in Lindy's abduction, but without testimony from the girl, there is no evidence with which to charge him. Additionally, the Perkins family has lately received thinly-veiled threats from the Potter cousins, Jubal and Jedediah (916). Given enough time and proper **Psychoanalysis** [DC 20, with 1d6 months of treatment], Lindy can be cured. She will then speak out against her abductor.

908

Lyman Hayes, age 70

One night on the slopes of Indian Hill, Lyman saw a door open up, revealing to him a golden vision of heaven. Lyman, then 50 years old, was terrified by the vision and ran away.

909

The Rodney Brothers, ages 54, 56, 59, and 61

These four brothers, Roscoe, Leonard, Willy, and Bob, have lived in this house all their lives. The boys' father died while they were all quite young, and their mother died a few years later. The brothers rarely leave their farm, never visiting the village more than once or twice a year. They are shy, simple, and even more rustic than the average Dunwich Valley resident. They share the cramped, incredibly dirty cabin, crowding themselves into two narrow beds.

910

Delbert & Sandy Jones, ages 42 and 36

This is an extremely large house with several additions tacked on it. The barn behind the house has collapsed, but Delbert has solved the problem by boarding off a portion of the house and stabling the livestock there.

912

Nicholas & Shelley Adams,ages 35 and 34

Nicholas is the brother of Virginia Adams (59). He broke with his sister long ago, but probably knows a few secrets about her recent activities.

913

Horace & Matilda Johnson, ages 56 and 55

This man was among those who tried to rescue Jennifer Prescott after she fell into the old Bentley mine shaft in 1924.

914

Widow Jenkins, age 25

Alice Jenkins is a widow with three children. Since the disappearance of her husband almost a year ago, she has had a difficult time running the entire farm by herself. William Jenkins, her husband, disappeared one night while walking near Indian Hill.

915

Captain Harris Johnson, age 64

Captain Johnson, a Spanish-American War veteran, lives alone in the old family farmhouse. He walks with a crutch, having lost his leg years ago when a carriage rolled over on him. He is at odds with his neighbors, the Temple cousins (916 & 917). He was angered when he learned they had terrorized poor old Mrs. Anderson, who lives up the road. When he spoke to them about it, they told him to mind his own business and threatened to "take care of him" if he didn't keep his "fat old mouth shut." He's been looking for a way to get back at the Potters ever since.

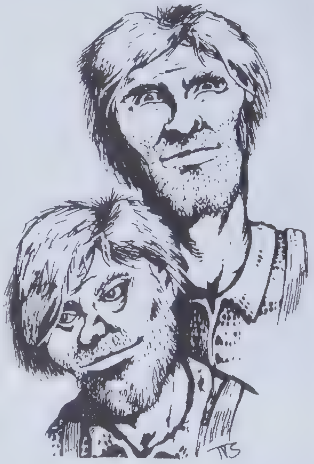
Recently, Johnson told the police that he saw a young girl in Potter's house during the time that Lindy Perkins disappeared—it's a lie, but Johnson's convinced of their guilt anyway. Before long, the Potters figure this out, and Captain Johnson disappears. Jubal has his arm in a sling for the next couple weeks and claims it's sprained. Actually, the sling hides a bandaged bullet wound. Captain Johnson's body can be found buried behind Temple Potter's house next to the rest of his victims.

Weapon: .38 Revolver 85%, damage 1D10.
[Spd. 15 ft.; Atk +6 ranged (2d8, revolver)]

916

Jubal & Jedediah Potter, ages 28 and 24

These men are brothers, the younger cousins of their next-door neighbor, Temple Potter (917). Jubal and Jedediah idolize Temple and are willing to do anything he asks. They are so loyal that they might even confess to crimes they didn't commit, just to keep Temple out of jail. They have been accomplices to most of his crimes, including the recent abduction of Lindy Perkins. The two are also guilty in the recent death of little Jennie Hutchins (511), killed by a hit-and-run driver. [See Appendix 3, Entry #26]



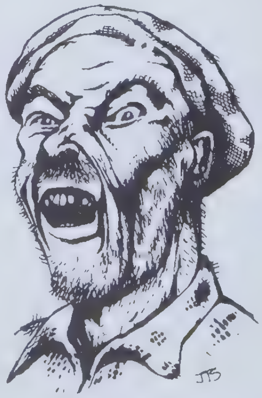
Jubal & Jed

917

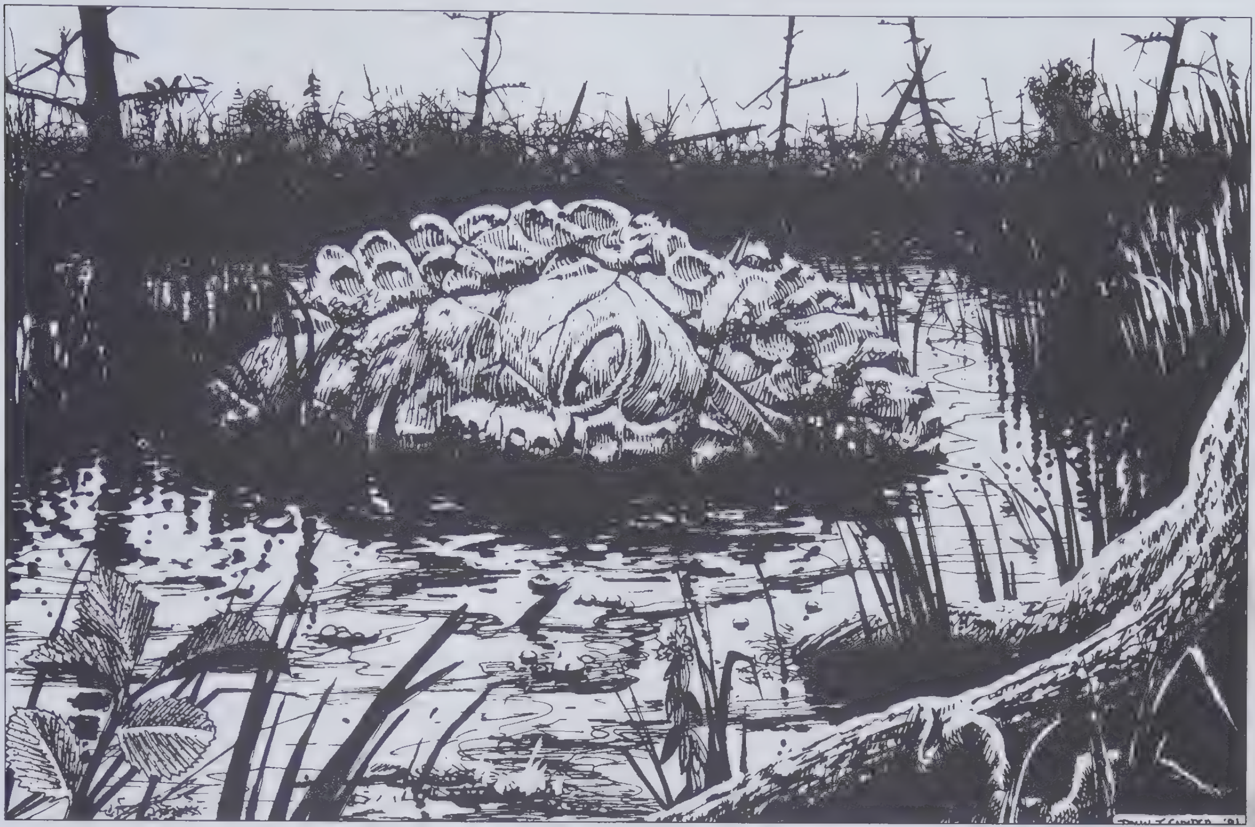
Temple Potter, age 33

The leading member of the depraved Potter family, Temple lives by himself in this junk-strewn farmhouse. Potter is Dunwich's most notorious criminal, lately accused of abducting young Lindy Perkins (907). Potter was jailed following a tense two-hour standoff with State Police. He was later released for lack of evidence. An old Ford truck, bashed and wired together, sits parked in his front yard.

Temple keeps a still, hidden in an abandoned farmhouse a quarter mile to the east.



Temple Potter



Harsen's Swamp

Following in the footsteps of his now-imprisoned father, Temple murdered at least three people over the last four years, including the missing brush salesman, John Dykes. The bodies of his victims are buried in the swamp behind the house. Dykes is buried with his bag of sample brushes.

Potter is in cahoots with Amos Whateley. He expects to share in the Whateley gold once they discover the location of the hoard. Temple and his cousins constitute a real threat to the investigator's lives, pursuing them in his rusty truck, or trying to murder them in some isolated location. If successful, the investigator's will be buried in the swamp behind Potter's house with rest of his victims. [See Appendix 3, Entry #27]

918

Abandoned

This old farm, property of the Potter family, is falling to pieces. The barn is in slightly better shape than the house, since the roof has been repaired recently. Observant investigators notice smoke coming from a chimney pipe in the barn's roof. Investigation discovers Temple's still.

There is a 75% chance that any investigators snooping around this property will be spotted by Temple or one of the cousins. They greet the investigators with a shotgun blast (fired over their heads), then summarily run the trespassers off the property, threatening to kill them if they ever come back.

919

Abandoned

920

Widow Nellie Anderson, age 66

This old lady lives in constant fear of the Potter cousins. They have never actually done anything to her, but their loud carryings-on and disrespectful attitude give her reason to worry. She once asked them to be more careful with their target practice. The cousins responded by threatening her life.

921

George Allen Pickman, age66

This farmhouse is less than fifty years old, built in a late Victorian style complete with gingerbread and large front porch. The place is owned by the original builder, an Arkham man named Pickman who moved here in his early twenties. His children are now long grown-up and moved away. His wife died almost fifteen years ago; she's buried in a backyard grave marked by a fitting stone. Pickman is very deaf, but friendly to strangers. He knows but a little about the village of Dunwich, only visiting it now and then. Most of his trade has always been done in Dean's Corners.

Harsen's Swamp

This vast bog, over a mile long and a half-mile wide, is filled with treacherous pools of quicksand. The anomalous site marked on the large investigator's map indicates the location of the giant stone head. This human head, almost eight feet long and carved from a single block of stone, lies on its side half-submerged in the mud. To most people of Dunwich, its existence is simply a rumor. Few have ventured deep enough into the swamp to actually see it.

Off and on over the years, various groups of boys have used the head as an initiation test for those intent on proving their daring. An initiate is taken to the edge of the swamp and pointed in the direction of the head. He has to find the head, touch it, and then report back to the rest of the gang. Questions about the specific nature of the head are asked to determine if the boy has actually found the head or not. More than one Dunwich youth has been lost this way, ostensibly a victim of quicksand, but more probably devoured by the legendary "swamp monster."

The Swamp Monster

This legendary creature, a monster sometimes used to scare little children who won't go to sleep, is real. An ancient Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath—[illegible] gigantic horror covered with shaggy, green moss—dwells in the deepest recesses of the swamp. Brought to this world centuries ago by the druids, this hideous monster never leaves the swamp, feeding on deer, raccoons, and the occasional small boy who's come looking for a giant stone head. If investigators explore the swamp, prowling in this area, the thing quietly waits in the shadows. Its ropy tentacles barely undulate as it prepares to pounce on the first investigator who wanders too close. [For Dark Young statistics in the d20 system, see the Creature chapter of the core rulebook.]

The Dark Young

STR 50	**CON 22**	**SIZ 49**	**INT 16**	**POW 21**
DEX 15	**HP 36**	**Move 8**		

Damage Bonus: 5D6.

Weapon: Tentacles (x4) 85%, 5D6 plus STR drain.

Armor: None, although the Dark Young is nearly immune to many weapons.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see.

Indian Hill

This hill is domed, like so many others in the valley. The Believers, warned by the Indians who once dwelt here, never erected standing stones atop it. It was upon this hill that a gate opened, through which an ancient tribe of Indians entered to meet a great god under the ground. The dreaming Abhoth occasionally opens this entrance to the underworld, luring the unwary in to meet their doom. Potential victims are lured in by the sight of a blue lagoon set in a green and golden paradise of lush forest. This is an illusion created by the god. The gate actually leads to the shore of the lake of Abhoth far beneath the surface. Over the centuries of Dunwich's existence, nearly a half dozen people have mysteriously disappeared in this area.

The Underground

A rumbling sound seemed brewing beneath the hills,
mixed strangely with a concordant rumbling which clearly came from the sky.
—H. P. Lovecraft, "The Dunwich Horror."

The temperature of the caverns beneath Dunwich is a constant 55 degrees Fahrenheit, with nearly 100% humidity. Explorers need lots of warm, dry clothing. Investigators planning extended stays in the caverns should pack and carry food, sleeping gear, and fuel for campfires. Rope, spikes, and other climbing gear should prove essential, along with cameras for keeping records and pencils and paper for making maps. Most important, of course, are portable sources of light. Several different types are available in the late 1920s.

The standard oil lamp throws a soft yellow light and burns for 3–5 hours after being filled. These risky devices can explode if they are dropped or even turned upside-down (2D6 damage). If submerged, they are useless until disassembled and carefully dried. Most Dunwich folks own at least one of these, and investigators can obtain one quickly and easily. Osborn's sells a variety of oil lamps priced from $1.99 to $3.99.

Gas lanterns produce a brilliant white light some twenty times brighter than an oil lamp, burning 6–8 hours on a single quart of white gasoline. Although safer than an oil lamp (most are guaranteed not to explode if tipped or dropped), they are still comparatively fragile. A dropped lantern almost certainly means either a broken mantel or glass, rendering it useless until repairs are made. If dropped into water, the lantern must be disassembled, dried, and cleaned, a process requiring at least two hours. Osborn's sells a single model priced at $6.59. The store has only two in stock.

Electric, dry-cell lanterns and flashlights are available. They throw a weaker light than a gas lantern and only in one direction. A fresh set of batteries keeps this light going for 4–6 hours, though toward the end of that time, the light grows dim. If dropped, there is a 75% chance the filament in the bulb breaks, needing replacement. If dropped in water, the flashlight must be disassembled, cleaned, and dried, a job taking only 5–10 minutes. Osborn's has two models, priced at $1.35 and $2.59.

Carbide lamps can also be found, including bull's-eye lanterns, flashlight styles, and the hat-mounted reflector type used by miners. These are the brightest of all, burning 2–4 hours (8–10 hours if larger, belt-hung supply cartridges are used). If dropped, they always go out, but can be quickly relit, even if dropped in water. Burning acetylene gas produces the light, and there is some danger from the open flame. Available only in Aylesbury or Arkham, and priced from $2.59 to $5.95.

Respirators are of value, particularly in the lower caverns, where the Abhoth spores are thickest. Filtration devices suitable to the situation can be purchased at chemical supply houses in Arkham or Aylesbury. Price: $1.59.

Most equipment is heavy. One hundred feet of 3/4-inch hemp rope weighs nearly 60 pounds. The torturous passages of the caverns require much crawling and squeezing. Under normal circumstances, allow investigators to carry no more than their STR x5 in pounds.

The Upper Caves

The Prescott Entrance

This entrance is found on the side of a hill. The property is owned by Jonah Prescott (420). A large slab of stone blocks the opening. When Prescott dislodged the slab, it slid down over the cave. A major effort with tractors or draught teams could pull the huge rock over, or dynamite could be used to blast it apart. There is, however, a small opening beneath the rock, presently blocked with soil. Thirty minutes of work with a shovel opens a narrow entrance (SIZ 14).

The investigators must crawl through cold mud, and when they finally emerge into the low-ceilinged cavern beyond, they are soaked and covered with filth. The cave is about ten feet wide, and the ceiling is four feet high. The interior is damp and cold, and the sloping floor is covered with sticky, muddy clay. Toward the rear of the chamber, the ceiling descends, and explorers are forced to crawl on hands and knees through a narrow passage.

Forty feet into the crawl, a fissure opens up below them, spanned by a makeshift wooden bridge built by Prescott long ago. Over the years, the timbers have become quite rotten, and the bridge is now capable of sustaining only 25 SIZ points without breaking [that is, it can hold two investigators]. The bridge is nearly 20 feet long. Explorers should cross one at a time until it can be repaired. If the bridge collapses, explorers fall 25 feet into the V-shaped fissure, suffering 2D6 points of damage, with a 20% chance of being impaled on a sharp stalagmite {for an additional 2d6 damage].

Past the bridge, a larger cavern opens up. The floor here is relatively level. The ceiling is as high as 20 feet, sloping down on one side until it eventually meets the floor in the rear of the cavern. Stalactites and stalagmites decorate the chamber. Several larger stalagmites forming a circular configuration have been roughly carved into miniature monoliths. Although the stalagmites are heavily coated with minerals from dripping stalactites, traces of Ogham carvings can be found, recognized by an **Anthropology or Occult roll** {Knowledge (anthropology), DC 10; or Knowledge (occult), DC 15]. An additional **Anthropology or Occult roll** (or an EDU x1 roll) {same roll (DC 15), or an Intelligence check (DC 20)] allows an investigator to note that the arrangement of stones is similar to the great monoliths in Stonehenge, England.

At the rear of this 40-foot-wide chamber, there is a narrow shaft. The natural opening shows evidence of having been artificially widened to allow the passage of human-sized beings. Prescott says it was widened before he found it. Barely more than two feet in diameter, the shaft descends through ten feet of rock before debouching into a low chamber less than 5 feet high. Crawling forward out of this chamber, the characters come upon an abyss, a sheer wall of stone dropping off below them into unimaginable depths. Their lights reach neither bottom nor far wall, although huge stalactites can be seen hanging from the ceiling high above. A stone tossed over the edge is silent for several seconds before an impact is heard. Several seconds later, another impact is heard, then another. The rock finds no bottom, but continues to ricochet off walls until the sound can no longer be heard.

The Abyss

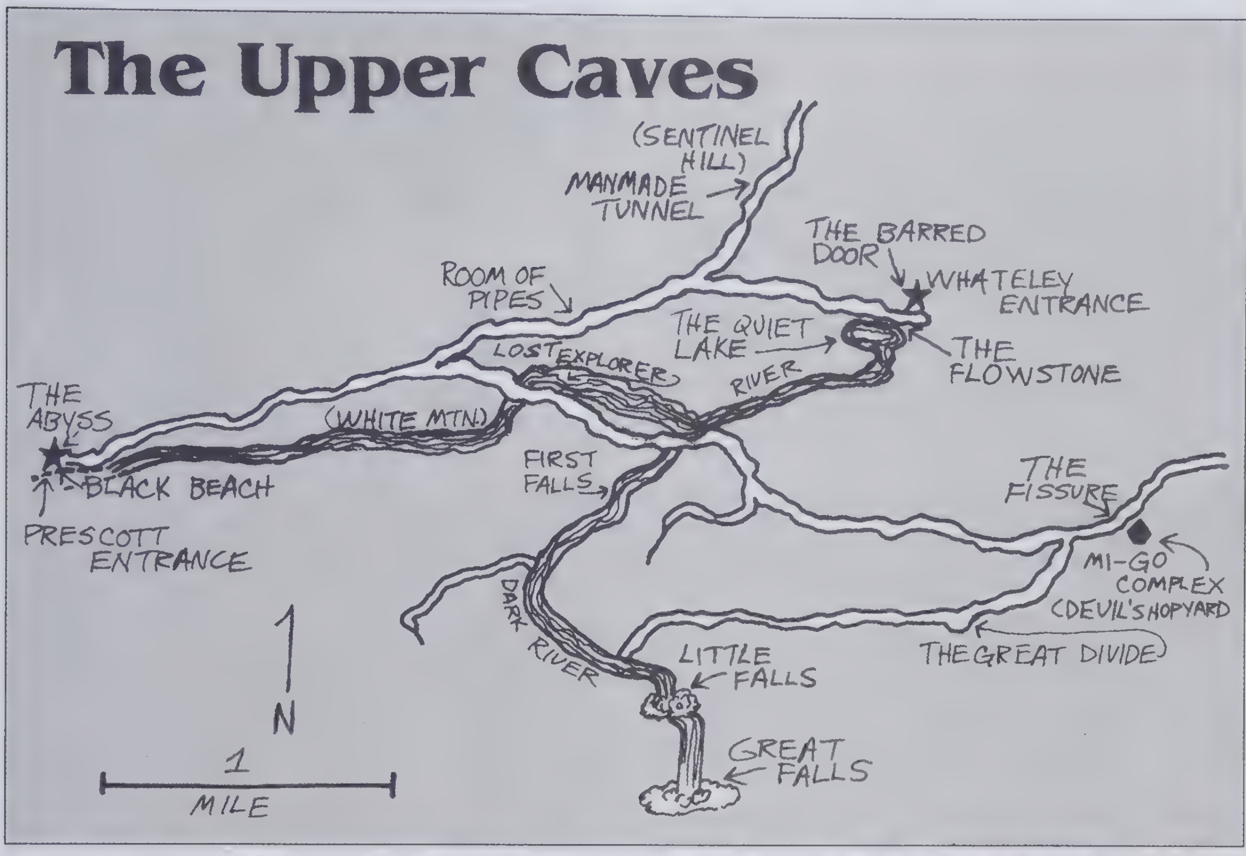
Looking down, explorers see a set of rough stone steps carved into the cliff face directly below them, curling down the wall into the darkness. Eighteen inches wide, the steps appear substantial, but those nearest the edge have crumbled away, leaving the first intact step more than thirty feet below the investigators. Although Jonah Prescott's cousins went beyond this point, this is as far as Jonah has ever come. He knows not what lies at the bottom of the steps.

To proceed further, explorers must be lowered by rope, then swing themselves until they come within reach of the highest remaining steps. The adjoining wall slants slightly inward, but gaining an intact step is relatively easy. Once firmly planted, the investigator can untie the rope and wait for the next explorer to join him. Supplies can be moved the same way.

The steps descend steadily into darkness. The wall crowding over the investigators' heads threatens to push them over the brink. Approximately a third of the way down, about 200 steps, explorers happen upon a cracked step. Make a **Luck roll of POW x5** {DEX check, DC 10] for each investigator who steps upon this treacherous block. If (or when) a Luck roll fails, the stone cracks and falls away. A **roll of DEX x5** or less is required {Reflex save, DC 10; can't take 10}. With a successful roll, an investigator can grab the wall and hang on for dear life. Those who fail and lack the benefit of some sort of safety rope plunge into the abyss. A falling investigator's screams echo horribly until his plummeting body dashes against some invisible outcropping. Surviving investigators hear rattling and smashing sounds as the corpse continues its endless fall, loosening stones and rubble on its way. Witnesses lose 1/1D4 SAN points.

The Thing in Darkness

At some point during the descent, the investigators are startled by an unexpected sound—the flapping of great, leathery wings as something large flies by them in the darkness. The thing passes overhead, away from the explorers. An investigator who tries to aim his light at the sound can attempt a **Listen roll** to accurately locate it {Listen check, DC 20}; if he succeeds, he catches a glimpse of the thing before it wheels out of sight into the darkness. This unfortunate investigator sees a huge creature with a ten-foot-wide wingspan, pterodactyl-like with a semi-human head. It clutches something white and worm-like in its rear claws. The winged crea-



The Upper Caves
(SENTINEL HILL)
MANMADE TUNNEL
THE BARRED DOOR
WHATELEY ENTRANCE
ROOM OF PIPES
THE QUIET LAKE
THE FLOWSTONE
LOST EXPLORER
RIVER
THE ABYSS
(WHITE MTN.)
BLACK BEACH
PRESCOTT ENTRANCE
FIRST FALLS
THE FISSURE
MI-GO COMPLEX (DEVIL'S HOPYARD)
DARK RIVER
LITTLE FALLS
THE GREAT DIVIDE
GREAT FALLS
N
1
MILE

Narrow Passages

Numerous narrow passages are found in the caves. Each is given a SIZ rating, indicating the maximum character SIZ that can squeeze through the opening with reasonable ease. Characters up to four SIZ points larger can get through, but at the cost of 1 hit point worth of scrapes and bruises per passage. Characters three or four SIZ points over the limit must also make a **DEX x5 roll** to avoid becoming wedged tight. Companions can usually wrench them free, but not without inflicting a further 1D3 points of damage. Usually, once a character has managed a particular passage successfully, learning its particular twists and turns, no DEX rolls are required on later passages. Note: Any character more than four SIZ points larger than the opening simply cannot fit through.

{As an optional d20 rule, a spelunker can make a Climb check to get through a narrow passage; the listed number is the required DC. Some passages may require Escape Artist checks instead of Climb checks. A character who fails a check by less than 5 points can get through, but with 1 h.p. of scrapes and bruises. Failing the check by 3 or 4 points also requires the character to make a Dexterity check (DC 10) to avoid becoming wedged tight, as described above. A character who fails the check by 5 or more points cannot get through, but can try again. The "Taking Away Taking 10" variant rule works well here (see the Appendix 3).}

ture turns its awful head toward the investigators and gives a soft squawk before wheeling out of sight. Anyone seeing the monstrosity loses 1/1D6 points of SAN. Those who only hear it lose 0/1D2.

A Flying Spawn of Abhoth

STR 19 CON 16 SIZ 20 INT 5 POW 4
DEX 16 HP 18 Move 3/12 flying

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Rear Claws 65%, damage 1D6+2+1D6 plus clutch; Bite 35%, damage 1D4

Armor: None.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see.

{See "New Creatures" in Appendix 3.}

The monster dwells in this abyss, and although it is has recently fed, the next time explorers encounter it, it may prove hungry. There is a 15% chance of encountering the beast whenever the stairs are traversed. The monster attacks with its rear claws, attempting to pluck an investigator from the stairs and fly off with him. Unfortunately, any investigator larger than SIZ 12 {Medium-size} proves too much for the beast and is quickly dropped into the bottomless pit. If the creature loses more than half its hit points, it becomes too weak to fly and flutters into the darkness below, never to be seen again.

Black Beach

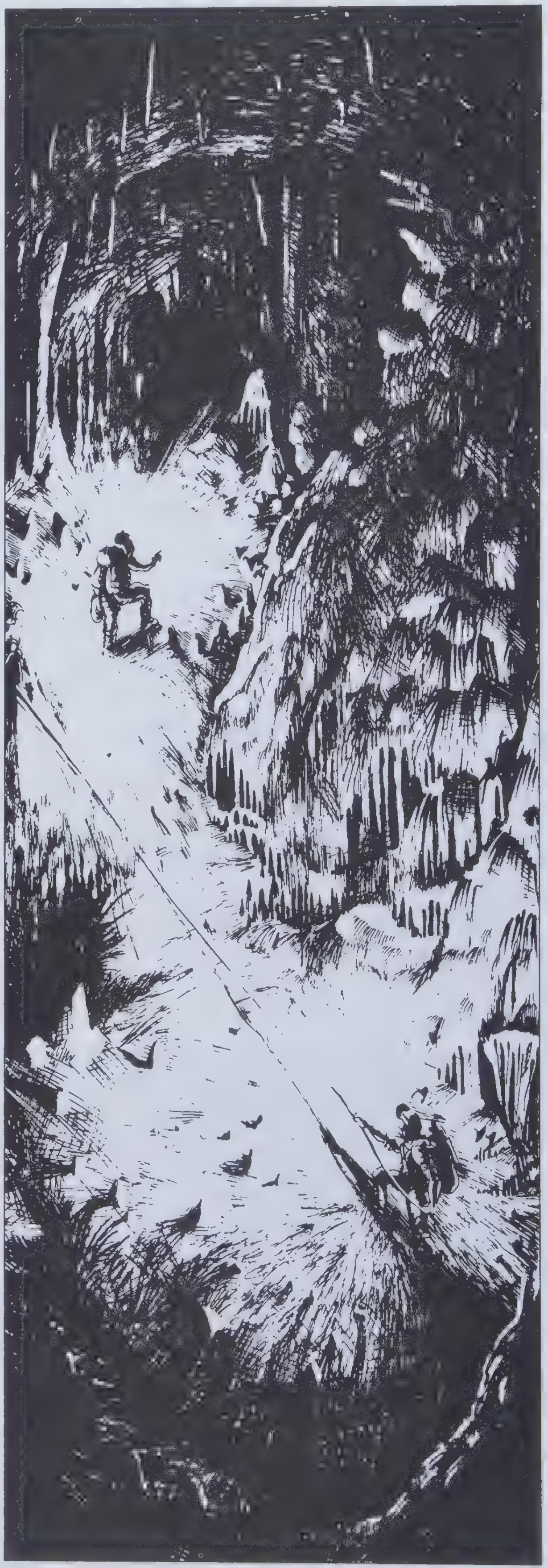
As the last forty or fifty steps are reached, the stairs turn to the right, passing through an opening in the wall and turning away from the fathomless pit. Descending through a natural tunnel, the stairs finally end at a black gravel beach on the bend of a broad, quiet, underground river. Explorers who have counted the steps find they number 623. Adding the collapsed steps gives a total of 666.

The explorers stand in a large chamber a before a dark, 50-yard-wide, slow-moving river. An opening at the far end of the beach reveals further caverns. The river enters and exits the chamber by way of narrower tunnels, areas that can only be explored by boat. The beach they stand on stretches for about 100 yards. From here, explorers may explore the further tunnel. If they have a boat, they may travel along the dark river.

Not far from the foot of the stairs, about 20 feet above the shoreline, the explorers see a small boat rolled over upside down. It is made of leather stretched over a light wicker frame. A **History, Anthropology, or Archaeology roll** {Knowledge check, DC 10} identifies the vessel as a coracle, a boat commonly used by ancient Britons. A closer inspection finds that the leather, although seemingly intact, is soaked with moisture and crumbling to the touch. If the boat is rolled over or otherwise disturbed, the small monster that dwells beneath it makes its appearance.

The Boat Dweller

This creature is pale-white, two feet long, and resembles nothing so much as it does an ancient sea scorpion. A



The Subterranean Caves

Zoology or Biology roll {Knowledge (biology), DC 10} reveals distinctly unnatural aspects about the creature. The thing does not attack but instead hisses, then skitters down the beach toward the water's edge, glancing warily back at the investigators. If unmolested, it disappears beneath the surface of the water. It attacks only if cornered.

If captured and studied, or killed and dissected, the animal is found incomplete, lacking certain organs and any sort of reproductive system. After this is learned, an investigator who makes a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 15} identifies the beast as the spawn of Abhoth.

A Crawling Spawn of Abhoth

STR 4 CON 6 SIZ 3 INT 1 POW 2
DEX 15 HP 5 Move 8

Damage Bonus: –1D6.

Weapon: Bite 35%, damage 1D2.

Armor: 2 points of chitinous shell.

Skills: Hide 85%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2.

{See "New Creatures" in Appendix 3.}

Leaving Black Beach

From Black Beach, the explorers have two options. They may either explore the cavern exiting the beach—a slow, two-hour squeeze and crawl to the junction east of here—or use a proper boat to explore the river. Upstream to the west, the explorers soon find the ceiling becomes low, squeezing down on the river until only a swimmer can make the passage. Although this area can be explored for another mile, there is nothing to be discovered. Downstream is an easy, gentle passage of two miles until the junction of the waters is reached.

The Whateley Entrance

The ruins of Wilbur Whateley's house (503) offer another entrance to the underground. Once the rear of the house is cleared, investigators find a door that leads into the hillside. Its wood is weak, and it is secured with a cheap padlock that is easily broken off. Beyond it, a tunnel has been bored through the rocks, and the roof has been shored with timbers. Twenty feet into the hillside, a stone-lined chamber, 14 feet in diameter,

Cave Winds

The lower caverns are a separate system of caves. Only a few very small vents lead to the surface. Because of the enormity of the lower cavern system and its few connections with the surface, its atmospheric pressure can differ greatly. Depending upon the difference in pressures, explorers opening this door are exposed to a screaming wind with speeds as high as 70 m.p.h., carrying with it dust, sand, and even small rocks. Depending on the pressure differential, this wind can blow in either direction, either driving the investigators back from the opening, or attempting to suck them down the stairs of brick-lined tunnel beyond. {For the effects of winds up to 70 m.p.h., see the section on "Weather Hazards" in the core rulebook.}

If the higher pressure is on the outside of the door, the investigators may find it impossible to open it. The door resists with a STR of as much as 35 points. {This is an opposed Strength roll; up to four investigators can "aid another" on this check.} Only investigators who make a **Geology roll** {Knowledge (geology), DC 15} will be able to theorize the origin of the winds; otherwise, experienced investigators might suspect the presence of a Flying Polyp or other horrific creature.

Once the door is opened, the explorers find a tunnel made of colonial brick sloping down on at severe angle. Mortared steps make the traveling easier, and goggles will keep the grit out of a character's eyes. If the wind is blowing out of the caverns, or even Balanced, opening this door exposes the investigators to Abhoth spores, **POT 12** {Fort save, DC 12}.

3D6	Direction	Speed	STR
3	Inward	70 mph	35
4		60 mph	30
5		50 mph	25
6		40 mph	20
7		30 mph	15
8		20 mph	10
9		10 mph	5
10	Balanced	0 mph	0
11		0 mph	0
12	Outward	10 mph	5
13		20 mph	10
14		30 mph	15
15		40 mph	20
16		50 mph	25
17		60 mph	30
18		70 mph	35

opens up on the left side of the tunnel, which continues forward into the hill.

Within this secret room, a 5-foot-wide painted pentagonal diagram decorates a portion of the floor. An anvil mounted on a block stands near the center of the room. Next to it, there is a heavy hammer and a pair of long-handled iron tools that are not easily identified. A latched iron door 2 feet wide and 3 feet high is set in the back wall.

A **Cthulhu Mythos** {DC 15} **or Occult roll** {Knowledge (occult), DC 20; or Spellcraft, DC 15, for anyone knowing Create Gate} identifies the diagram as some sort of Gating device. Stepping into the diagram has no effect unless the user knows and speaks the command word that activates the device. The command word can be found in Wilbur's diary. If it is discovered, the investigators can use the Gate to carry them directly to the shore of Abhoth.

The anvil and hammer are exactly what they appear to be. Examining the odd, long-handled tools reveals them to be a pair of dies used for the minting of coins. These dies mint the ancient types so long used by the Whateleys.

The door at the rear of the chamber gives access to the rear portion of an old alchemical furnace built into the side of the hill. A thick layer of ashes on the bottom conceals fragments of human bone and other evidence of the furnace's recent use. Wilbur used the furnace to dispose of the remains of the children he kidnapped and sacrificed. Although there are probably no dental records available, the small size of the teeth found, along with other clues (such as half-melted pieces of jewelry) tells the whole story. Careful sifting of the ashes reveals small globules of purest gold, the product of Whateley alchemy.

The 5-foot-wide tunnel beyond this room continues for another 50 feet before it gradually becomes a natural cavern, expanding to a width of 20 feet. The floor of this cave begins sloping drastically, eventually descending into a wide fissure nearly 100 feet across. A rope ladder securely fastened by iron pegs hangs over the edge. Shining a light down in the fissure reveals a level floor some 150 feet below, although details are difficult to pick out.

Although the rope ladder shows no obvious evidence of decay, it is old and partially rotted, capable of holding no more than 20 SIZ points of explorers {two investigators} before breaking. A careful examination of the rope ladder {Search, DC 15} reveals its true nature.

Sixty feet down the ladder, a narrow opening is found in the wall as part of the upper cave system. Climbing off the rope ladder and into this tunnel requires a successful **DEX x5 roll** {Climb, DC 5}. Failure means a miss, but an explorer only slips and falls on a roll of 98–00% {or in this case, if an investigator misses the roll by more than 10}. This aperture leads to "The Flowstone" (described on page 126).

Climbing the rope ladder all the way to the bottom deposits the explorers on the floor of the fissure, a nearly circular chamber 150 feet across, most of it covered by a dark, silent lake. The lake seems to empty out through a cavern to the south; the egress is navigable by boat. Nearby, set into the wall and floor of the chamber at a 45-degree angle, an ancient colonial door has been sealed with a heavy bar. (See "Behind the Barred Door," below, for more details.)

The Quiet Lake

Investigators might try to walk around the lake, but the shore is narrow and uneven. A **DEX x5 roll** {Dexterity check, DC 10, plus armor check penalty} is required to avoid losing balance and falling into the pool. Swimmers or boaters can reach the opening across the lake (see "Dark River," pages 129).

Dwelling in the pool is a lurking spawn of Abhoth, a large, flat creature with frog eyes it lifts above the surface to spy on intruders. The creature's presence is noticed only with a **Listen roll** {DC 20}. An investigator cannot see it unless he plays a light over the water and makes a **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot check, DC 20}. Once the light falls on it, the creature quickly submerges, allowing only a glimpse of its pale, bulky form. The spawn is not dangerous, but it is curious.

Boaters or swimmers may find the thing coming to investigate the strange new intruders. It may caress swimmers' legs or attempt to climb aboard the investigators' craft, swamping it. If injured, the spawn quickly retreats to the bottom of the pool and hides.

The Lurker in the Pool

STR 11	**CON 13**	**SIZ 10**	**INT 3**	**POW 2**
DEX 10	**HP 12**	**Move 1/9 swimming**		

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: none.

Armor: none.

Skills: Swim Silently 95%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 Sanity points to see.

{See "New Creatures" in Appendix 3.}

Behind the Barred Door

A closer inspection of the ancient colonial door shows that leather has been fitted around its frame, as though to form a seal. Faint drafts may be detected. Centuries ago, Jacob Whateley and his followers installed it here. The iron door leads to the lower caverns and the domain of Abhoth. The heavy bar was installed to keep the door shut against the winds that rage in and out of the caverns. It also keeps the Spawn of Abhoth from finding their way into the upper reaches.

South Bentley Mine

In the Eastern Uplands (Region 6), heartbroken villagers sealed the Second Bentley Mine after a small child fell inside. A fissure in the floor of this cave is the result of an earlier event—the ground tremors of 1915. The opening is a mere SIZ 10 {barely large enough for a single investigator; Escape Artist (DC 10) to enter}, but it can be widened with two weeks of hard digging or one properly placed charge of dynamite {Demolitions, DC 15}. Inexpertly placed explosives run the risk of collapsing the rear portion of the mine, requiring three weeks of hard labor to clear the widened fissure.

Anyone squeezing down the fissure finds that it runs at a slight angle for about 18 feet, eventually opening into the ceiling of a large cavern chamber. The ceiling is 26 feet above the floor of the chamber. Explorers must devise a method of lowering people down. Investigators can drag ropes through the rough and rocky fissure, but a rope bearing the weight of an average investigator frays quickly, and must soon be replaced.

The chamber below the fissure leads north for more than a mile. The passage narrows rapidly. In three places, explorers must crawl through small openings SIZ 12, 12, and 11 (see the "Narrow Passages" sidebar, page 120). These openings can be widened by hand; this requires 2, 4, and 3 days of backbreaking labor, respectively. Faster results are obtained with explosives, but as before, unskilled use results in a collapsed tunnel. Each collapse requires 2D6 days to clear.

The Hive

The tunnel finally opens near the ceiling of a beehive-shaped chamber almost 60 feet wide and nearly 100 feet high. The opening the explorers stand on is 80 feet above the floor of the chamber. Depending upon the position of the moon, this room may be half-filled with water.

This room floods with water twice per day, in synchronization with the passage of the moon. Approximately two hours before the moon passes directly overhead, the room begins to fill with tens of thousands of gallons of water, which gushes up through narrow cracks and fissures in and around the floor. It takes less than 20 minutes for the chamber to fill to the high water mark, approximately halfway up, where it remains for slightly more than four hours before draining away just as rapidly.

The sudden influx of water is the result of the tidal actions of Abhoth, whose increased size during high tides displaces water from its pool. This water is pumped through numerous channels, eventually finding its way into this chamber. As the moon passes overhead, the tide of Abhoth recedes, allowing the water to drain back out of the chamber.

This water appears cloudy and gives off a slightly foul odor. It is tainted with a strange toxin— Abhoth's effluvia— and is unfit to drink. Should anyone take a drink, the **toxin's POT of 25 is matched against the character's CON** {Fort save, DC 25}. Anyone who swims in the water ingests a certain amount and must **roll their CON against a POT of 9** {Fort save, DC 9}. Success in either case means the character is afflicted with no worse than a queasy stomach and a lot of gas. Failure means 1D6 points of damage and incapacitating nausea {1d6 damage and the character is nauseated; see "Character Conditions" in the core rulebook}. Swimming in this water exposes the eyes to the toxin. The result is partial blindness lasting 6 hours, regardless of the results of the resistance struggle.

Characters making a **Geology roll** {Knowledge (geology), DC 10} spot a narrow fissure in the far wall of the chamber, just below the high water mark, another result of the tremors of 1915. Toxic water flows into this fissure, reaching the valley's water table and tainting some of the water in Region 6 (610, 613, & 614).

Cave of the Winds

At the bottom of this chamber is a low, squat opening leading north. A faint draft may be detectable, blowing either in or out of this cave depending on the prevailing pressure difference. This draft has its origins in the Lower Caverns. If blowing outward, it carries Abhoth spores with it (**POT 10**) {Fort save, DC 10}. This passage extends for 50 yards, gradually ascending until the last few yards are above the high water mark in the Hive (listed above). Explorers in this area might conceivably be trapped here by a sudden influx of water into the Hive.

The Source of the Draft

The passage through the Cave of the Winds ends in a narrow vent, the source of the mysterious drafts. The cave actually gives direct access to the Greater Caverns, but it is blocked by an old rock fall. Investigators wielding pickaxes can break through this opening after 10 hours of diligent work, revealing a gigantic cavern system beyond. Dynamite can also be used, with a **+25 percentile bonus to the Demolitions check** {Demolitions, DC 5}. If the difference in barometric pressure is severe enough, the blockage may suddenly collapse inward or outward when the investigators finish clearing away the rubble. An **Idea roll** {Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10} tells an investigator that danger lurks—work should be halted until the pressures are balanced.

A weakened, partially excavated blockage of rubble can suddenly collapse in or blow out with explosive force. An outward explosion hurls rubble and shards of rock, causing 1D3 points of damage per every wind level above "Balanced" (see the Cave Winds sidebar) {or every category above Moderate on the Wind Effects Chart in the core rulebook} to anyone standing within 10 yards of the opening. A sudden collapse exposes characters anywhere in the tunnel to powerful suction, which threatens to drag them over a drop-off into the Lower Caverns. Explorers must make a **DEX x5 roll** {Reflex save, DC 10} to catch hold of something and avoid being dragged off to their deaths. Investigators standing near the opening get only one chance to save themselves. Those 10 yards away receive two chances to catch hold of something. For every 10 yards of distance, allow an additional chance. {d20 characters can attempt a Dexterity check or Climb check, DC 20, for every 10 yards of distance from the opening.}

Even though a permanent opening between the Greater Caverns and surface has been breached, the chance for future pressure differences still exists. The Hive acts as an effective seal when flooded.

The Flowstone

The tunnel in the cliff wall near the Whateley entrance is a narrow channel with a 10-foot-high peaked ceiling. The floor descends steeply, although it poses little difficulty at first. The slope gradually increases, while at the same time becoming covered with a thick white crystal coating that breaks and crunches under foot. At a certain point, the slope reaches such a degree of pitch that characters feel in danger of slipping. If they take another step forward, the crystal growth no longer supports their weight and angle. It breaks away under foot and threatens to precipitate the unfortunate investigator down the slope: the character must make a **DEX x5 roll** {Reflex save, DC 10} or fall. If not secured by a safety rope, the investigator slides and rolls down the crystal-coated flowstone for 100 yards, abrading clothes and flesh until reaching the bottom of the next chamber. The slide is gentle enough that the investigator suffers no damage from the fall itself, but the ride down the crystalline slide causes 1D4+1 points of damage of a most painful kind.

Ascending the flowstone is a difficult task. Without the aid of equipment, **four straight successful Climb rolls** are necessary to reach safe and reasonably level ground. {d20 characters have a harder time, as they must make Climb checks (DC 20) up a 300-foot-long slope.} Investigators may make use ropes and spikes, but this will take some time.

Strange Piping Noises

Once below the flowstone, any character making a **Listen roll** {DC 15} hears distant piping or whistling sounds. **Additional Listen rolls should be allowed three more times** between here and the Room of Pipes over a mile away. Although natural in origin, the sound may prove unnerving to investigators. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 10} assures the investigators that the sound is not the product of some terrible monster. Otherwise, lose 0/1 point of SAN.

The Room of Pipes

The cavern broadens in this area. Once near this chamber, investigators do not need Listen rolls to hear the echoing sounds of piping that originate from here. The shining of lights around the chamber reveals no obvious source, but a successful **Listen roll** {DC 20} pinpoints a dark area high on one wall, 20 feet above the floor. One **Climb roll** allows an investigator to scale the sloping wall and gain this location. {d20 characters need enough Climb checks (DC 15) to scale a 20-foot-wall.} While explorers investigate this area, tiny jets of warm air issue from narrow cracks in the stone, creating the soft whistling noises.

This air is from the Greater Caverns, and it is laden with Abhoth spores. Anyone investigating these vents is exposed to **POT 15 spores** {Fort save, DC 15}. If an explorer goes insane, he may think he sees something crawling around inside these cracks, panic, and jump from his spot on the wall, falling 20 feet to the floor. If not incapacitated by damage, the insane investigator flees the chamber, possibly injuring himself or getting lost in the caves.

Manmade Tunnel

This branch of the tunnel eventually leads to a dead end. Half a mile north, explorers find evidence of earlier excavations—ancient excavations. In the west wall of the cave, a manmade tunnel, now blocked by fallen rubble, looks to lead upward through the ground.

The druids dug this tunnel. It leads to the remains of the Hyperborean temple to Yog-Sothoth that lies beneath Sentinel Hill. If an investigator chooses to clear the tunnel, it takes two men eight hours of hard digging before the breakthrough is made and the last of the rubble rolls down the opened shaft. Explorers are immediately assailed by an odor so foul they lose 0/1 point of SAN. The odor, though far more powerful, is similar to that detected among the ruined houses destroyed by the Dunwich Horror.

Investigators who crawl up find themselves in the interior of an ancient Hyperborean temple dedicated to Yog-Sothoth. The circular chamber is nearly 60 feet in diameter, but much of it has collapsed inward over the millennia, leaving rocks and soil filling much of the space. Among the ruins, explorers can spot a carved stone table of exquisite workmanship; it weighs several tons. It is the original altar from which the druids made the rude copy found on Sentinel Hill.

The Dunwich Horror occupies this chamber, invisible and silent. It lies in wait for a time when the stars will be right and he will be freed from his underground prison. Exploring investigators making a **Listen roll** hear a soft, slopping sound {Listen, DC 25}, but by then, it is too late. The Son of Yog-Sothoth seizes the nearest or the unluckiest character in his suckered feelers and lifts him from the ground. Feeding upon the character, the monster becomes visible, fading into view before the investigators' lamps. {Consider the rules for invisibility when staging this encounter.}

The Son of Yog-Sothoth

STR 35	**CON 30**	**SIZ 50**	**INT 21**	**POW 24**
DEX 21			**HP 40**	**Move 9**

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Weapon: Grasp and Suck 100%, 1D6+4D6 crushing damage every round plus 1D10 points of blood drain every round after the first.

Armor: None, but cannot be harmed by physical weapons. Enchanted weapons do only minimum damage. The creature is susceptible to magic but only if somehow made visible. It is normally invisible except when feeding.

Spell: Call Yog-Sothoth (this version can only be cast inside the stone ring atop Sentinel Hill).

Skills: Climb 100%.

Sanity Loss: When invisible 1/1D8, visible 1D8/3D10 to see.

{See "New Creatures" in Appendix 3.}

The monster trapped in this chamber is too large to fit down the tunnel. Destroying the monster with spells involves confronting it in the temple, then making it visible before the spell is even attempted—a nearly impossible task. It is conceivable that a large enough charge of explosives could collapse the hill's interior, crushing the monster to death, but it may not be possible to make all the preparations before the night of the calling arrives and the monster is released.

The Lost Explorer

Passing through this area, any explorer making a **Spot Hidden** roll {Spot check, DC 20} notices that a couple of stalagmites on the sloping north wall are damaged, their tops snapped off. With an **Idea roll** {Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10}, an investigator realizes that somebody, or something, may have climbed the steep sloping wall to the north. Playing a light up the wall reveals a narrow ledge some 25 feet above. It requires one **Climb roll** to reach this spot {or in this case, enough Climb checks (DC 20) to scale a 25-foot-high wall}. Damage from failing and falling back down the slope is minimal (1D2).

Successfully climbing the wall allows an investigator to reach the narrow ledge. Peeking over the edge, the explorer finds, sitting tightly against the wall, the mummified body of a man. Lose **1/1D4 SAN**. The corpse is dressed in colonial-style clothing, with a purse containing several bronze coins of early eighteenth century vintage. This is Nat Hutchins, a man who disappeared hundreds of years ago while exploring these caves. Tucked inside his shirt, a crumbling scroll is covered with the hieroglyphs of ancient Hyperborea.

The Fissure

When the investigators come within 150 feet of this area, they are exposed to a heavy dose of spores (**POT 10**) {Fort save, DC 10}. Anyone suffering hallucinations sees moving shadows further up in the cave. Drawing closer, the investigators discover the source of the spores: a 30-foot-long stretch of tunnel coated with a thick growth of gray, branching fungus. This substance is similar to the fungus they may have discovered at the ruined house (904) or learned about from Zebulon Whateley (507). The fungal growth here is full and luxurious.

Once explorers are within sight of the fungus patch, the **spore POT increases to 12** {DC 12} and another resistance check {Fortitude save} must be made. If this fungus is disturbed to any degree, more spores are released, temporarily increasing **POT to 15** {DC 15}.

Although the cave at this point is almost 12 feet wide, the thickness of the growth on the walls reduces the opening to no more than 6 feet in diameter. Even the floor is covered two feet deep with fungal growth, obscuring the dangerous open fissure in the floor. An explorer not carefully checking ahead with a probe {Search, DC 15}, or who fails a **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot, DC 20}, unexpectedly steps into the fissure, only saving himself by grabbing hold of the fissure's edge with a **roll of DEX x5** or less {Reflex save, DC 10}. Before the investigator can get out, he must succeed at a **Climb roll** {DC 20} or get help from another explorer. Anyone who falls through plunges 60 feet to the hard floor below. Cushioned by the fungus growth there, the character suffers 4D6 damage.

Shining a light down the fissure reveals a very large chamber below. It is half-filled with fungal growth even more rampant than that encountered in the cave. Being lowered by rope is the only feasible way of gaining entry to this area (see "The Mi-go Complex," starting on p. 131).

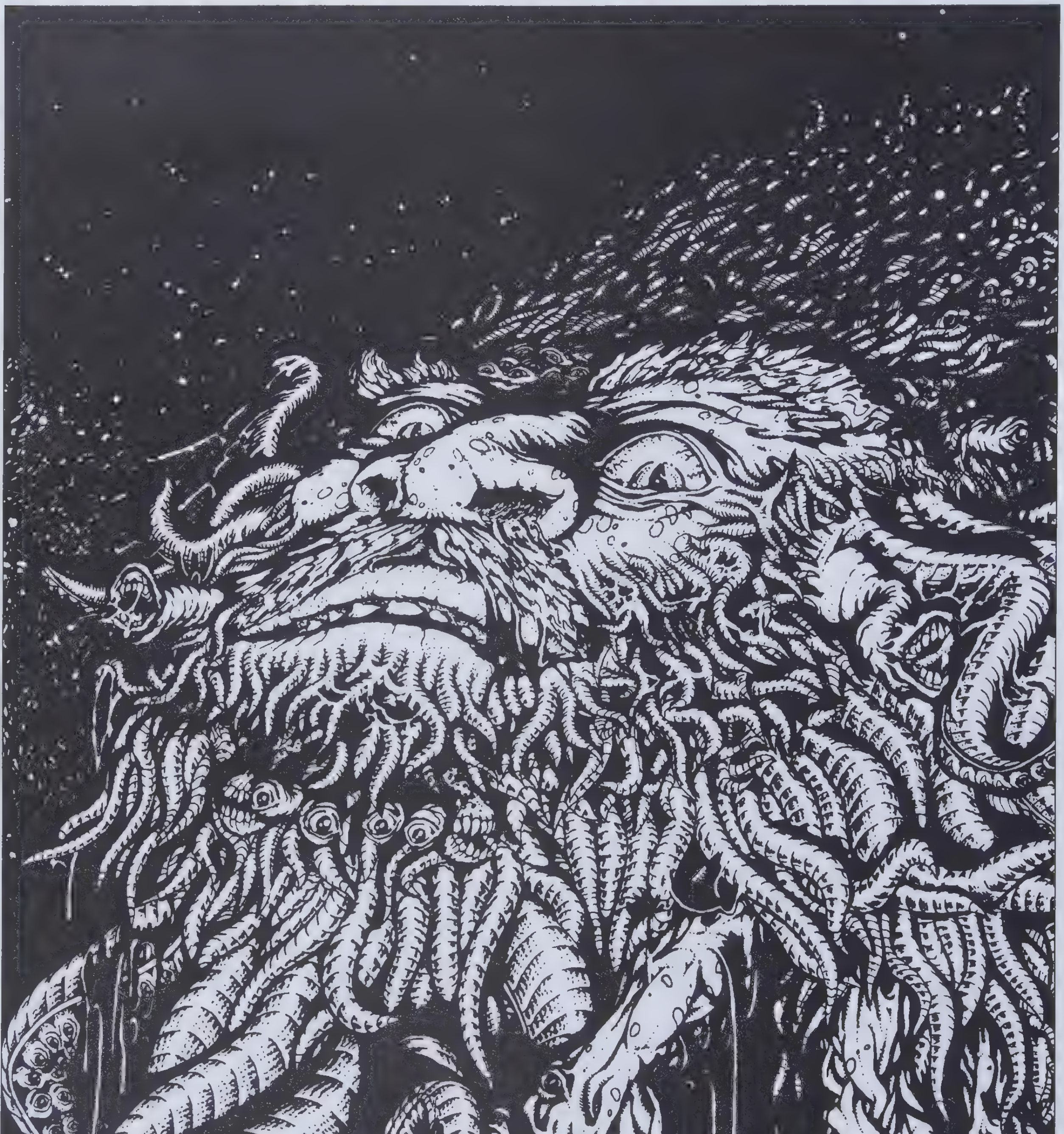
Unless the investigators make a point of clearing all the fungus from the walls, they will not be aware of the two men chained to these walls, the victims of an extremely slow death by fungus infection. Their presence is first made known when, awakened from their anaesthetized sleep by investigators probing around the fissure, one of them reaches out with a gray hand from within the growth and grasps an investigator's arm. The surprised investigator must make a **SAN roll (1/1D6)** as the gray, shambling form of Larry Prescott heaves forward, breaking away from the fungus that coats him, his human flesh turned to soft gray mushroom meat shot through with dark red veins.

What is left of Prescott opens its mouth as though to speak, revealing a throat clogged with pale white flutes like the underside of a toadstool. No sound emerges from his mouth, for he lost the ability to breathe long ago. Almost simultaneously, his brother, Howard, emerges from the other wall. Short lengths of chains on the men's wrists and ankles hold them fast. All witnesses lose **1/1D6 Sanity**.

These are the two Prescott cousins who were discovered sneaking around the caves by Wilbur Whateley. He captured them and chained them to these walls, where the fungus has been feeding on them ever since, slowly and insidiously invading their bodies and minds. The two are hopelessly insane and nearly dead, awakened only by the explorers' activity.

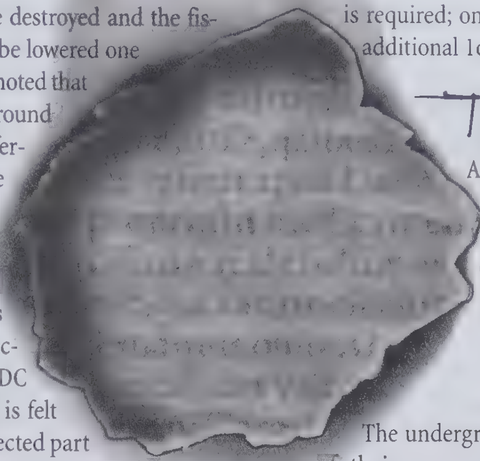
The investigator grabbed by Larry Prescott will probably pull free—an act easily accomplished when Larry's arm simply rips away at the shoulder. Hideously, the arm continues to grasp and clutch, costing anyone seeing this **an additional 1/1D3 SAN**. The clutching appendage can be removed by breaking away the fingers and hand, and even then, the separated parts continue to writhe and twist for several hours before finally growing still.

The two men are securely chained, but Wilbur left them enough length to move a few feet around the fissure. Both mushroom men stumble after the investigators, their eyes imploring aid, but their range is short and their movements slow. There is no cure for the two men, and even a mercy killing means a slow and painful death. The mushroom flesh is delicate enough that an investigator can easily tear one of the victims apart with his bare hands, but bullets and other impaling


MATT SANDER '01

The Dunwich Horror

weapons have little effect. Destroying the two insane victims will be a distasteful task requiring investigators to chop or tear them to bits and then literally stomp the remaining pieces into mush to stop the writhing and crawling. Performing the gruesome mercy killing costs an investigator **1/1D4 SAN**.



Once the mushroom brothers are destroyed and the fissure cleared of fungus, explorers can be lowered one by one to the floor below. It should be noted that anyone with open wounds working around the crushed fungi is in danger of suffering a fungus infection similar to the Prescott brothers. (See "The Atmosphere of Decay" on page 37.)

If open wounds are not securely bandaged, some of the fungus enters the bloodstream, infecting any character failing a **CON x5 roll** {Fort save, DC 10}. The first indication of infection is felt two or three hours later, when the infected part of the body begins to feel numb and the infected flesh takes on a gray tinge {1d3 hours after the failed saving throw, the infected victim loses 1d6 CON damage}. There is nothing to stop this infection short of gross amputation, and within 2D4 additional hours, the infected investigator is completely transformed into something resembling the Prescott boys. {2d4+3 hours after infection, a second Fort save (DC 10) is required; on a failed roll, the infected victim suffers an additional 1d6 CON damage.}

The Great Divide

At this point, explorers find the path blocked by a 25-foot-wide, 50-foot-deep ravine. Investigators who want to pass this obstacle must find some way to bridge or climb it.

Dark River

The underground rivers, although fraught with dangers of their own, are the quickest means of travel in the Underground. The course of the main river is described below,

The Children of Abhoth

Here are a few examples of spawn that may be encountered in the Underground. A few of the smaller specimens may have found their way to the Upper Caves, but larger examples will only be met in the Greater Caverns. {All of these are detailed in the "New Creatures" section of Appendix 3.}

One-Eyed Slime

An amoebic creature of glutinous material with a single, well developed eye. This creature moves slowly and is often found clinging to overhead arches or high up in dark corners.

STR 10 CON 22 SIZ 8 INT 5 POW 6
DEX 5 HP 15 Move 1

Damage Bonus: n/a

Weapon: none.

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 to see.

A Flapping Thing

This black flying thing, nearly circular in shape, can envelop an investigator's head. It then sucks fluids from its victim through thousands of filament-like tentacles that grasp and bore beneath the skin. The creature can be pulled loose with a successful STR vs. STR roll {opposed Str check} and easily killed, but this leaves the investigator's face marked with scabby pocks until the healing process is completed.

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 4 INT 5 POW 8
DEX 15 HP 9 Move 4/12 flying

Damage Bonus: –1D6.

Weapon: Envelop 85%, 1D4 damage per round.

Armor: none.

Skills: Sneak 90%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 to see.

Two-Legged Crawler

A cat-sized bald and earless critter, it only has two front legs. This creature runs (slowly) from investigators, but will snarl and bite if cornered.

STR 4 CON 6 SIZ 3 INT 5 POW 6
DEX 5 HP 5 Move 5

Damage Bonus: –1D6.

Weapon: Bite 45%, damage 1D3.

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 to see.

Two-Headed Snake Thing

This creature is vaguely humanoid from the waist up but below is all snake. Most horribly a second torso, arms, and head sprout from the other end of the body.

STR 18 CON 22 SIZ 22 INT 9 POW 12
DEX 14 HP 22 Move 8

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Claws (x4) 65%, damage 1D6+1+1D6;
Bite (x2) 35%, damage 1D3.

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 to see.

beginning with the pool beneath the Whateley ruins and following it downstream, where it disappears into the depths. Averaging 20 to 30 feet wide, the river is bounded by close walls for most of its length. The ceiling varies in height from 3–8 feet above the water. Stalactites sometimes reach nearly to the water's surface, creating extra difficulties. The current is usually gentle, but it accelerates when nearing the falls.

first falls

This waterfall is 14 feet high, and the acoustics of the cave give good warning of its coming. Allow investigators three chances to make **Listen rolls**, at distances of 150 feet {DC 25}, 100 feet {DC 20}, and 50 feet {DC 15}. Any successful roll indicates the crash of the falls is heard, and appropriate action may be taken. After reaching the narrow shore on the west side of the river, explorers can portage the boat down to a spot below the falls.

Even if all Listen rolls fail, the current is slow enough that investigators may be able to save themselves. **Match the combined STR of all investigators paddling or rowing against the current's STR of 20.** {The strongest investigator rowing can make a Strength check (DC 20) or Wilderness Lore check (DC 20); other investigators can use the "aid another" rules to help.} If the investigators win two struggles in a row before they lose three, they safely reach shore. {d20 characters only need to succeed at one check; they have one chance for every 50 feet they travel.} Three losses means the boat and passengers go over the falls.

Strong swimmers may opt to go overboard, reaching shore with **two successful Swim rolls. Three failed Swim rolls** means the character is swept over the falls. {d20 characters make Swim checks against DC 20, swimming anywhere from 50 to 150 feet to reach the shore. Remember the "Drowning and Suffocation" rules in the core rulebook.}

Investigators going over the falls suffer 1D6 points of damage. Boats carried over are damaged and require repairs. Most supplies will be lost, carried away by the current. A generous keeper may rule that heavier equipment sinks to the bottom,

The Children of Abhoth (contd.)

A Flopping Limb

This is no more than a crawling, semi-sentient, humanoid arm. It is fond of attacking sleeping investigators.

STR 5 CON 6 SIZ 4 INT 1 POW 1
DEX 5 HP 5 Move 2

Damage Bonus: –1D6.

Weapon: Strangle 55%, 1D6 per round until killed or removed.

Armor: none.

Skills: Sneak 95%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3.

Torso Being

A quadruped, this monstrosity consists of a humanoid torso with four short, paddle-like limbs. A small oral opening is located between the thing's shoulders. It is not capable of causing injury.

STR 6 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 4 POW 8
DEX 7 HP 9 Move 5

Damage Bonus: –1D4.

Weapon: none.

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3.

The Cackler

Behold a small humanoid creature standing over three feet high; it has oversized webbed feet and hands. The face is like that of a twisted, evil elf and it sometimes makes a soft chuckling sound when awaiting prey.

The cackler waits overhead, hidden in shadows, and leaps upon the back of its prey, raking their throats with its clawed hands on the following round. If someone can remove the clinging beast with a STR vs. STR struggle {opposed Str check}, the thing will be pulled off before it can make its rake attack.

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 6 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 15 HP 9 Move 9

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Pounce 85%, damage 1D2;
Rake 85%, damage 1D8+2

Armor: 1 point of hide.

Skills: Climb 90%, Hide 85%, Sneak 75%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 to see.

Fanger Salamander

This blind creature, over three feet long, inhabits the underground river systems. It likes to paddle up from below to attack swimmers, biting them with its powerful jaws.

STR 7 CON 12 SIZ 5 INT 3 POW 2
DEX 10 HP 9 Move 4/8 swimming

Damage Bonus: –1D6.

Weapon: Bite 80 %, damage 1D4*

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2

**If the creature scores an impale with its bite, it indicates that a character's toe or finger has been snapped off and swallowed.*

allowing diving investigators an opportunity to retrieve it. The water at the bottom of the falls is relatively shallow, and investigators can scramble to shore without resorting to Swim rolls. However, any character going over the falls has a 10% chance of striking his head on a rock and being knocked unconscious. This character is in danger of being carried downstream and lost; he suffers 1D8 points of drowning damage every round he remains in the water. With **two successful Swim rolls** {Swim, DC 15}, another character can rescue this drowning victim. The first allows the rescuer to reach the victim and pull him upright, putting an end to drowning damage; the second indicates the victim has been pulled safely back to shore.

Characters may find themselves stranded here. Swimming upstream is one solution. The current is quite slow, the bottom is shallow, and there are many places along the way to stop and rest. Any investigator with a **Swim skill of 50 % or better**, and who still has at least half his hit points, can make the trip without need of skill rolls. {Since the Swim check here is DC 15, a character with Swim +5 can normally take 10 under these conditions.} Good swimmers who have lost more than half their hit points, or poorer swimmers with skills less than 50%, must **roll against their Swim skill six times** before reaching the shore of the pool beneath the Whateley house. {For each failed check, take 1d6 subdual damage.} When a character rolls a third failure, it indicates he has become exhausted and can go no further. He will make it to shore, but only to collapse, and he will have to be rescued. Investigators with Swim skills less than 50% who have lost more than half their hit points will know they are in no condition to even attempt it.

Allowing the current to carry you downstream is an easier task, but there is only one place along the way that provides a way off the river: the cave opening just upstream from the double falls.

Little Falls

The Little Falls have a swifter current than the First Falls. Give boating or swimming investigators two chances to make a successful **Listen roll** {DC 20 and 15} to hear the falls before encountering them. Boaters who succeed with their first Listen roll can make it safely to shore by **matching the combined STR of the oarsmen against the current's STR of 36**. {The strongest rowing investigator can make a Strength check, DC 25; other oarsmen can "aid another."} Winning two successful struggles without first losing three allows the boaters to make it safely to shore. Similarly, swimmers must make **two successful Swim rolls** {DC 15} without first failing three in order to reach safety.

If the characters fail to hear the falls until the second **Listen roll** is made, use the same method outlined above, but allow them only two failures before going over the falls. If the investigators never hear the falls, but only see them at the last minute, a single failure means going over the brink.

Going over the 12-foot-high Little Falls results in a damaged craft, lost supplies, and injuries to explorers, amounting to 1D6 each. Additionally, characters find themselves in a pool some distance from shore being rapidly drawn toward a much higher waterfall. Three failed **Swim rolls** {DC 15} without making at least one successful roll means the unfortunate explorer is swept over the edge of the 120-foot-high Great Falls, suffering 10D6 damage when he smashes onto the rocks below.

The Mi-Go Complex

Lowered through a fissure in the Upper Caves, the investigator finds an odd, wedge-shaped chamber about 100 feet long. The gray branching fungus covers nearly every visible surface. The **spore POT within this chamber is normally 20** {Fort save, DC 20}, but investigators moving around break off branches of fungus, increasing the spore count until **a maximum POT of 32** {DC 32} is reached.

The room is pentagonal in cross-section, with a high, peaked ceiling. The large end of the pentagonal wedge is nearly 200 feet wide and 200 feet high. From here, the walls and floor slope and narrow toward the other end of the room, where the pentagonal end wall is no more than 40 feet across. Set in this smaller wall, near the floor, is a five-sided iris door, amazingly clear of the infesting fungus. A large hemispherical construction can be seen in the center of the floor, thickly covered with fungus growth. This is a mechanically operated valve over a shaft leading to the cavern of Abhoth. It opens once every six hours, ventilating the nursery with spore-laden air from below.

A closer inspection of the door reveals a small, metal spindle-shaped lever nearby, mounted in a five-sided panel also free of the fungus. This small, almost delicate mechanism moves easily, controlling a counterbalance system that smoothly opens and closes the door. Examining the areas that are clear of fungus—the door and the lever mounting plate—reveals that they are slightly oily.

Through the iris door, the investigators find an unwalled balcony of wrought stone, six feet wide, overlooking a 50-foot-deep pentagonal shaft. The balcony runs all the way around the shaft, and four more iris doors, identical to the one the investigators have just stepped through, are visible around the perimeter. The ceiling of the shaft, a neat hemisphere of rock, is only 20 feet above their heads. The bottom of the shaft lies some 90 feet below the level of the balcony. Five shadowy archways ringing the bottom of the shaft are barely visible in the glare of carbide lamps. This shaft shows signs of having been crudely hollowed out through the use of powerful burning and melting tools.

The four other iris doors, if checked, give access to four more nursery chambers identical to the first. Unpolluted by cave atmosphere, the fungal growth in these is even more rampant. Unharvested for years, the branching forms nearly fill the chambers. To walk through these rooms requires investigators to break and push their way through the fungus. **Undisturbed, the spore's POT is 26** {Fort save, DC 26}; **when disturbed, it's POT 36** {DC 36}. Nothing of interest is found in any of these rooms.

The Lower Level

To reach the floor of the central shaft requires the use of ropes. There are no stairs—the fungi from Yuggoth flew between these levels. The archways are found to be open, each allowing access to one of the five different chambers.

The Gate Room

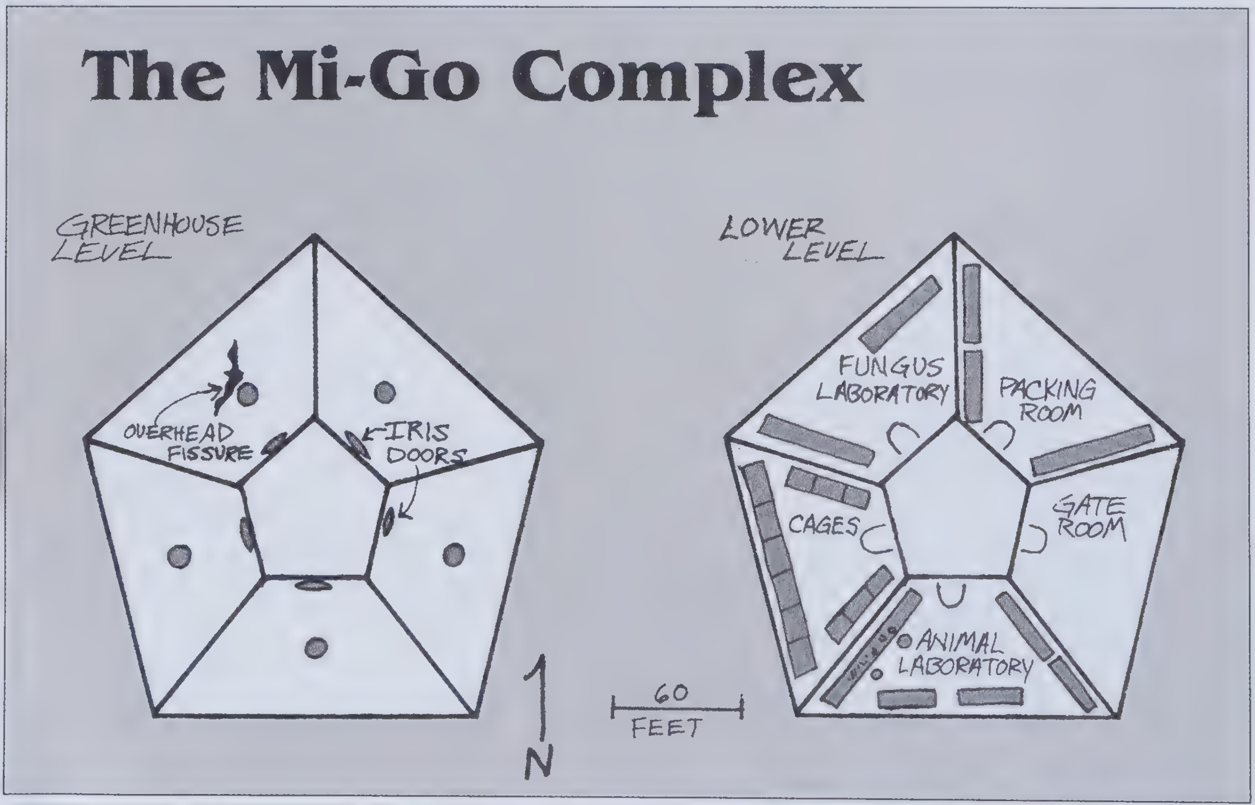
This room is mostly empty. Two empty mi-go brain canisters sit near a wall, covered with dust. Past familiarity with the mi-go or a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 10} identifies the sinister canisters for what they are. A second successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 15} tells the investigator that the canisters are a little different than those seen or described. They seem somehow more archaic, as though of a much earlier design.

The back wall is decorated with two pentagonal designs carved with figures, mathematical formula, and unsettling symbols. One of them is partially destroyed, blasted away as though by some powerful weapon. Anyone experienced with Gates {a Spellcraft check (DC 15) for anyone with a Gate spell} or who makes a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 20} can identify what this is. A **second roll** {a check result of 25 or greater on the previous Spellcraft check} allows the user to estimate the distance that each of the Gates carries someone. The partially destroyed Gate carries passengers approximately 232,000 miles. An **Idea roll** {Int check, DC 10; can't take 10} **or Astronomy roll** {Knowledge (astronomy), DC 10} tells investigators that this is the average distance from the earth to the moon. The mi-go, after abandoning the subterranean nursery, closed the passage to the moon. The intact Gate is designed for a very short distance, no more than a mile or two.

The moon Gate was used by the mi-go to transfer their processed fungus harvest to a colony inside the moon. The local Gate is still serviceable, automatically depositing any (willing) investigator stepping through it to the rear of the artificial cave in the side of Wizard's Hill (Region 6). It costs 1 magic point to use {d20 characters take 1 temporary point of Strength damage instead}.

The Fungus Lab

This chamber is filled with variously sized tables made of plastic slabs, small instruments of unusual design, and traces of fungal growth. Stone shelves cut into the walls hold a few bottles and containers. Most are empty, but three metal bottles are found filled with a thin, oily, colorless liquid. If the investigators studied the door and switch areas barren of fungus while in the nurseries, they can now make **Idea rolls** {Int check, DC 10; can't take 10}; a successful roll reveals that the liquid in the bottles is similar or identical. This is a chemical developed by the mi-go to control the growth of the Abhoth spores. It kills spores and


The Mi-Go Complex

growth on contact, adheres to almost any surface, and if left undisturbed, maintains its potency for eons.

Analysis in the lab, along with a successful **Chemistry roll** {Knowledge (chemistry), DC 15}, identifies the active ingredients, but not the binding agents that keep the substance adhering to the underground walls. The active agent can be replicated and used to spray down fungus-infested areas of the underground or the township. Exposed to air and the elements, the formula breaks down quickly or is washed away by rain within seconds. It can be reapplied as necessary.

This room was used by the mi-go to process the harvested fungus into a thick, syrupy liquid that remained stable for a long period of time and could easily be transported.

Animal Lab

This room has numerous plastic slabs, tables, racks of equipment, and several large charts depicting various portions of what appears to be a human brain. Portions of the depicted brains are marked with symbols and mathematical formulae the investigators cannot identify. Half a dozen empty brain canisters are stacked neatly in a corner.

Anyone with medical training who can make a **Know roll of EDU x1** {Knowledge (medicine), DC 15; or Intelligence, DC 20} notices something wrong with the brain depictions: the drawings seem to represent an organ that is not quite human.

Animal Specimen Holding Area

This chamber is divided into a number of small cells. Iris doors composed of metallic bars seal each one. Most of the tiny cells are empty, but two of them hold the remains of their former occupants, now nothing more than skeletons.

At first, the skeletons appear to be human, but closer examination shows otherwise. Anyone examining the remains of the five skeletons can attempt a **Zoology, Anthropology, or EDU x1** roll {Knowledge (anthropology), DC 10; or Intelligence check, DC 20}. If the roll succeeds, the investigator recognizes that the skeletons are not fully human, but a pre-human type, a species of hominid that inhabited the planet before the coming of modern-day man. One of the skulls shows evidence of partially healed surgery. The bone scar shows that part of the skull was once removed, then later replaced.

This chamber held hominid specimens on which the mi-go practiced various forms of brain surgery, altering the configuration and conformation of their brains before releasing them back into the wild.

Fungus Packing Room

This room is nearly empty. The mi-go once used it to pack and process raw fungus before transporting it to the moon. At the rear of the chamber, investigators can see that one of the now familiar iris doors is closed. They can operate it with a nearby spindle-shaped lever. Opening this door gives access to the Greater Caverns. Check the Cave Wind Table for the current pressure difference, although the greatest danger to explorers exists from flying sand and debris. The **spore POT is 26** {Fort save, DC 26}.

The Greater Caverns

Entrance to this area can be gained through the brick-lined tunnel far below the ruined Whateley house, by way of the iris door at the bottom of the mi-go complex, or by opening the passage in the narrow cave found while exploring the South Bentley Mine.

In the Greater Caverns, ceilings range up to 150 feet high and are hung with gigantic stalactites. Even soft sounds echo through the caverns, and loud gunfire poses a danger. There is a 5% chance per gunshot that the echoing sounds of the report will loosen some of the hanging formations overhead, bringing them down with a crash. All the shots fired in a round are added together and multiplied by 5 to determine the total percentage chance of a collapse. If a portion of the ceiling falls, the person suffering the worst missed **Luck roll** finds himself beneath the falling rock; he must make a **Dodge roll** {Reflex save, DC 10} to save himself. {All d20 characters present make Reflex saves; the character with the lowest check result is in the greatest danger. If that result is below 10, the character has been hit.} Anyone hit suffers 2D6 points of damage, with a 20% chance of impalement by a stalactite for an additional 2D6 damage.

Numerous examples of the Spawn of Abhoth dwell in these caverns, mostly in the vicinity of the labyrinths. A number of typical spawn are listed on pages 129-130. The keeper is encouraged to place them where he will. Only a few are dangerous, but most are startling to nervous explorers.

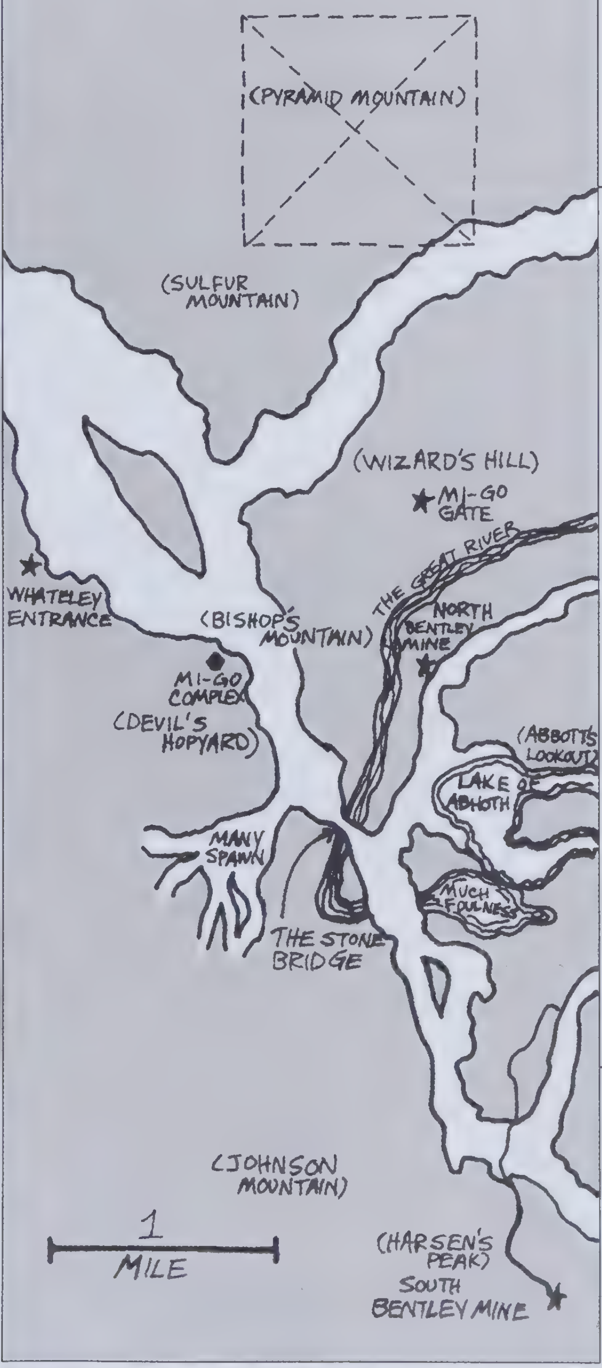
Although there are only small traces of active growing fungus in the Greater Caverns, the spore count is extremely high. In most areas, the fungus has **POT 26** {Fort save, DC 26}; in the chamber wherein Abhoth dwells, the measure is **POT 34** {Fort save, DC 34}.

The Labyrinths

These passages are full of branches, some of them not fully illustrated on the map. Investigators may explore these if they wish, but should find they contain little of interest. They only burrow deeper into the earth, twisting, splitting, and narrowing until passage becomes impossible. Many of Abhoth's spawn find their way into these areas, where they form a constant nuisance and an occasional danger.

Insane investigators fleeing in panic are almost sure to enter these labyrinths. Most will become hopelessly lost, although their companions might hear their distant, frightened screams

The Greater Caverns



for hours afterward. Any investigator regaining his senses after entering the labyrinth will, if he has light, find his way out with a **Luck roll of POW x5** {Wilderness Lore, DC 10}. Characters who remained insane for more than ten minutes plunge deeper into the caverns and find it more difficult to find their way out. The keeper should feel free to **reduce their Luck rolls, possibly as low as POW x1** {Wilderness Lore, DC 25}.

The Stone Bridge

This natural bridge crosses high above a great green-glowing river 100 feet below. The bridge looks substantial, but a successful **Geology roll** {Knowledge (geology), DC 15} reveals numerous stress cracks running through it. This bridge can hold only a total of 50 SIZ points {four or five Medium-size investigators} before it cracks and falls. Investigators standing on it when it breaks escape death by making a **DEX x5 roll** {Reflex save, DC 10} and running to solid ground.

The Green Glowing River

This sluggish course of water glows an eerie green, illuminating this part of the caverns. The glow comes not from the water, but from the irregularly shaped debris and scum floating on its surface. The debris is tainted with the ancient glowing excrement of Abhoth.

Explorers could possibly lower themselves down to the river. Traveling north, the river leads on endlessly. To the south, the river ends in a large pool; above it, a wide low opening in the rock is visible. Periodically, tons of glowing excrement pour from this opening to splatter into the pool below—the digested remains of whatever it is that Abhoth eats in its other world.

Both the water and pure excrement are highly acidic. Sticking a hand in the water for just a few seconds results in first and second degree burns and **1 hit point of damage**. {d20 characters take 1d6 damage for each round of exposure; see "Acid" in the core rulebook.} Swimming, or being caught in the discharge at the southern pool, results in a **loss of 3D6 hit points** every ten seconds, as well as permanent eye and lung damage that results in both attribute and skill reductions. {Immersion in acid normally inflicts 10d6, but Abhoth's excrement only burns for 3d6 damage each round. However, each time a character makes a massive damage check for immersion in acidic excrement, he should also lose 1 permanent point of Strength or Dexterity (determine randomly).}

The Lake of Abhoth

Explorers approaching Abhoth from either direction are not able to see this lake until they round the last corner. Investigators will be startled by the sight of a lush golden shore, a blue lagoon underneath a blazing tropical sun. The air is fresh and pure, the breeze soft and warm.

This is an illusion created by Abhoth to lure food into his grasp. Any character able to successfully resist the illusion sees through the veil of deceit created by Abhoth, perceiving the being's true, disgusting form. Abhoth must split his 50 POW points between any investigators he attempts to deceive. If Abhoth senses his visitors have more total POW points than he is likely to overcome, he focuses all his energies on two or three select party members, allowing the others to see his true form. {d20 characters must make Will saves; the save has a base DC 5. Abhoth bends the rules by adding a total of 50 points to the DC of the investigators' saving throws, dividing them among witnesses as he sees fit. For instance, ten investigators could make Will saves at DC 10, or one could make a Will save against DC 55 while the other nine attempted saves against DC 5. A successful save sees through the illusion.} Those viewing Abhoth's true form must **roll their SAN against a potential loss of 1D3/1D20.**

Those not affected by Abhoth's power of illusion see a vast cavern with the stalactite-studded ceiling nearly 100 feet above their heads. Like a lake, Abhoth lies spread before them, a sea of gray, grainy material like thick oatmeal—quiescent, yet somehow malevolent. A foul odor pervades the air. The silence is broken only by the musical splash of water from a small spring that feeds the pool of the monster. The abhorrent mass of Abhoth itself, nearly half a mile wide, stretches far back into the dark cavern, reaching into two vast caves that wind off deeper into the ground. Occasional flashes of green light—their source and cause unknown—flicker from the depths of these distant passages, periodically lighting the cavern and illuminating the scene. Disturbing noises, splashes, and flopping sounds are heard echoing from around the darker corners of the cavern.

The mass of Abhoth actually rests in a pool of water that supports and helps cleanse the being. This water appears in the form of a 12-foot-wide ring of clear brown liquid, which lies between the grainy form of Abhoth and the actual, offal-coated shore. This water is toxic, **POT 25** {Fort save, DC 25}, and similar to the poisoned water found in the Hive {each round, a failed save inflicts 1d6 subdual damage and nauseates the investigator}. A small, underground stream feeds the pool, and the moon-influenced tidal forces help Abhoth pump out water that has been fouled.

The sleeping Abhoth, although certainly capable of violent aggression, prefers to use deception to lure potential food into its grasp, usually not attacking intruders unless they wander close to the shore. Any character coming within 6 feet of the shoreline is attacked by a huge pseudopod that rises up like a wave to crash down on the unsuspecting victim. The only hope the character has of escape lies in a successful **Dodge roll** {Reflex save, DC 20}. Failure to make this roll means the character has been trapped by the wet, heavy appendage—he is swiftly dragged back into the monster's bulk to disappear beneath the heaving folds of Abhoth.

If the investigators merely observe the monster from a distance, they witness Abhoth spawning. A sudden eruption takes place in Abhoth near the shore. A screaming, bleating, half-formed, vaguely human figure tosses itself up on the shore, as though carried by a wave. Whimpering, it crawls up the beach, away from the lake, its half-formed lower body trailing intestines and incomplete organs behind it. The thing gets only a few feet away before one of Abhoth's gray pseudopods suddenly rushes up the beach to reclaim its offspring, dragging the screaming thing back down and into itself. Witnessing this event costs 1/1D6 SAN points.

Abhoth is impervious to most damage and can be harmed only by magic or fire. Flamethrowers (first developed by the Germans in 1915) might be used against it, but will only force the monster to draw back into the far tunnels. Angered, Abhoth then rushes back out with great speed and force, trapping and crushing any investigators standing in the chamber.

Abhoth, Source of Uncleanness

STR 40	**CON 100**	**SIZ 80**	**INT 13**	**POW 50**
DEX 1			**Move 0**	**HP 90**

Damage Bonus: varies by pseudopod, usually not more than +1D6.

Weapon: Appendage 60%, Grab & Absorb.

Armor: no weapon using kinetic force can harm Abhoth permanently. Abhoth regenerates from all kinetic damage at the rate of 20 points per melee round. Fire or magic will cause normal damage. If Abhoth is reduced to zero hit points, it withdraws and sinks far below the earth where it is inaccessible to further damage. It oozes again toward the surface after healing from its injuries.

Spells: none, but it may give to someone it fancies a portion of its own body. This may be fashioned into a creature idenitcal to the spawnof Abhoth.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see.

The Pyramid

The pyramid was the center of the Hyperborean colony, carefully built upon the largest power node in the valley and serving as a focus for all the magical energies in the vicinity. The structure is nearly solid and contains only a few chambers.

A shaft was dug from the basement below the pyramid, extending toward the branch of the Greater Cavern lying near the pyramid's southeast corner. This tunnel is easily noticed, and it leads investigators to a chamber where a flight of stairs zigzags up into the darkness. A large door of exquisite workmanship, now standing open, can be shut and sealed airtight.

The Power Center

The stairs climb for several hundred feet before emerging in the basement room of the pyramid. Eighty feet across, it is filled with strange machinery and panels of gauges, switches, and valves. A red glow suffuses the chamber, emanating from the walled-off area in the center of the room. A humming vibration is felt in the floor. Traces of fungal growth are seen spotted around the chamber. The walled-off central portion of the room contains the most dangerous elements of the system. It is only accessible through small doors on either side. Investigators who enter this area are exposed to a kind of radiation, **POT 15.** Failure to resist this radiation with CON {Fort save, DC 15} results in the character losing **2D6 hit points** and all his hair. A stairway leads to an upper catwalk, from where the power machinery can be safely viewed. A stair leads up from the catwalk to the upper reaches of the pyramid.

This machinery was used to alter the inherent magical energies of the valley and convert them to the uses of the Hyperboreans. They are still functioning and capable of supplying heat, light, and ventilation to the interior of the pyramid. If the controls are properly adjusted, fresh air is pumped through the pyramid. With the basement door sealed off, the chambers of the place are swept free of the Abhoth fungus in less than 24 hours, destroying any infestation. Improperly adjusting the controls possibly results in a permanent shutdown of the system, or worse, triggers a chain reaction in the aging equipment that destroys the pyramid in a huge meltdown.

To learn to properly adjust the controls, study of some of the pyramid's archives is necessary. When the controls are adjusted, make a percentile roll. Tampering with the controls without knowledge of Hyperborean engineering may be dangerous. On a roll of 01–95, unskilled tinkering results in no significant changes. A result of 96–98 means the system shuts down permanently, and 99–00 means a chain reaction is set in effect. The pyramid will blow in four hours. {d20 characters make the same percentile roll.}

Laboratories

This floor contains two experimental laboratories, the colony's archives and libraries, and a room containing the remains of several gates.

Archives

The archive room is dark and dusty. Tall ceiling-to-floor shelves stand stuffed with ancient, crumbling scrolls. A back wall has partially collapsed, destroying several shelves of scrolls, along with a large, mosaic map that once decorated the wall.

The scrolls can be gently removed from their stacks, but attempting to unroll them proves too much for the material. Anyone making an **Archaeology or EDU x1 roll** {Knowledge (archeology), DC 15; or Intelligence, DC 20} recalls a method used to get around this problem. Unrolling the scrolls on a long slab of wax can hold the fragments in place as they break loose, allowing a nearly complete version of the scroll to be viewed. Hauling the requisite equipment down here is difficult, however. Trying to haul away scrolls without damaging them proves impossible.

Much information can be found in the archives, but investigators must be able to read Hyperborean {Speak Hyperborean, DC 10}. There are also countless numbers of scrolls containing mundane information. Every week of searching and unrolling scrolls allows a **Luck roll of POW x1** {Research, DC 25} to see if information of any value has been discovered.

The Map

The mosaic map is badly destroyed, but enough remains that it can be identified as a map of the colony that once stood here. The pyramid can be identified, and numerous other structures or temples are also indicated and labeled in Hyperborean. **Read Hyperborean** {Speak Hyperborean, DC 10} allows a character to pick out such names as Nyarlathotep, Shub-Niggurath, Atlach-Nacha, and others. The pyramid is labeled Azathoth. If name of Yog-Sothoth is found, an **Idea roll** {Intelligence check, DC 10; can't take 10} tells the investigator that the area labeled is in the neighborhood of Sentinel Hill. Evidence of other temples can be seen, although the map is so badly damaged that locations cannot be accurately identified. A **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 15} **or Occult roll** {Knowledge (occult), DC 20} made while studying the map reveals that the colony was laid out to conform to some sort of invisible lines of power that run through the area. Temples were carefully located atop nodes of high magical energy. The pyramid of Azathoth occupies the largest node.

The Scrolls

The Founding of the Colony: This scroll tells the history of the founding of the Hyperborean colony of Kranoria. Inspired by dreams, those persecuted by the ruling religion of the elk-goddess, Yhoundeh, fled the land using a system of gates. Magical travel carried them to a new and distant and world, the paradise promised them in their dreams. Priests of the repressed religions—those that worshipped Zoththaqquah and others—built temples in the valley, and the people were happy.

Discoveries in the Mi-go Complex: This is a record of the exploration of the ancient mi-go complex found underground. The complex was shown to be older than the human race, built here to culture the strange fungus found in the facility. Apparently, mi-go brain experiments were conducted on sub-human animals, and altered specimens were released to breed among the general population. More aggressive, and more fearful, these altered hominids interbred with normal hominids, producing two distinct new species of animal: the primitive, shaggy "voormis" and the human race.

The Seven Geases: This scroll describes a medical experiment conducted on an unfortunate character who happened to stumble through the secret complex of gates connecting Kranoria with the homeland of Hyperborea. Named

Ralibar Vooz, this individual was purposely overdosed with a serum brewed from the fungus and then turned loose in the countryside. Doctors and scribes followed the man about, noting his actions and reactions. He was first taken to visit several specimens of western voormis held captive in cells. Vooz turned insane at the sight of them and tore the gentle creatures to pieces with teeth and hands. His later wanderings took him to the temples of Tsathoggua, Atlach-Nacha, and the alien wizard Haon-Dor, before visiting the temple of Yig. Stumbling into the underground, he had encounters with several spawn of Abhoth before finally encountering the god itself. Fleeing in terror, Vooz fell off the stone bridge to his death.

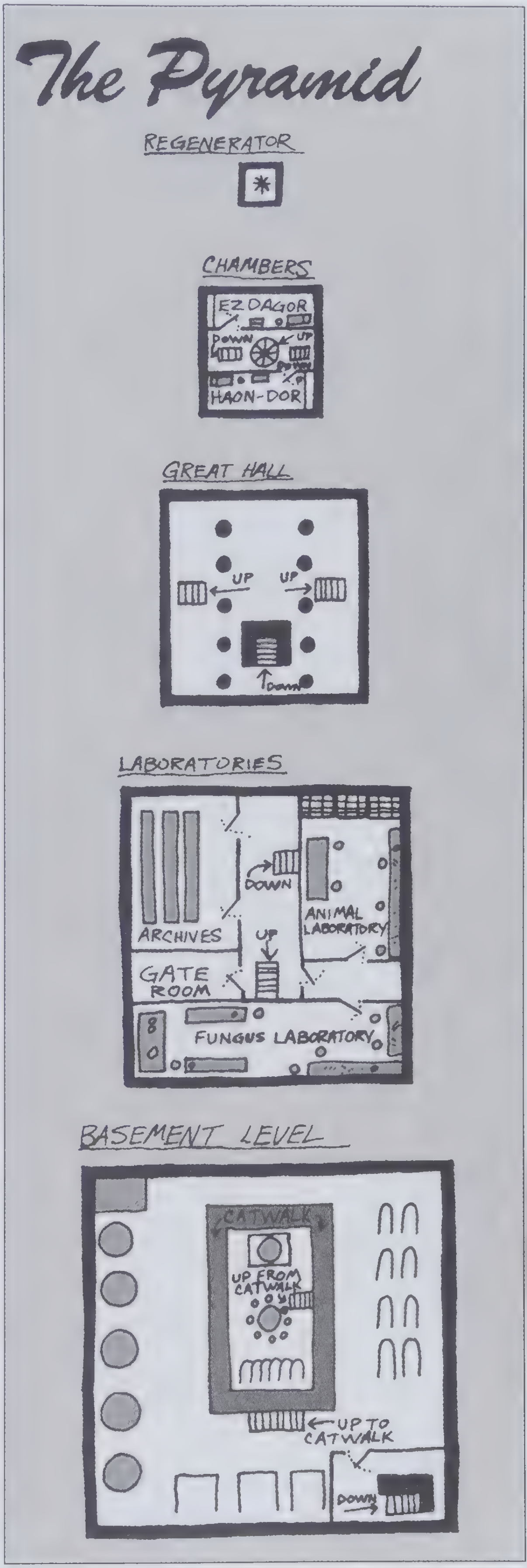
Hyperborean Engineering: A series of four scrolls describes the workings and uses of the machinery below the pyramid. Although much of it is technical and untranslatable to English, four weeks of study with these scrolls, coupled with an **INT x5 roll**, gives a researcher a 25% skill in Hyperborean Physics. {Treat this scroll as a tome. The Examination Period is 4 weeks (DC 10; Hyperborean, DC 15). The investigator doesn't learn any spells, but instead gains 2 ranks in Knowledge (physics {Hyperborean})—a cross-class skill at best.} If successful, the investigator also gains an understanding of the pyramid's systems, including the origin of Wonder Creek as a cooling system. It is obvious that if ventilation, light, and heat are restored to the complex, the fungus infestation and spores in the air can be eliminated. This skill can be applied over and over again until the systems are up and functioning. However, as before, rolls above 95% result in permanent shutdown or meltdown. {d20 characters make this same percentile roll when using Hyperborean Physics to repair the facility.}

The Trail of Abhoth: After much study of the gigantic creature, along with the skimpy records found in the mi-go complex, scholars and explorers discovered that the god Abhoth was brought into this world by the mi-go, entering through a vast Gate that was built somewhere far underground. Abhoth is only partially here, for the vast majority of his bulk still resides in his home world. Most of Abhoth's consciousness also exists in this other world, and it is only through the use of magicks that Abhoth can be awakened here.

How much of Abhoth protrudes through into this world depends upon the attraction of the moon. Although evidence was incomplete, it appeared as though the mi-go were attempting to somehow change the moon's position, drawing even more of Abhoth into this world.

The Gate Room

Two Hyperborean designed gates are found in this room. The one on the left was used to travel between the pyramid and various temples that stood in the valley. To open a gate, the user must speak the name of the god to whose temple he wishes to travel. Most of the temples have been crushed beneath the earth—they are now impossible to reach. Speaking the name of



Yig carries a person to the interior of the shack in Snake Bog, the site of an ancient temple to the god. The name Yog-Sothoth transfers the user to the ruined interior of the temple beneath Sentinel Hill—resulting in an immediate encounter with the Son of Yog-Sothoth.

The other Gate carries the user to Greenland, site of ancient Hyperborea. Unfortunately, the other end of this gate permanently fuses the traveler inside a giant glacier, rendering the system useless.

The Fungus Laboratory

Attempting to follow in the footsteps of the mi-go, the Hyperboreans began experimenting with fungus bred from the spores of Abhoth. There is more fungus in this room than any other location within the pyramid. A logbook found here, when translated, tells of Hyperborean experiments with psychedelic drugs made from alien fungus. It mentions the testing of an unwilling "volunteer" named Ralibar Vooz.

The Animal Laboratory

Three barred cells on the north wall hold the crumbling remains of vaguely human skeletons. Upon examination, they are found to be something other than human. It takes a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** {DC 15} to identify the remains as what the Hyperboreans called a "Western voormis," known in the twentieth century as a sasquatch. A logbook here describes some of the experiments they conducted upon the beasts.

The Great Hall

This was a reception area, now empty except for the spawn of Abhoth that lives here. The bleating, partially winged monstrosity drags itself painfully out into the open, crawling slowly toward the investigators.

The Spawn of the Hall

STR 14	**CON 15**	**SIZ 16**	**INT 4**	**POW 6**
DEX 10			**Move 5**	**HP 16**

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Bite 80%, damage 1D6.

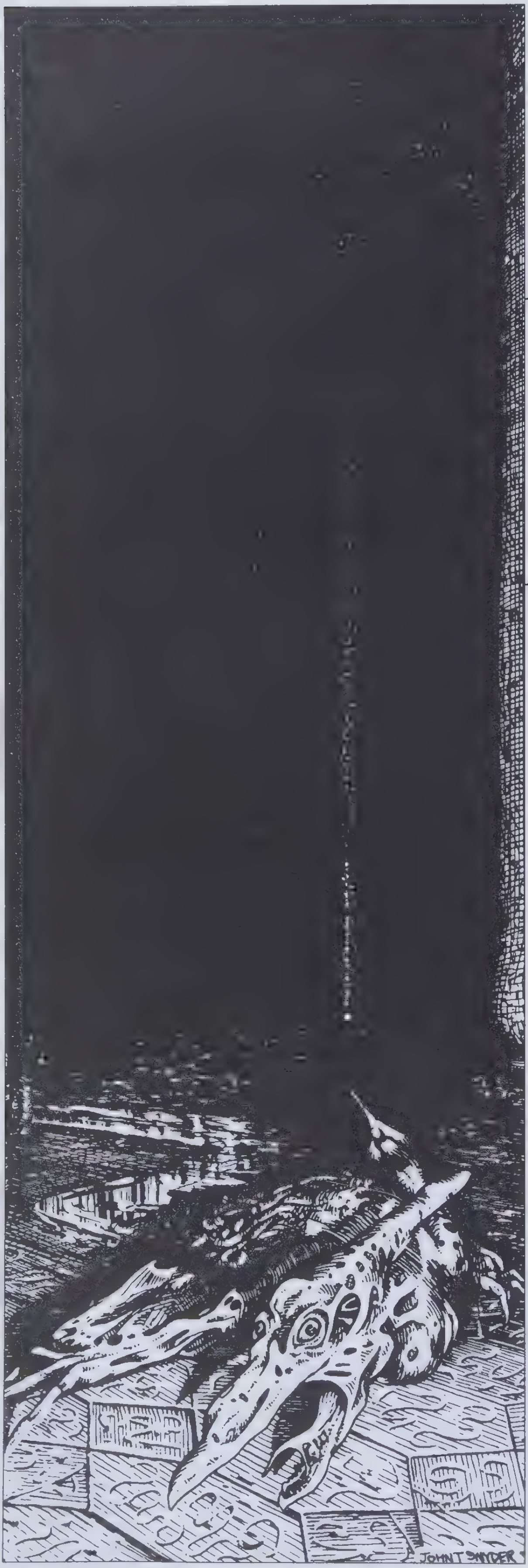
Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see.

Chambers

Haon-dor

The walls, ceiling, and floor of this dark chamber are covered with bas-reliefs of human heads. The chamber is empty and



The Spawn of the Hall

deserted. A large, oval-shaped panel of reddish metal extremely cold to the touch has been mounted on the back wall. If rapped sharply, the panel swings open revealing a gateway to the planet Saturn (as described in the Clark Ashton Smith story, "The Door to Saturn"). Stepping through this Gate is a one-way trip. Since investigators cannot return from Saturn, the keeper may decide this Gate is no longer functional.

Ezdagor

This is the chamber of Ezdagor, ruling priest and wizard of Kranoria at the time of its fall. The magically mummified body of Ezdagor sits upright in a chair before a desk, a scroll beneath its hands. This scroll, *The Last Testament of Ezdagor,* describes the fall of Kranoria to the sleeping god, Abhoth. Awakened by a dissatisfied priestess, Abhoth led all the people into a false paradise where they met their doom. Only Ezdagor, magically protected, survived. His fellow wizard, Haon-Dor, fled this world through the Door to Saturn brought here from the citadel of Eibon in old Hyperborea. Ezdagor decided not to flee to Saturn and died here instead.

Checking the shelves of scrolls, the investigators discover a set of eight scrolls containing the original Hyperborean text of the *Book of Eibon.*

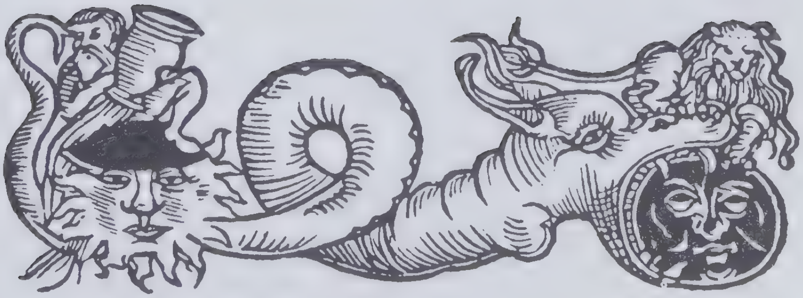
The Book of Eibon

The text of these scrolls is far more complete than any of the many translations found in the present day. It costs 2D10 points of SAN to read, adds 17% to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, and contains numerous spells. These spells are embedded directly into the text and are not be noticed by a reader unless a **roll of INT x1** is made {Spellcraft, DC 15; or Intelligence, DC 20}. If the whole of the spell is read unknowingly, it is considered cast. Learning spells from the book can be accomplished with a **roll of INT x5 or less**. {Examination Period: 10 weeks (DC 10; Hyperborean, DC 15). Contains 8 (hidden and imbedded) spells. Sanity loss 1d6 initial and 2d10 upon completion. Cthulhu Mythos: +3 ranks.}

Spells: Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Deity/Tsathoggua, Create Gate, Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Voorish Sign, Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua.

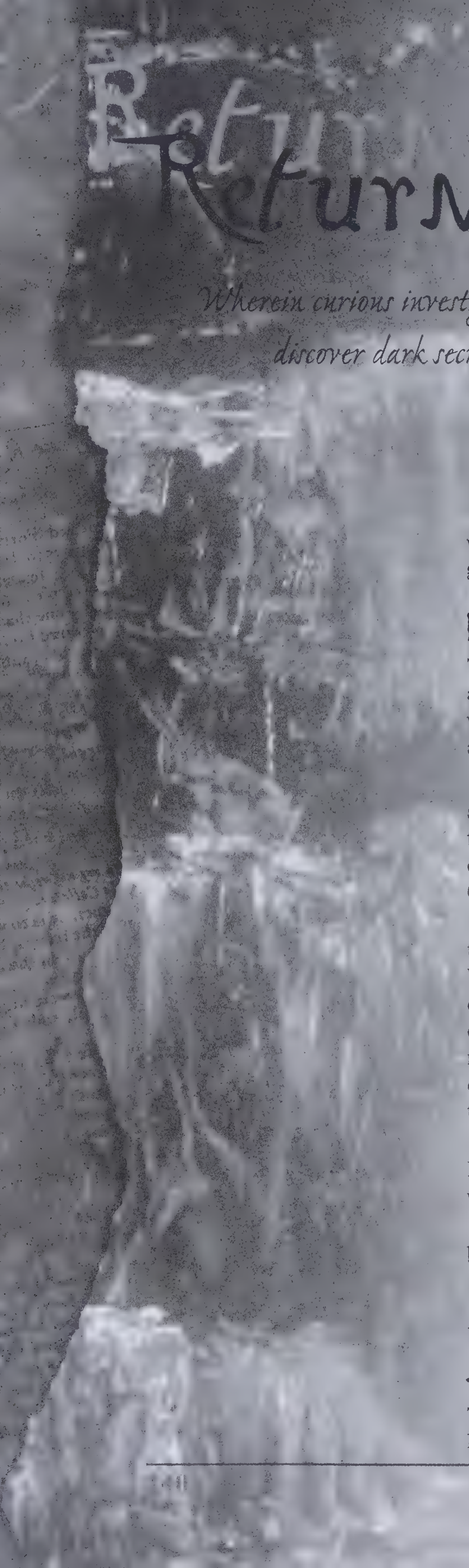
Apex of the Pyramid

This highest chamber is carefully located near the top center of the pyramid. Investigators entering this chamber gain a sense of serenity. As long as a character stays in here, he has no need of food, water, heat, or any other comfort. **Wounds heal at twice their normal rate** {characters heal hit points and ability score points at twice their normal rate}, and old razor blades resharpen themselves.



Return to Dunwich

Wherein curious investigators unearth horrors better left buried, and thence discover dark secrets beneath the malaise of a loathsome village.



"The Return to Dunwich" requires the keeper to seek information directly from the "The Village" and "Guide to Dunwich Environs" sections. Although initially engaged to uncover the roots of a single mystery, investigators are exposed to a whole host of clues, leads, and suspicious people. Some of these are uncovered by investigator actions, others introduced at the keeper's discretion.

Keeper Information

The keeper should become familiar with the source sections that follow before attempting to run this adventure, making advance decisions about such things as which characters will appear, influencing the course of events, and which will not. Not all the secret stories of Dunwich can be developed at once.

The keeper can introduce non-player characters by chance encounters in Osborn's store (see "The Village") or other places. Those he does not wish to appear simply refuse to answer their doors, or are found to have moved out of the township. Investigators may discover certain things by rumors or secrets they learn from non-player characters. Consult "Appendix 2: Secrets, Mysteries, Legends & Rumors," found on pages 161-164.

The keeper controls the flow of information in other ways. During the course of the scenario, Dr. Armitage translates further portions of the dreadful diary of Wilbur Whateley. What portions Armitage chances or chooses to translate—and thus, which clues the investigators receive—is up to the keeper. He may choose to provide players with information that helps them or misleads them, as he sees fit. Investigators may request Dr. Armitage to search for a specific reference. In this case, there is a chance equal to the translator's **INT x5** that the entry chosen for translation contains the hoped-for information.

In a similar manner, information may be gained from the translation of ancient Hyperborean writings found in and beneath Dunwich. Again, the decision as to which particular clue is uncovered will often be up to the keeper.

Many possible adventures lie before the investigators in addition to the one they have been hired to solve. Experiencing all, or even many, will require many sessions of play.

Arkham

The time setting is nominally 2–12 months after September 1928 and the events of the Dunwich Horror. This allows the keeper to decide which season of the year his scenario begins: hot, muggy summer; freezing, snow-covered winter; or anything in between. The initial lead comes from Dr. Armitage. The librarian tells the investigators that a Dunwich man named Amos Whateley has successfully sued for the return of Wilbur Whateley's library, and the University has been given one month in which to return the books. Armitage fears that Whateley intends to carry on the work of the depraved Wilbur and wants the investigators to find out more. He provides them with a number of leads while they conduct fieldwork. He remains in his office in the library, translating further entries from Wilbur's diary, hoping to aid their investigations.

Armitage's theories about the Dunwich Horror prove correct, but in unexpected ways. During the course of the investigation, characters have a chance to discover that the man in question, Amos Whateley, not only has no Cthulhu Mythos aspirations, but is barely able to read and write. Amos' hope is the mundane one of locating the fabled Whateley gold. Amos hides a dark secret known to only a few. When the long-hidden murder of his wife is exposed, he collapses and is carted away, leaving Squire Whateley once again in charge of the disposition of the Wilbur Whateley library, which is quickly donated to Miskatonic University a second time.

By the time Amos is exposed, the true nature of the Mythos plot should be coming to light. Curtis Whateley, driven mad by what he saw through the telescope trained on Sentinel Hill, has unearthed the corpse of Wizard Whateley and hidden it in the old mill. Resurrected by an ancient Hyperborean artifact stolen from Squire Whateley's house, the corpse will soon rise and, scaling Sentinel Hill, chant the words that bring back the Son of Yog-Sothoth from its place of banishment. Secrets even darker and more sinister underlie the town of Dunwich, waiting to be explored by the curious and foolhardy.

The adventure begins in the office of Dr. Armitage on the top floor of the Miskatonic University Library. If the characters know or are known to Dr. Armitage, he contacts them directly, inviting them to meet with him. Otherwise, the keeper has to provide an intermediary to make the necessary connection. Possibly one or more of the investigators are past or present students, colleagues, or friends of one of Armitage's confidantes. Dr. Morgan, Professor Wilmarth, or Professor Rice would be suitable. Armitage also has connections within the university, the local Masonic Lodge, and Arkham's First Unitarian Church.

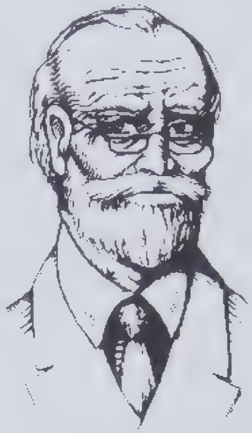
Miskatonic U.

Dr. Armitage's offices are on the third floor of the Miskatonic Library, near the elevator on the north side of the building. Upon their arrival, the investigators are shown directly into Armitage's office by his secretary, a 25-year-old former Miskatonic student named Stewart J. Harrison. Once in the office, Armitage tells the investigators to shut the door behind them.

An Aged Librarian

If the investigators know Armitage from earlier times, or have even seen recent photographs of him, they are surprised by how much he has aged in recent months. The events at the library and in Dunwich, followed by long and trying investigations conducted by both state police and the university, have taken their toll.

The doctor is quite pale, his hands unsteady, and much of the sparkle formerly in his blue eyes gone. He is presently on a reduced schedule. Most of the day-to-day work is handled by his assistant, Dr. Llanfer, whose office is just next door.



Henry Armitage

DR. HENRY ARMITAGE, University Librarian

STR 11	**CON 8**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 18**	**POW 16**
DEX 10	**APP 13**	**EDU 24**	**SAN 55**	**HP 10**

Damage Bonus: none.

Spells: Banishment, Powder of Ibn Ghazi

Skills: Art (Oratory) 55%, Cryptography 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, French 80%, German 70%, Greek 68%, History 65%, Latin 75%, Library Use 95%, Literature 75%, Occult 25%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 48%.

{For d20 statistics, see Appendix 3, Entry #1, page 165.}

Exactly how much Armitage reveals to the investigators depends on how well they are known to him and how much he guesses them to know about the Cthulhu Mythos. If he feels sure he can confide in them, he unhesitatingly allows them access to all of the books and manuscripts described below, including his personal report on the events that took place in Dunwich last September. Only certain portions of the Whateley diary—those parts Armitage deems most blasphemous and horrifying—are withheld from the investigators.

If less sure of the investigators, Armitage is more cautious. If the characters display any Mythos knowledge, Armitage is intrigued, but plays it cagey. He and Wilmarth have correlated their two experiences, and the librarian fears human agents of the mi-go may be sent against him. In this case, he supplies the investigators with the revised copy of his Dunwich report (see Armitage's "A Report on the Whateley Phenomenon and Later Events in the Township of Dunwich" for details). He also presents a copy of the 1917 federal draft board report on conditions in Dunwich *(Dunwich Papers #3)* and the newspaper story about Wilbur Whateley *(Dunwich Papers #5)*. It is unlikely that he allows any of the group to peruse Mythos tomes unless an Oratory roll is made {Diplomacy, DC 30}. Later in the adventure, if Armitage has grown to trust the investigators, he may allow them access to certain restricted volumes.

Aside from scholarly clues, Armitage gives the investigators a list of possible contacts in Dunwich and the nearby city of Aylesbury (*Dunwich Papers #1* and *#2*, below). He also provides them with a signed letter of introduction, of use with such individuals as Squire Sawyer Whateley. Armitage warns them that should they contact the State Police, they would be best advised to not use his name. The police, still devastated and baffled by the loss of five officers, are less than satisfied with the librarian's explanation of events on those two fateful days.

The Research of Dr. Armitage

The following items are some of the results of Dr. Armitage's extensive research into the Dunwich mystery. How much he shows to investigators depends on how much the librarian trusts them and how much truth he thinks they can stand.

Dunwich Papers #1

Contacts in Aylesbury

The Aylesbury Transcript—
Editor Carver Daniels, reference

State Police Post—
Ask for Capt. Miller

Whateley's Attorney—
Peter Markovitch

Dunwich Papers #2

Contacts in Dunwich

Squire Whateley—
head of village

Joe Osborn—
owner of general store

The following people were witness to events involving myself, Dr. Morgan, and Professor Rice.

Wesley Corey (508)
Will Hutchins (434)
Henry Wheeler (513)
Earl Sawyer (504)
George Corey (510)
Curtis Whateley (502)
Sam Hutchins (433)
Fred Farr (303)

Places of Interest
The Frye Ruins (505)
Cold Spring Glen (Region 5)
The Bishop Ruins (506)
The Whateley Ruins (503)
Sentinel Hill (Region 5)

"A Report on the Whateley Phenomenon and Later Events in the Township of Dunwich"

There are two distinct versions of this report. The first is complete and accurate, written for Armitage's own files and meant to be seen only by him and a select few. The second version was written at the request of the university to explain the break-in and mysterious death at the library and the actions of Armitage, Rice, and Morgan while on a later visit to Dunwich. In either case, the report refers to the events in the Lovecraft story "The Dunwich Horror." The secret report describes events experienced by Armitage exactly as they are related in the story.

The second version of this report is vague and long-winded, explaining the disappearance of Wilbur Whateley's corpse as a "strange phenomenon" similar to several documented cases of spontaneous human combustion. (Anyone making an **Occult or EDU x 1 roll** {Knowledge (occult), DC 15; or Intelligence check, DC 20} recognizes substantial differences between the slow disintegration of Wilbur Whateley and the few reported cases of spontaneous human combustion.)

Armitage then attempts to explain away the later events in Dunwich as "mass hysteria," due in part to the unsavory lifestyles and breeding habits of members of the community. If anyone but the highly respected Dr. Armitage had written this paper, it would probably be called into question. For now, the university has decided to accept the librarian's explanations, although not without some cost to the doctor's reputation and credibility.

Secrets of the Miskatonic Library

Aside from the references listed above, the library also contains additional sources of information not yet discovered by Armitage.

If an investigator makes a **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 15} while searching the Anthropology section, he comes across a small book titled *Indian Tribes of Ancient Massachusetts,* written by Dr. Sherwood Babbott and printed in 1916 by Miskatonic University Press. *(Dunwich Papers #4)*

If an investigator makes a **Library Use roll** {Research check, DC 15} while searching the Geology section, he discovers a published report on a geological survey of Dunwich Township conducted in 1919 by Miskatonic University. The report is authored by Professor Thomas Edward Parkins, then and now a member of the university faculty.

The report is very technical, and it will only be fully understood by a reader who makes a successful **Geology roll** {Knowledge (geology), DC 15}. Failing this, the investigators might wish to interview Professor Parkins. They find him friendly and helpful, but lacking in any knowledge concerning the Mythos. He can affirm the stories that Dunwich is ". . . a rotting place. Terrible, incredibly slothful people. My wife did not have a particularly good time. The place is totally cheerless." But other than to make clear the contents of the report of the geological survey, he can tell them nothing of interest.

The team primarily investigated the odd booming noises that frequently sound from beneath the hills. Most of the information will be of no use, but one section theorizes that, based upon certain tests, a very large cavern system may exist deep beneath the township, stretching off in numerous directions.

A Little Known Book

Once the investigators discover and identify any of the many Hyperborean artifacts scattered about Dunwich, they have a chance of recalling the existence of this book. Published in a self-financed limited edition, only 1100 copies were printed. Any investigator who makes an **Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll** {Cthulhu Mythos, DC 10; or Knowledge (occult), DC 15} remembers this book. If he also makes a **Luck roll of POW x1** {Wisdom check, DC 20}, he bought a copy. There is a copy in the Occult section of the Miskatonic Library, and additional copies can be ordered from the publisher in Boston.

`Dunwich Papers #3`

A Report by the Federal Draft Board (1917)

. . . Numerous cases of close family members inbreeding may be blamed for the general decline in the health and strength of the population. Illiteracy is extremely high. A sense of decay seems to hang in the very air. Under the circumstances, it is impossible to establish the parentage of some individuals with any degree of certainty. Incest is frequent.

. . . In several cases, the individual in question was discovered to have been dead for several years. Apparently no official records of these deaths exist.

. . . In one case, a young boy named Wilbur Whateley, this nearly consistent pattern of degeneracy was extremely marked. A quick examination of this individual was made by our physician, Major Crombley, which left the doctor shaken by his findings. Apparently the internal organs of the Whateley child were so badly displaced that Major Crombley experienced great difficulty in even finding a heartbeat. When finally located, the pulse was so rapid and erratic that Dr. Crombley later expressed doubts that the boy would survive to adulthood. The examination was interrupted by the boy's grandfather, an aged rustic who, along with the boy's albino mother, ran us off the property.

In conclusion, it is the opinion of this board that no attempt has been made on the part of Squire Sawyer Whateley or the rest of the local board to avoid its obligations to national service. In fact, they might nearly be accused of processing inductees of questionable fitness. After having personally witnessed the conditions in the township, I recommend that the local board be released from the obligation of its normal quota and be advised to henceforth process as many healthy draftees as possible under the circumstances that prevail.

If the investigators fail to learn of this book, Dr. Armitage eventually brings it to their attention.

The Kranorian Annals, Fact or Fallacy?
by Garson Casterwell

Too scholarly for the general public and too unsubstantiated for scholars, this book has received little attention from anyone. It concerns an ancient scroll discovered by the author in the back room of a Boston museum. This scroll is marked with strange hieroglyphics the author attempted to translate. The scroll was supposedly carried out of the Massachusetts wilderness early in the eighteenth century. It carried a museum tag indicating the artifact was found by a Nat Hutchins. According to the tag, Hutchins claimed to know where more of the scrolls were hidden. He vowed to return with additional artifacts, but after returning to western Massachusetts, he was not seen or heard from again.

The translation tells of a people who came to a new land from far across the sea, establishing the colony of Kranoria, where they would be safe from some sort of religious persecution. The author speculates the people came from the fabled land of Hyperborea, a position that brought him little credit.

Garson Casterwell, Scholar and Author

Casterwell is 28 years old, a Harvard graduate and author of three books. His first two books were conservative, scholarly treatises

`Dunwich Papers #4`

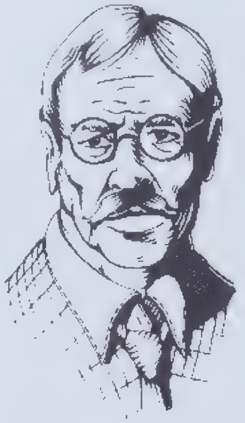
Indian Tribes of Ancient Massachusetts, excerpt

. . . Among some of the more persistent tales told by the tribes native to north central Massachusetts is the story of the lost tribe called variously Chettawat or Quetowat. This tribe was supposed to have dwelt here long before any of the present-day Indians. According to the legend, this ancient tribe was ruled by a group of black-robed priests who had been fathered by strange men who had come from across the great sea. These strange men had been led to this land through their dreams and said they had been told that this place was a paradise promised to them by their god.

This tribe began to worship this god, said to live beneath the hills, and the descendants of the black-robed men led the people. The legend holds that when the first white men came to these shores, the tribe was in great fear. They prayed to their god, and he answered their prayers, opening a door on top of a hill revealing a golden paradise where the people would be safe from the newcomers. All the people of the tribe entered the paradise, the door closed behind them, and they were never seen again. The legend says they still dwell in a great city beneath the ground, built for them by the god that lives in the hills.

on classical history. His last book, *The Kranorian Annals*, attempted to prove the historical truth of Hyperborea. It was less than successful. He presently lives in Boston, where he teaches Latin and Greek at a private school.

If contacted, Garson shows great interest in the investigators' findings and asks when he can meet with them, possibly to view relics the investigators may have found. Proving the past existence of Hyperborea is his passion. It requires little prompting to get him to join the party. He can teach an investigator how to read Hyperborean. If ever driven insane, he could become very possessive about the Hyperborean discoveries.


Garson Casterwell

Garson Casterwell, Author, age 28

STR 13	**CON 15**	**SIZ 12**	**INT 16**	**POW 13**
DEX 13	**APP 14**	**EDU 19**	**SAN 62**	**HP 14**

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Anthropology 65%, Archaeology 65%, Art (Oratory) 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Drive Automobile 60%, English 97%, French 80%, Geology 25%, Greek 85%, History 80%, Hyperborean 55%, Jump 55%, Latin 95%, Library Use 85%, Linguist 65%, Occult 10%, Photography 55%, Ride 35%, Swim 40%.

{See Appendix 3, Entry #2, page 166}

Aylesbury

In 1802 Elihu Beckford of Arkham established the town of Aylesbury on the site of the former village of Broton. Beckford, backed by numerous investors, turned the village into a thriving and model mill town. Employing only younger women, the Aylesbury mills provided dormitories, food, clothing, and religious direction for the female work force. Employees were expected to work no more than a few years before marrying and settling down to raise families. This utopic vision of a factory town was the result of Beckford's visit to England and his exposure to the appalling conditions factory workers were forced to endure. Beckford later built and operated the Aylesbury Pike that connected Aylesbury with Beckford's home in Arkham.

After Beckford's death, Aylesbury's mills came under different hands. Gradually, piecework labor replaced the former paternalistic system, and in the 1840's, waves of immigrant Irish and French-Canadians flocked to Aylesbury, attracted by the availability of jobs and steady pay. By the late nineteenth century, when much of the textile industry had moved to the southern states, the mills began reducing shifts, laying off workers, and closing doors. In the 1920's, conditions in Aylesbury, for some, approach what Elihu Beckford had once found so appalling.

Brief descriptions of some important Aylesbury locations follow.

The Aylesbury Transcript

The newspaper's morgue is open to the public during business hours, five days a week. The following stories might be found, depending upon what the investigators are looking for. A 54-year-old Republican named Carver Daniels serves as the paper's owner and editor. With successful **Library Use rolls** {Research checks, DC 15}, several articles are found *(The Dunwich Papers, #9, #10,* and *#11)*.

Note to the keeper regarding #10: If questioned about an unnamed witness, Daniels refuses to divulge the man's identity (Captain Harris Johnson, 915). If bribery is attempted, Daniels is insulted and asks them to leave.

Dunwich Papers #5

(excerpt from article dated 1917)

ARKHAM ADVERTISER

. . . Our guide, Earl Sawyer, pointed out the way as our motor bounced along the two-track "road" that wound along the edge of a dark, forested vale called Cold Spring Glen. Once past the glen the road curved to the right and we suddenly felt as though we had been swallowed up by the strange domed hills looming on either side of us.

The Whateley house itself is a huge and decaying edifice, over two centuries old and built into the very side of the hill. We stood and waited while Mr. Sawyer knocked at the door and called out. After a moment the door opened inward and we stood face to face with Old Noah Whateley, a man people hereabouts call a wizard.

And much like a wizard he looked, what with his long, stark white beard, and bearing in his gnarled hand a wooden staff covered with strange signs and numbers. At first we were refused an interview with the man's grandson but soon . . .

. . . aside from Wilbur's astonishing growth rate (although there is reason to believe that he is somewhat older than stated) he showed marked signs of high intelligence, despite a visage some would describe as less than promising.

The Coroner's Office

The Aylesbury County Coroner's office is in the Aylesbury General Hospital. The county coroner, Dr. Allenby Chestwood, is on indefinite medical leave, his position filled by his assistant, Dr. Mercer Houghton. Houghton conducted the autopsies on the officers' remains. In addition to his county duties, Houghton also maintains a private practice.

The investigators might wish to examine the coroner's report. If an M.D. is present, Houghton allows them to examine the file. Without an M.D., it takes a **Persuade, Bargain, or Fast Talk roll** {Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 15} to convince Houghton to let them read it.

Dr. Houghton is an agreeable fellow, and after the investigators have read the file, he proves willing to discuss the case a little. He harbors doubts about the true cause of death and might mention the circular-shaped burns found on the victims' remains. He has no idea what could have caused them. He also reveals that verified identification of one of the officers, Roger Axwater, could not be made. The other four were positively identified through dental records and/or fingerprints. Regardless, Houghton is convinced (mistakenly) that all five were indeed killed. "You would have had to seen the remains to fully understand . . .". If, after reading the file, the investigators press, the physician shows them several photos of the remains, causing SAN losses of 1/1D3.

Incidentally, Houghton was the attending physician at the death of Noah (Wizard) Whateley in 1924.

Other Hospital Records

The investigators may wish to investigate the case of the kidnapped girl. Her file is on record, and a licensed M.D. will be

Dunwich Papers #6

Excerpts from Wilbur Whateley's Diary

Oct. 31, 1926

The meddlesome one is gone. I carried her to the top of the hill last night and there chanted until They came. Others, not seen before, came with Them but I was prepared. Lavinia offered much resistance but was no match for the whole of us. She went miserably but it's now over. I disposed of ~~the~~ what was left in the usual manner.

November 2, 1925

Visited by the Squire and cousin Tristram today. They asked questions about the Streeter child and I told them I knew nothing. If only they could imagine what became of them I'm sure their poor minds would be blasted beyond recognition. Cousin Tristram looked in the old furnace but of course found nothing. They left soon after.

June 3, 1925

I found the way to the depths today and saw that One that dwells within the hills. Vast is He, but still asleep. I have been promised that He will awake when the time approaches. I have constructed a doorway that I may reach Him easier in the future.

February 18, 1924

An accident yesterday while grandfather and I were making the gold. Fortunately none of us were hurt. I will be happy when the Change comes and no longer will I have to do such things as this. Many in the village still lust after the secret of the gold but if they knew the truth of the future, gold would be like dust to them.

Dunwich Papers #7

Unaussprechlichen Kulten, excerpt

. . . Though not all the druids fell to the Roman swords. Long told is the tale of the eleven black robed men who set sail from the western shore of Hibernia in search of the place revealed to them in their dreams. They crossed the great ocean then unknown to man and after long days found the shore of a wild country. Sailing north beyond a great hook of land they found the shining river their dreams had spoken of. They followed it upstream to where the land grew dark with ancient trees and great hills. Here they discovered what they sought, the paradise of their dreams, far from their Roman persecutors.They brought the people of this land their wisdom and knowledge and taught them of the gods which were to be worshipped.

Dunwich Papers #8

de Vermiis Mysteriis, excerpt

The priests and wizards of Hyperborea, persecuted by the ruling faction of the elk-goddess, sought escape from the land. Dreams came to some of them, promising refuge and peace in a land far to the west, inland from a great hook of land extended into the sea. Through a series of mystical portals the Hyperboreans found their way to this place and here built a great colony they called Krannoria where they could worship as they would. For many centuries Krannoria was a thing of beauty and grace but the stars changed and the colony fell to a great doom. It is said that in a single night the entire population of Krannoria disappeared.

able to gain access to it. Otherwise, it will require a successful **Bargain, Persuade, or Fast Talk roll** {Bluff or Diplomacy, DC 20} to lay hands on it.

The file shows that the girl was strong and healthy when found and showed no signs of suffering from exposure or severe hunger. She was, however, detached and unable to speak. The doctor speculates that this was either the result of a shock from the suspected kidnapping or possibly that she suffered some sort of natural stroke that caused her to wander off for a few days.

`Dunwich Papers #9`

from the *Aylesbury Transcript,* Dec. 1924

Murder Suspect Found Guilty!

A long and confusing murder trial was brought to and end today when Judge Orrin Crockett sentenced Matthew Potter to life imprisonment for the cold-blooded murder of Abner Brown, both residents of Dunwich township. Potter stood silent as the sentence was read but members of his family hooted and jeered the Honorable Judge Crockett, interrupting the proceedings. Temple Potter, the convicted man's son, had to be forcibly escorted from the courtroom before sentencing could be finished.

It will be remembered that Matthew Potter had been accused of murdering the elderly Brown while the latter was walking in the road near his home in Dunwich on last March 14th. Potter had apparently hidden behind some trees while awaiting his victim. As Brown passed by, Potter leapt upon him from behind, striking him repeatedly with a rock. Brown's body was found the following morning, lying in the road, left where he had been slain.

The irony of the story is that it appears that Brown was a victim of mistaken identity. Testimony from various witnesses seemed to establish that there had been a long-running feud between Potter and one Noah Whateley, also of the township of Dunwich, and since deceased. It is generally believed that Whateley had been Potter's intended victim. According to one witness, Potter had recently, while trespassing on Whateley's property, been shot at by the owner. Witnesses interviewed by this reporter claimed that Potter was searching for a treasure long rumored to be kept by this same Noah Whateley. Potter denied these allegations. The family of the deceased Noah Whateley declined to comment.

Aylesbury State Police Station

This is the police post from which the five lost officers were dispatched. Even now, an air of gloom and depression hangs over the station. To lose five officers all at once, in this place and time, is an unheard-of tragedy. If the investigators let it be known they are connected with the university, they have difficulty here. None of the officers will submit to being interviewed ("Sorry, too busy,") and even gaining access to certain files requires **Bargain, Fast Talk, or Law** {Knowledge (law), DC 15; Bluff or Diplomacy (DC 20)}. As the adventure progresses, the attitude of the police may turn more favorably toward the investigators—especially if they manage to find and return the surviving officer, Roger Axwater.

If the investigators gain the confidence of the police, individuals prove more cooperative. Any of the officers who dis-

`Dunwich Papers #10`

from the *Aylesbury Transcript,* Feb. 7, 1928

Dunwich Man Arrested After Standoff With Police

Police yesterday took into custody Mr. Temple Potter after a brief standoff at the man's home in Dunwich Township. Potter was wanted in connection with the supposed abduction of Lindy Perkins, a twelve year old girl who lives near the Potter farm. Witnesses say that Potter, armed with a shotgun, held off four State Police officers for nearly an hour before he was finally persuaded to give himself up. Potter's two cousins were also in the house at the time but apparently took no part in the standoff. After questioning, the two were released. Temple Potter was taken into custody.

The Perkins girl, it may be remembered, disappeared six days ago, while walking to town on an errand. Both the Perkins and the Potter farms are located southeast of the village of Dunwich in the vicinity of Indian Hill. Massive search efforts were made but to no avail. Two days ago the girl was found wandering in a field, apparently not too worse for wear. However, when questioned, she was unresponsive and seemed unable to speak. She has since been released from the hospital and allowed to return home but has yet to utter a word.

It is theorized by police that Potter held the girl captive in his home until releasing her on the 24th. Police believe she had been freed only hours before she was discovered in the field. A witness is rumored to have seen the girl at the house during the period of her disappearance but his identity is being kept secret.

covered and/or helped move the remains generally tell the same story as found in the official files, but it is obvious that most don't really accept the lightning stroke theory. The small amount of actual human remains raises questions. These officers saw the strange sucker-shaped burns covering the remains of their fellow officers.

If the investigators can somehow obtain it, a file on Temple Potter shows a long record of arrests for disorderly conduct, vandalism, petty theft, etc. So far, he hasn't spent much time in the county jail, but his latest arrest was in connection with the supposed kidnapping of Lindy Perkins, a local schoolgirl. Temple was later released when it was decided there was not enough evidence to hold him. If asked, none of the officers have anything good to say about Temple Potter, and most believe him responsible for the girl's kidnapping.

If the investigators ask about stills in Dunwich, the officers simply smile. They know there are a number in operation, but it's impossible to stop "moonshiners," and quite frankly, the police feel it's more a job for the feds. Afterwards, outside the station, one of the officers approaches the investigators and suggests that if they want moonshine, they should visit Jebel Wilson (518). The police have no specific information regarding Amos or any other Whateley.

Further Investigations

From here, all roads lead to Dunwich. Investigators may begin this phase of the investigation by visiting the people and places on the list provided by Armitage. By the time the investigators get through the list, they should have discovered any number of clues regarding the central mystery of the Whateleys and the possible return of the Son of Yog-Sothoth.

Quite likely, the investigators have gotten involved in one or more secondary mysteries. Perhaps they have tried to capture and return to civilization the missing police officer hiding in Cold Spring Glen. They should have gotten themselves involved in a couple of minor, perhaps humorous scrapes, or accidentally committed some rural faux pas from which they narrowly escape. The keeper should by this time have made good, but prudent, use of the list of clues and rumors.

Throughout the adventure, Armitage continues to provide the investigators with new clues derived from his translations of Wilbur's diary. A few are produced as player aids, but the keeper should feel free to invent his own, particularly when stymied investigators need a particular piece of vital information to put them back on track.

Virtually anything about Dunwich, its history, prehistory, the underground, or the Cthulhu Mythos might be found within the pages of Wilbur's diary. Certainly there is much more in that book than what is covered by the player aids.

Under no circumstances whatsoever will Dr. Armitage return to Dunwich. He politely but insistently rejects any offer to accompany the investigators into the vicinity of the township. His heart is bad, and he knows he could not survive another shock like the one he suffered on his last visit.

The Climax and Beyond

As events progress, Armitage should grow to trust the investigators, eventually confiding to them his deepest fear and a fright-

`Dunwich Papers #11`

from the *Aylesbury Transcript*,
Sept. 15, 17, & 21, 1928

Five State Police Officers Missing

It was learned today that five Massachusetts State Police officers who had been dispatched to Dunwich have failed to return. Additional officers were sent to investigate and although they found the abandoned car, no trace of the missing policemen was discovered. Listed as missing are officers Crawford Hoover, Tuttle Woodbine, Peter Starck, Bradford Gamble, and Roger Axwater.

Five Missing Officers Believed Dead

An unverified report today claims that the bodies of the five missing police officers have been recovered and delivered to the morgue at Aylesbury Hospital. There is no word on the cause of their deaths. The officers have been missing for two days.

Missing Police Officers Confirmed Dead!

It was announced today that the five missing state police officers are dead. Killed in the line of duty were officers Roger Axwater, Bradford Gamble, Crawford Hoover, Peter Starck, and Sergeant Tuttle Woodbine. As first reported in this paper, the officers' bodies were discovered four days ago in Dunwich and secretly returned to Aylesbury. The bodies were found at the bottom of Cold Spring Glen, located just west of Dunwich.

Assistant Coroner Dr. Houghton stated that the bodies were badly burned and has ruled that the cause of the officer's deaths was a massive stroke of lightning which apparently struck the bottom of the glen. Dr. Houghton declined to explain the delay in ening secret. He confesses that the spell he used against the Son of Yog-Sothoth did not destroy the monster, but only banished it—to where, the doctor does not know. His fear was originally that Amos Whateley intended to use the books to bring the creature back. As events unfold, he finds his fears were justified, but his theories were incorrect.

The investigators should eventually discover the true threat, the soon-to-occur resurrection of Wizard Whateley and the casting of the spell that brings back the Son of Yog-Sothoth. This event can only occur on a night "when the stars are right," a time of astral conjunctions, phases, and positions nearly impossible to calculate. Only the more sensitive cultists (called "Believers") will feel the approach of the proper time. If and when they contact the investigators depends upon the relationships the characters have established. The actual timing of the event is up to the keeper. If the Son of Yog-Sothoth is released, stopping the rampaging monster will be difficult for any band of investigators. The keeper may wish that the investigators find and destroy the animated Whateley corpse before the calling can take place. Destroying the undead wizard is difficult enough, and by then, the investigators should have found at least a few other tantalizing clues to follow up on—in particular, an extended exploration of the underground and its secrets.

A second threat to Dunwich exists, more lingering, but potentially just as devastating. Far below the ground, beneath Abbot's Lookout, dwells a portion of the being known as Abhoth. This abomination has dwelt in his cavern for millions of years, extended into this world through one of the many dimensional gaps rife in the valley. This part of Abhoth sleeps, but his dreams reach out and sometimes enter the dreams of humans. To them, Abhoth calls. Three times in the history of the human race, the dreams of Abhoth have brought to this valley people believing they had been led to a paradise and a haven. But always Abhoth has eventually awakened and, hungry, has feasted upon the population. The spores given off by Abhoth, over time, dull the human senses, keeping the "food" lured to this valley lulled into slothfulness and inactivity, keeping them here until such time the god should awake.

Dunwich Papers #12

Coroner's Report on the Five Police Officers

In general the bodies of the officers appear to have been physically separated, the largest fragment weighing slightly less than 2 pounds, 2 ounces. While the combined weight of the five officers was something around 898 pounds, the total weight of the tissue and bone retrieved from the glen weighs slightly more than 200 pounds, indicating a loss of nearly 700 pounds. The tissue was thoroughly cleansed of blood, due to unusually heavy rains, accounting for some loss of total weight. Most of the fragments show evidence of burns and it can only be assumed that the deaths were caused by a lightning stroke of massive proportion. Only this amount of power could so thoroughly dismember and actually melt five human beings.

Dental fragments and a few surviving portions of fingerprints positively identify four of the officers. The fifth, Axwater, could not be absolutely identified but under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at. In some instances only a single tooth or partial fingerprint was used to identify an individual and it is not surprising that no identifiable fragment of one of the men could be found. The Office of the Coroner is convinced beyond a doubt that the remains of all five officers have been discovered.

Dunwich Papers #13

Police Reports Regarding the Missing Officers

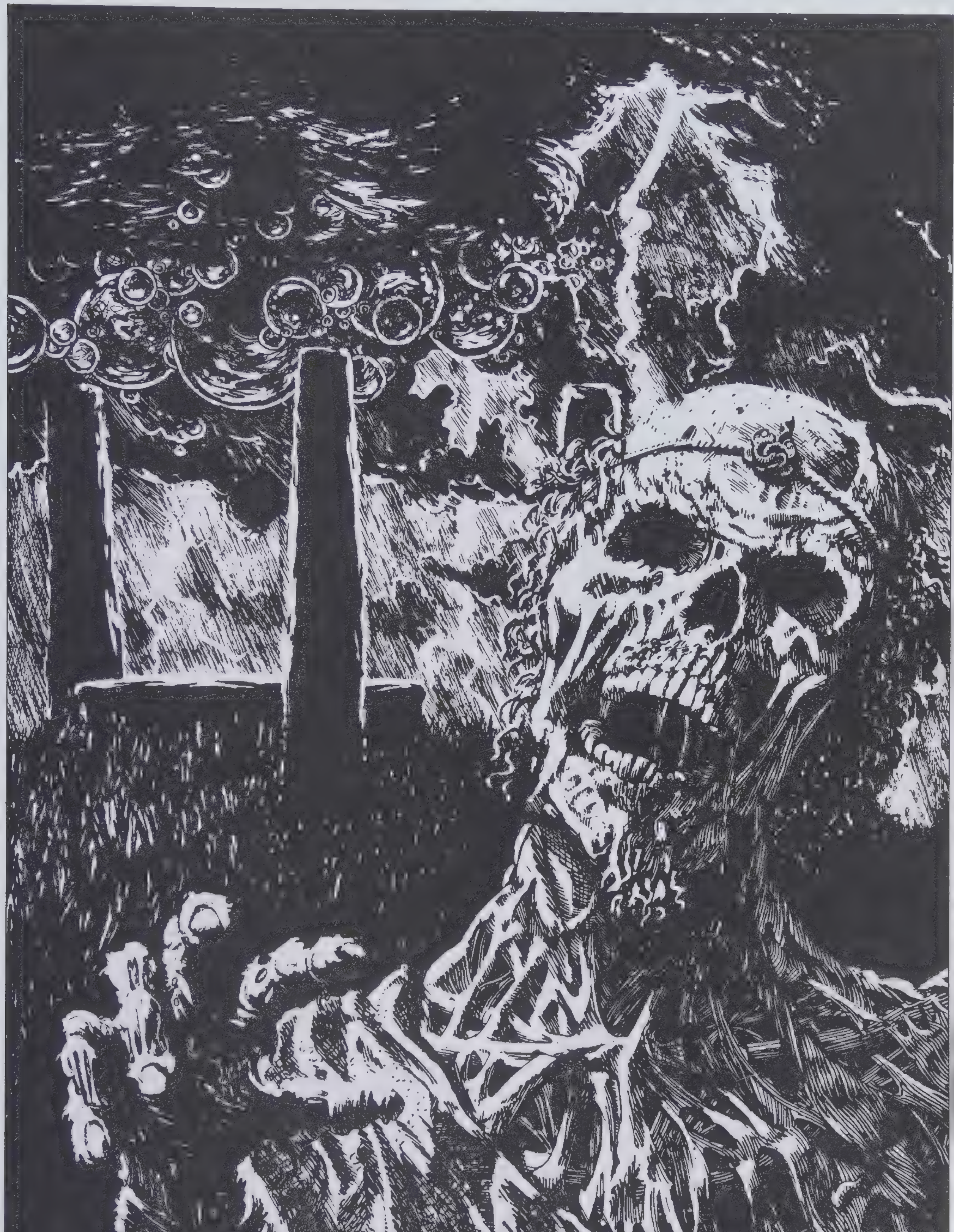
. . . The five officers, dispatched to investigate a reported disturbance at the Elmer Frye farm in Dunwich, were last seen on the morning of Sept. 14, 1928.

. . . On the morning of September 15th several calls were made to Dunwich but the switchboard was constantly busy. Later, there was no answer. A car with four officers was then dispatched but experienced mechanical difficulties which forced it to return to the station, arriving back here after dark. Telephone contact was later made and it was learned that the five officers had not been seen since the afternoon of Sept. 14.

. . . On the morning of Sept. 16 investigating officers contacted one Elam Hutchins who led the officers to the Frye farm. The farmhouse was in ruins and the abandoned police vehicle found parked nearby. According to Hutchins, the officers had left the car to investigate a wide, cleared path leading down into a neighboring glen.

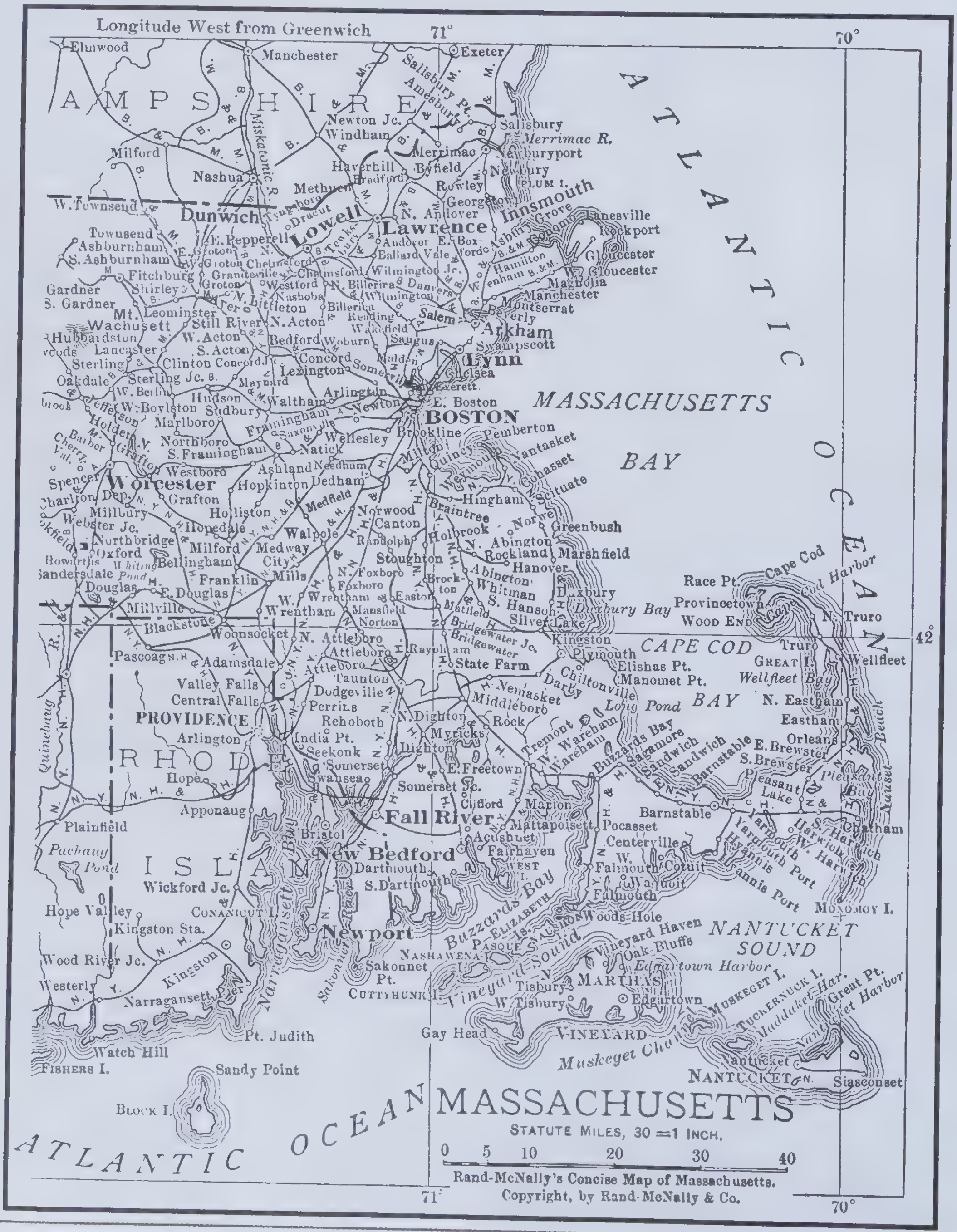
. . . At the bottom of the glen, near a spot the locals call Rocky Falls, what are now thought to be the remains of the five missing officers were discovered. The assistant coroner, Dr. Houghton, was contacted and after making an initial examination ordered the remains brought back to Aylesbury.

. . . Official cause of death: Lightning stroke. Case closed.



Abhoth, as twice before, will be awakened by a member of the community, someone who has spoken with Nyarlathotep and has learned the words that awaken Abhoth. These individuals are told that they will become the leaders of their people and show them the way to paradise. When this person casts the spell, that part of Abhoth dwelling in our world awakes. The chemistry of the spores he continually gives off alters, and the new spores drug the population for miles around into a stupor. Staggering to Indian Hill, they begin a chant Abhoth teaches them that opens the great door, revealing the paradise that is Abhoth. Unable to help themselves, they stagger forward, disappearing into the depths until the valley is nearly empty of human life. Only those able to protect themselves from inhaling the spores will be spared. This event may not occur for years or even decades to come. If it does happen in the near future, it will most likely be at the instigation of Virginia Adams (59) who even now flirts with Nyarlathotep in secluded Druid's Grove (Region 1).

The next most likely candidate is one of the alcohol-preserved Bishops, resurrected by either Walter (40), John (42), or Harold Bishop (522). Duncan Abbot is another dark horse possibility. Nyarlathotep speaks to this eccentric through the man's beloved stone face, the image carved into the side of Abbot's Lookout. Other likely candidates exist, and Abhoth will contact them when the time is right.


Longitude West from Greenwich
71°
70°
42°
HAMPSHIRE
Dunwich
Innsmouth
Arkham
Lowell
Lawrence
BOSTON
Lynn
Worcester
PROVIDENCE
RHODE ISLAND
Fall River
New Bedford
Newport
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MASSACHUSETTS BAY
CAPE COD BAY
Cape Cod
NANTUCKET SOUND
Buzzards Bay
Vineyard Sound
MARTHAS VINEYARD
NANTUCKET
MASSACHUSETTS
STATUTE MILES, 30 = 1 INCH.
0 5 10 20 30 40
Rand-McNally's Concise Map of Massachusetts.
Copyright, by Rand-McNally & Co.

Earth, Sky, Soul

In which the investigators discover that even in Dunwich, often horrors can be all too human.

Earth, *Sky, Soul* is a very short scenario, little more than an incident, that may be placed whenever and wherever is convenient. It points towards one of the larger secrets of the area, and may be inserted at any appropriate point in play. The tone attempted is one of shock and revulsion, and it may well be the investigators' first look at the dark underbelly of Dunwich. Assuming that this is early in the campaign, play up the gruesome accents of this episode. It should contrast nicely with the rather sedate (if decayed) vision of Dunwich that your players probably have formulated at this point.

The night or morning before you wish this encounter to occur, stage a small earthquake, a tremor, heavy enough to rattle dishes in a four-mile radius from the planned site of the encounter, but not heavy enough to do much damage. The investigators will probably be elsewhere when this occurs. but you can volunteer this information at any point, prior to the encounter or during it.

The Explosion

As the investigators move towards the rim of a steep rise in the road (whether on horseback, driving. or walking), call for **Listen rolls with a 20% bonus** {Listen, DC 5}. Successful rolls hear a series of two gunshots, followed a few moments later by two more. A success equal to or less than **one-fifth the investigator's modified Listen percentiles** {Listen check DC 15} suggests that the gunshots are shotgun blasts, and are curiously muffled.

Cresting the rise, the investigators see a stretch of road with a few farmhouses spaced apart by an acre or so (again, this may be wherever you wish it to be; adjust the description according to locale). Investigators with a **one-fifth Listen success** {Listen DC 15} are certain that the shots came from one of the farmhouses up ahead; others may attempt an Idea roll {Int, DC 10} for the same purpose, but only if they ask where the sound originated. The lack of nearby woods dispels the possibility of hunting.

Assuming they aren't flying along at full speed, as the investigators progress along the road, some residents of the houses will walk out of their front doors and peer ahead, wondering what is going on. According to the keeper's wishes and the player's actions, they may need to ask a couple of farmers where the shots came from; shortly they will be pointed toward one quiet-looking farm up the road. If the investigators are on foot, they will probably join a small cluster of farm folk heading up the road to check on the trouble.

Arriving at the farm in question, all will be quiet. If anyone hails the house (whether the investigators or any accompanying them), no response is heard. Asking any nearby residents identifies the farm as belonging to the Arkins, a family of five—Ethan and Virginia, along with their adolescent offspring March (14), Henry (16), and Banford (17). A fourth child, Dee, perished a few months ago of fever at the age of 15. The run-down house sits on an 8-acre lot, with furrowed land extending behind. A small garden runs on three sides of the house, broken up by a well in the far corner of the yard. Observant investigators who succeed in a **Spot Hidden roll** {Spot, DC 10} as they cast their eyes about may notice a small burying ground behind a copse of trees past the well. A **Spot Hidden roll at one-fifth normal** {Spot check DC 20} will indicate motion there.

Entering the house will reveal little; the building contains six rooms, consisting of a sturdy kitchen, master bedroom, two smaller bedrooms (one for the girls, March and Banford, one for Henry), a largish pantry and a sitting room. The furnishings are unremarkable, though antique-seekers in decades to come will no doubt coo over the simple, workman-like furniture typical of the period. **Halved Idea rolls** {Int, DC 15; or Search, DC 10} will reveal that several things are either missing or in disarray (roll for each or for the sum as you wish): a single shotgun rack above the fireplace is empty; the pantry has several empty shelves and a mason jar or two on the floor; dressers in the bedrooms are lying open, with clothing hurriedly removed. Neighbors queried will respond that the Arkins haven't been seen today.

In the backyard, the storm doors to the cellar are open, from which issues an unpleasant smell of gunpowder and (with **Listen rolls** {Listen, DC 15}) a low moaning.

The Contagion

The Arkins are a deeply religious family, firmly opposed to the Believers; witch-globes hang presciently on their front porch. The parents harbor an almost masochistic fascination with the Book of Revelation in the Bible.

Last night, a minor tremor opened a rift in the earth beneath the Arkin house, temporarily releasing a miasmic cloud of spores from the vast caverns and tunnels that riddle the rock beneath the region. These spores (see pages 35 for more info) filled the root cellar, the fastened storm doors keeping the filthy air from circulating with the clean. Early this morning, Ethan Arkin went down into the cellar to fetch some tools. There he was overcome by the **POT 12** spore-air and beheld therein a vision of Judgment Day. Weighted down with religious hallucinatory awe, he hurried inside and roused the family, importuning them to come below and hide whilst the unclean roamed the earth, awaiting the rapture that would come and take them away. Virginia, the more prudent of the two, grabbed several jars of preserves and instructed the children to bring clothes. Henry grabbed the shotgun and an old box of birdshot shells.

Once within the cellar, the family was overcome by the spores to varying degrees. Ethan and Virginia both felt the coming of Judgment Day, and trembled in awesome fear. March and Banford suffered only from an extreme paranoia.

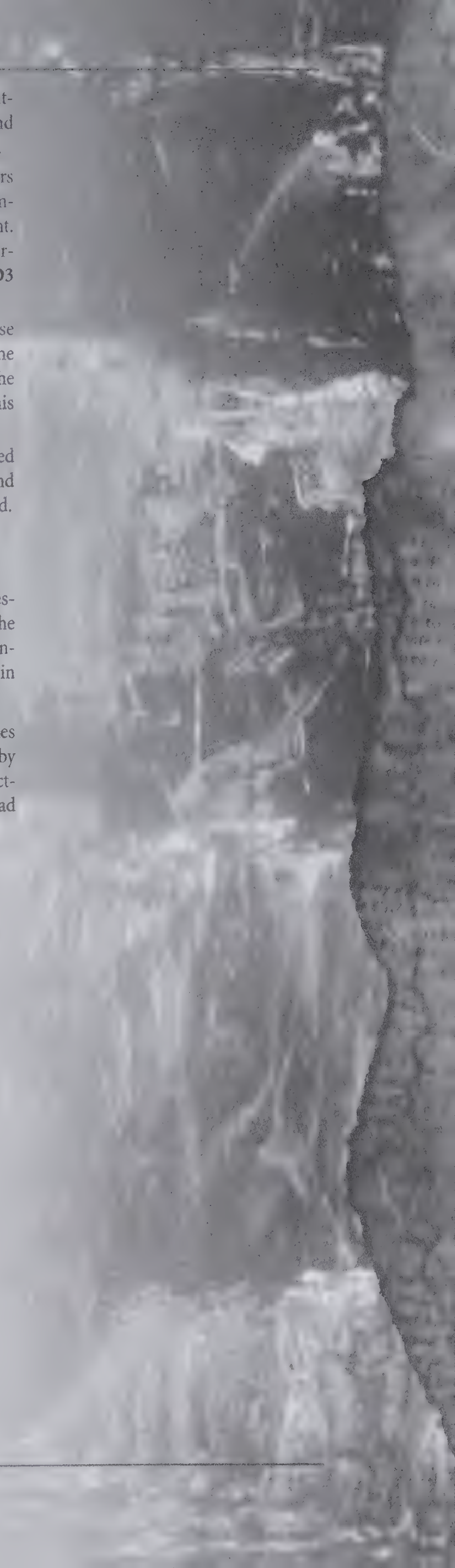
Henry felt something quite different. Henry and his late sister Dee enjoyed an incestuous relationship during the year prior to Dee's death. Dee died giving birth to her brother's stillborn son. As the spores entered his circulatory system, Henry became possessed of his own vision of Judgment Day, in which those worthy of the kingdom of Heaven would rise from their graves and ascend towards the Lord. Paramount in this vision was Dee, buried in the plot behind the trees, their child crying for aid.

Undergoing a bout of spore-induced paranoia, Henry became convinced that Dee and the child would be unable to ascend unless freed from the coffin where they lay. He attempted to flee the cellar where the Arkin family hid and breathed in the contagion, but was stopped by his father. As adrenalin and the spores coursed through his bloodstream, Henry finally grabbed the shotgun and murdered his father and mother. As his helpless sisters cried and huddled in a corner, he re-loaded the shotgun and killed them both in turn. He then dropped the gun and fled the cellar for the burial ground.

Investigators descending into the cellar will not need a source of light; two lit lanterns provide sufficient illumination. The root cellar is a single, simple room, holding several shelves of preserves along with potatoes, rhubarb, and various tools. It also holds 4/5 of the Arkin family. Ethan Arkin lies in the middle of the room, nearest the stairs to the storm door, his face a mass of bloody sundered flesh. Forty-five degrees to his left, Virginia sits against a support post, still living but within minutes of death from the shotgun wound to her abdomen. In a dim corner, March and Banford lie in a heap, covered in blood and the acrid smell of cordite. Seeing the remains of the Arkin family here costs investigators **2/1D6+1 SAN**. Virginia is the only family member alive, but she will die almost at once without a successful **First Aid roll** {Heal, DC 15}.

With a successful First Aid {or Heal} attempt, she remains alive just long enough to murmur into the kindly investigators' face, "Oh my lord, oh my lord Jesus, ye've come . . . ," before expiring. Otherwise, she dies with a short rattling breath that never quite leaves her throat.

Casting about the cellar for clues, the investigators will be aware now of an acrid smell below the fresh reek of cordite. Once they have been down here for a couple of rounds (probably just after Virginia has met her final fate), have them make **POW resistance rolls** versus the spores, at a **POT of 10** {Fort save, DC 10}. With a success, the investigator feels ill and is aware of the cellar as a source of uncleanliness. A failure instigates a brief but horrific hallucination; the lanterns seem to dim, and the corpses begin to shift and move, as if struggling to get up. Affected investigators should make a **1/1D10 SAN** roll for this vision. Those losing five or more points and making an **Idea roll** {Int, DC 10} will flee screaming; the rest will be convinced of the movement and may attempt violent action against the corpses or may flee, according to the predilections of the investigator.



At some point after any mayhem has passed, the investigators may head back outside. Alternately, if the investigators noticed the movement by the burial ground and went there first, they will encounter the following first and the cellar only as an epilog.

The burial ground consists of five graves, all dated within the last one hundred years and holding the remains of Arkin family members. By one of them crouches the temporarily-insane Henry Arkin, frantically unearthing the corpse of Dee and the infant. Whenever the investigators arrive, he is cradling their stiff bodies in his arms, murmuring softly to the still forms. Seeing this pitiable but unsightly display is worth a **1/1D3 SAN roll.**

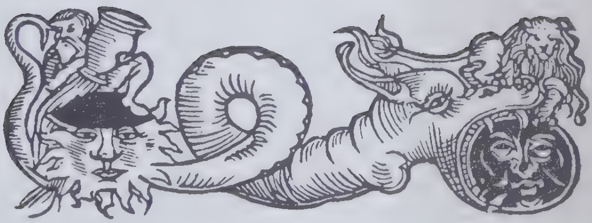
Investigators who flee the cellar under the influence of the spores have a still-worse vision awaiting them should they run in the direction of the small family plot. There, the exhumed bodies of Dee and the infant, both shrivelled and worm-eaten, will claw at the investigator over Henry's shoulders, struggling to reach him or her with evil intent. This vision also costs **1/1D10 SAN**.

Henry is unapproachable, wracked by sobs. If forcibly pried away from his beloved Dee, he will attack his grapplers with furiously swinging but largely ineffective fists and arms. He can be subdued easily, dissolving into helpless sobs for his lost sister and child.

The Release

Free from the influence of the spores, Henry will regain his senses and fall into a depressive melancholy at what has happened. Extended interviews will eventually untangle the truth of the story, though not the cause. Henry will face four counts of murder, and eventually be turned over to a state institution for the insane for several years (perhaps in Arkham?).

No Sanity gains exist for this episode. No solutions exist to the problems and tragedies of the Arkin family. But the curious presence of the miasma in the cellar (since stopped by shifting earth and rock) may alert the investigators to one of the larger problems affecting Dunwich and the area. As a pointer along that path, this encounter may eventually lead to the resolution of the threat and the peace of mind that may result.



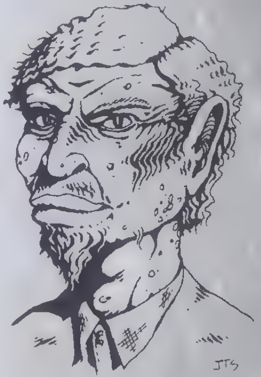
Appendix 1:

The Dunwich Horror

According to the descriptions given in this book and *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham,* the series of events known as the Dunwich Horror have already occurred. However, the Keeper may wish to stage an adventure based directly on this story. Given below are the pertinent dates, places, and people involved with the events.

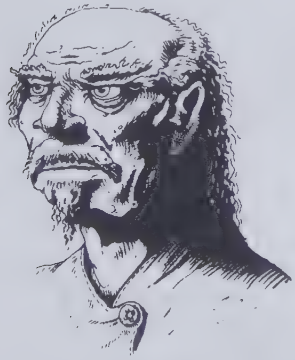
What is Known

A long series of experiments conducted by the decayed branch of the Whateleys came to fruition in 1913 when, on February 2, two strange children were born to Lavinia Whateley, daughter of Wizard (Noah) Whateley. One twin, named Wilbur, was in many ways human, but his monstrous, invisible brother resembled more the boys' father, Yog-Sothoth. Wilbur was raised by his mother and grandfather in a semi-normal manner, but the other offspring was kept a secret, hidden from the prying eyes of the rest of the community within the confines of the ancient Whateley farmhouse.



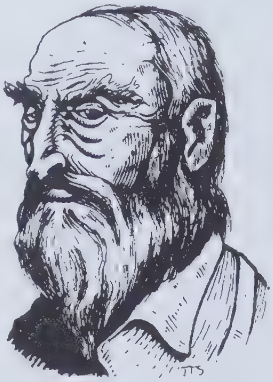
Wilbur Whateley

Wilbur grew at an alarming rate, and his strange behavior and unnatural appearance soon had most of his neighbors whispering fearful things. After the death of Wizard Whateley in 1924, Wilbur began to search in earnest for a way to open a space between our world and another, a place inhabited by alien and hostile beings. In 1928, Wilbur tried to steal Miskatonic University's copy of the *Necronomicon,* a book he believed held the secret necessary to create the opening. His attempt failed when he was killed by the library's watchdog.



Old Man Whateley

Dr. Armitage, head of the Miskatonic Library, discovered the dying Wilbur and realized what the strange young man had been planning to do. Later, after study-



Seth Bishop

ing Wilbur's coded diary and the Latin *Necronomicon,* Armitage discovered the mad secret of the Whateleys and the possible fate in store for human existence. A few days later, the monster, grown hungry in its brother's absence, broke free of its prison and took refuge in the deep, wooded ravine known as Cold Spring Glen. At night, the monster came out to feed, attacking the herds of farmers first before turning on some of the residents themselves. One family was completely wiped out and five state police officers were lost before Professor Armitage and his two companions, Rice and Morgan, could arrive on the scene.

The three men from the university waited all night at the head of the glen, thinking the monster would sooner or later emerge from the depths. Instead, the thing escaped early the next morning out the lower end of the glen, circumventing the professors. Headed for Sentinel Hill, the invisible horror attacked and destroyed the house of Seth Bishop, devouring its inhabitants.

Alerted to the escape of the menace, the three professors cut across the countryside to find Seth Bishop's house in ruins. Following the thing's trail to Sentinel Hill, they found the invisible monster scaling the near vertical face of the hill, headed for the stone altar on top. Using a trail that climbed the far side of the hill, the three men were able to finally get above the thing. By spraying the invisible monster with the powder of Ibn-Ghazi, they made it visible long enough for the three to chant the ancient spell that banished the creature, saving Dunwich and the world from an unthinkable fate.

A Chronology

1912, May Eve: Loud noises in the Dunwich hills are heard clear to Arkham. The event marks the conception of Wilbur Whateley and his terrible twin brother.

1913, February 2 (Candlemas): Wilbur Whateley is born on this night. A week later, Wizard Whateley drives his sleigh into town and announces the birth of the child. During the first month of Wilbur's life, only two people see him: Zechariah Whateley, an undecayed member of the family who brings two Alderney cows sold to Noah Whateley; and Mamie Bishop, who visits the farm out of curiosity. Old Whateley refurbishes one of the old sheds and fits it with a stout lock.

1913, May: Wilbur is already the size of a child one year old.

1913, September: The infant Wilbur takes his first steps.

1913, Halloween: A great blaze is seen atop Sentinel Hill. Silas Bishop, out rounding up a stray heifer, spies the naked Lavinia and Wilbur running up the hill. He notes that the young child seemed to be wearing some sort of "fringed belt and dark trousers." Wilbur is never seen again without his clothing tightly buttoned.

1914, January: Wilbur speaks his first words. Soon thereafter, Whateley begins to rebuild the second story of the house, boarding up all the windows. He also fixes up a downstairs room for Wilbur. The room is lined with heavy shelves holding the ancient rotting library of the Whateleys.

1914, September: At the age of one year and seven months, Wilbur is the size of a four-year-old child. The restoration of the second floor is completed and a door installed. This second-floor entrance is gained by a heavy cleated ramp stretching up from the ground below. The tightly locked tool shed is now left open and abandoned. Earl Sawyer, on a cattle-selling visit, steps into the shed and is appalled by the odor within. It is similar to the odors he encountered near the stone Indian circles that top some of the hills.

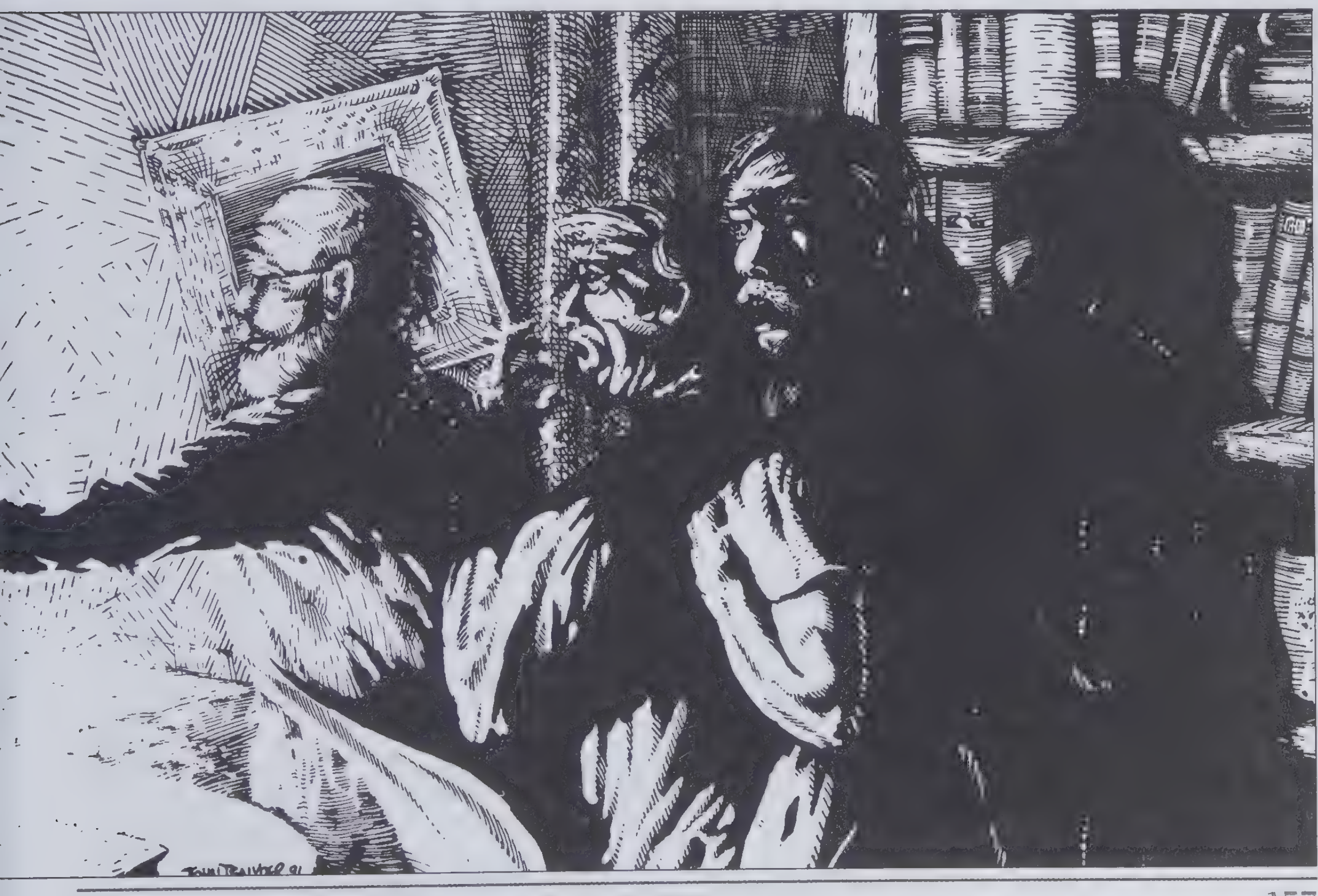
1915, May Eve: Powerful tremors emanate from Sentinel Hill and are felt as far away as Aylesbury. This occurs annually for the next several years, ending only with the death of Wilbur Whateley.

1915, Halloween: Powerful rumblings again come from Sentinel Hill, this time accompanied by bursts of flame on the summit. This occurs annually until the death of Wilbur.

1916, November 26: Wilbur learns the ancient Aklo chant for the Sabaoth. He also shoots and kills a collie belonging to Elam Hutchins.

1917, February: At age four, Wilbur is as big as a ten-year-old child and is obliged to carry a gun to protect himself from the local dogs. He sometimes mutters an odd jargon and chants in bizarre rhythms, behavior which chills his listeners with a sense of unexplainable terror. A fish peddler visits the Whateley house and comes back with stories about clumping sounds coming from the sealed-off second story. Dogs now avoid the Whateley property.

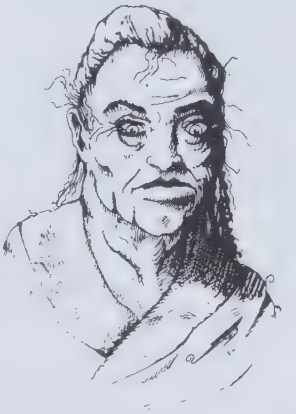
1917, Summer: When the Dunwich draft board has trouble filling its quota of healthy young men, the federal government, alarmed at signs of such wholesale degeneracy, launches an investigation, sending several officers and medical experts to the area. This attracts the attention of the *Boston Globe* and *Arkham Advertiser*, which both run "Sunday stories" on young Wilbur's precociousness, Old Whateley's reputed black magic, the shelves filled with strange books, the sealed second story of the ancient farmhouse, the mysterious hill noises, and the weirdness of the whole region.



The professors discover Wilbur's transformed body

A photo shows Wilbur at four and a half. He appears fifteen, his lips and cheeks already fuzzy with a coarse, dark down.

1923: A second great siege of carpentry begins when Old Noah Whateley guts the second floor of the house. Even the great central chimney is dismantled, the bricks piled haphazardly outside the house. Now ten years old, Wilbur shows every sign of having reached maturity.



Lavinia Whateley

1924, August 1 (Lammas): Dr. Houghton of Aylesbury is summoned to the Whateley house by an anxious Wilbur. At one o'clock the following morning, the doctor witnesses the death of Old Whateley. He hears, coming from the second floor overhead, a rhythmical surging or lapping sound, as of the waves on some level beach.

By this time, Wilbur is in correspondence with a number of scholars and librarians, including Dr. Armitage. Wilbur is suspected of foul play in several disappearances that have lately plagued the area.

1925: Dr. Henry Armitage of Miskatonic University calls upon Wilbur Whateley at the latter's home in Dunwich. Armitage has been corresponding with Whateley for some time, but is surprised at the youth's appearance. Wilbur is six and three-quarters feet tall.

1926: Lavinia is no longer allowed to join Wilbur in the twice-annual ceremonies atop Sentinel Hill. She confides to Mamie Bishop that she has grown to fear Wilbur.

1926, October 31: Lavinia Whateley disappears.

1927, Summer: Wilbur moves his library and effects into the two sheds and begins further carpentry work on the house. He first boards up all the ground floor windows, then removes the interior walls and ceilings. He is now over seven feet tall.

1927–1928, Winter: Wilbur Whateley, now almost eight feet tall, visits the Miskatonic University Library and copies a formula from the dread *Necronomicon.* He asks to borrow the tome, but Armitage refuses to lend it. The librarian, alarmed by the appearance of the young man and by his studies, contacts Dr. Houghton of Aylesbury, visits Dunwich Village, studies the *Necronomicon*, and communicates with several Boston students of archaic lore. A short time later, Armitage learns that Whateley visited Cambridge, attempting to study Harvard's copy of the *Necronomicon*. The librarian, alerted to the danger by Dr. Armitage, refused Wilbur access to the volume.

1928, August 3: In the early morning hours, Wilbur Whateley attempts to steal Miskatonic's copy of the *Necronomicon*, but is killed by the school's watchdog. Officials attempting to locate and notify heirs visit the Whateley house. Repelled by the stench, they do not enter the building. Wilbur's library, found in a tool shed he has been living in, is given to the Miskatonic Library.

1928, September 2: After nearly a month's work, Armitage succeeds in translating the first complete passage from Wilbur's diary.

1928, September 3: Armitage reads all day.

1928, September 4—Tuesday: Morgan and Rice visit Armitage. The librarian tells them something. They depart trembling and ashen-gray.

1928, September 5—Wednesday: Armitage applies new effort to translating Whateley's diary.

1928, September 6—Thursday: Dr. Hartwell, Armitage's personal physician, visits the librarian and, noting the scholar's condition, insists he cease work.

1928, September 7—Friday: Armitage, bedridden and semi-delirious, speaks of the imperative need of a long conference with Rice and Morgan.

1928, September 8—Saturday: Armitage meets with Rice and Morgan, and the three men discuss the issue at hand. They spend the day in the library researching "strange and terrible books."

1928, September 9—Sunday: Armitage spends the day comparing formulae and mixing chemicals. That night, ravenously hungry, the Horror breaks out of the Whateley house, leaving it in ruins. After attacking and scattering Seth Bishop's cows in the upper pasture, the thing travels west to Glen Road, then turns south before entering the Glen.

1928, September 10—Monday: Evidence of the Horror is spotted by Luther Brown, hired boy of George Corey, while he is taking the cows out to pasture. Huge, unnatural footprints are found in the Glen Road. It is later discovered by Chauncey Sawyer that the Whateley house is in ruins. The first wounded cows, belonging to Seth Bishop, are discovered near Devil's Hopyard. The monster is tracked to Cold Spring Glen, where a trail of smashed trees leads down into the dark ravine. No one dares enter. In Arkham, Armitage spends the day further researching Wilbur's diary.

1928, September 11—Tuesday: At 2 a.m., the Elmer Frye farm is attacked by the Dunwich Horror. The barn is destroyed and three-quarters of the cattle lost. The few surviving animals have to be destroyed. Zebulon Whateley, of a branch of the family only semi-decayed, suggests holding a hilltop ceremony to get

Elmer & Selina Frye

rid of the presence. A small, humorous article appears in the *Aylesbury Transcript*, while in Arkham, Armitage, Rice, and Morgan map out their strategy.

1928, September 12—Monday: The *Aylesbury Transcript* article, picked up by the Associated Press, appears in the *Arkham Advertiser* and is seen by Armitage. That night the dogs at the Frye and Seth Bishop households bark all night. In the morning tracks leading to and from Sentinel Hill are discovered.

1928, September 13—Tuesday: Armitage, Rice, and Morgan lay their last-minute plans.

1928, September 14—Wednesday: At 3 a.m., the Elmer Frye family is wiped out by the Horror. Late in the morning, Armitage, Rice, and Morgan set out for Dunwich by motor, arriving about one o'clock in the afternoon. They tour the village, Sentinel Hill, and the ruins of the Frye farm. Discovering the empty State Police car parked near the edge of the glen, they decide to spend the night waiting for the Horror to emerge.

Sally and Chauncey Sawyer

1928, September 15—Thursday: In the morning, while the three Miskatonic professors debate the wisdom of entering the Glen, the horror emerges from the south end of the ravine, its movements spotted by young Luther Brown. The Horror moves north along the road until it reaches the Seth Bishop house. Here it destroys the building and its occupants, Seth Bishop, housekeeper Sally Sawyer, and her young son, Chauncey. The three Miskatonic professors shortcut across to the ruins of the Bishop house, then follow the monster's trail to Sentinel Hill. Racing to the summit, they meet and destroy the creature.

Character Statistics

[See Appendix 3, Entries 13a and 28–31]

Dr. Francis Morgan, age, 31

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 17 POW 16

DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 20 SAN 69 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 35%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 25%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 75%, damage special
.45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2
.30 Semi-Automatic Rifle 80%, damage 2D6+3
20-Gauge Pump Shotgun 75%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Spells: Banish Spawn of Yog-Sothoth.

Skills: Abenaki Artifacts 45%, Anthropology 15%, Arabic 40%, Archaeology 75%, Assyrian Cuneiform 35%, Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 55%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 70%, Egyptology 60%, First Aid 45%, Hebrew 35%, Hide 20%, Jump 40%, Listen 35%, Operate Heavy Machinery 25%, Pilot Aircraft 45%, Ride 45%, Sneak 15%, Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swahili 65%, Swim 45%, Throw 45%, Track 10%.

Dr. Warren Rice, age 48

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 14

DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 61 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 35%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 25%, damage 1D6+1D4

Spells: Banish Spawn of Yog-Sothoth.

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 25%, Climb 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 25%, Drive Automobile 35%, History 55%, Library Use 88%, Occult 17%, Ride 25%.

Languages: Arabic 55%, Greek 85%, Hebrew 75%, Latin 95%.

Wilbur Whateley, age 15 (at time of death in 1928)

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 21 INT 21 POW 20

DEX 14 APP 7 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 19

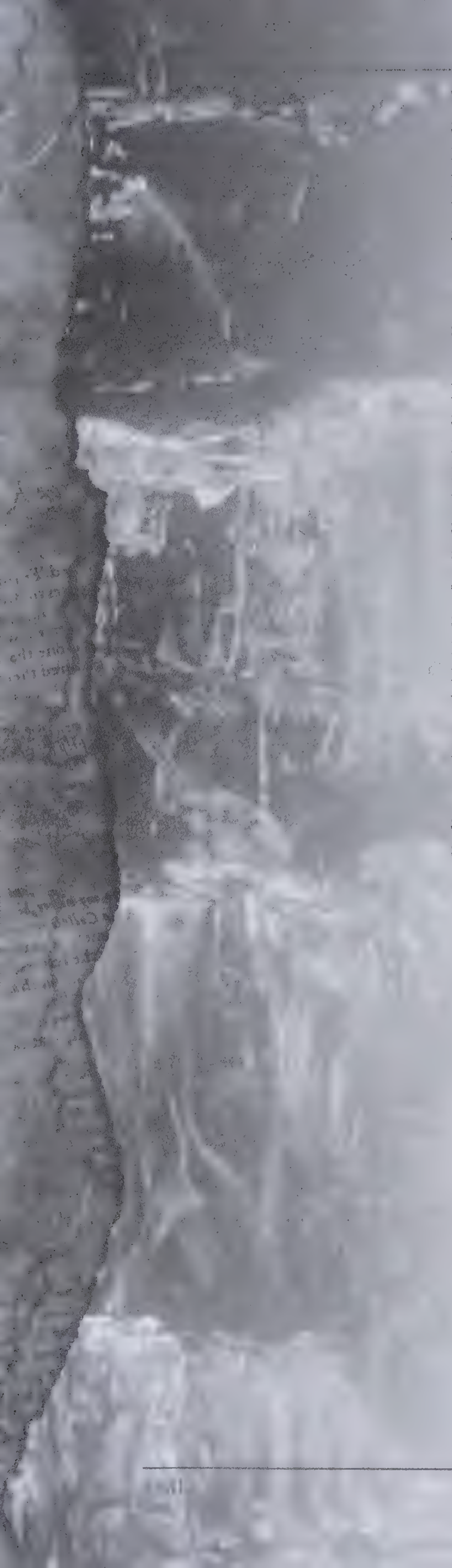
Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kick 45% damage 1D6+1D6
Head Butt 55%, damage 1D4+1D6
.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2

Spells: Augur, Blight Crop, Call Yog-Sothoth, Cause Blindness, Contact Nyarlathotep, Create Gate, Death Spell, Dust of Ibn-Ghazi, Evil Eye, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Byakhee/Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Warding, Wither Limb.

Skills: Aklo 65%, Arabic 25%, Astronomy 25%, Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 38%, Dodge 55%, Drive Wagon 55%, English 75%, Greek 45%, Hide 55%, History 35%, Jump 65%, Latin 65%, Library Use 25%, Listen 90%, Occult 45%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Sanity Loss: Meeting the clothed Wilbur Whateley for the first time costs 0/1. Seeing the unclothed Wilbur Whateley costs 1/1D8.



Wizard (Noah) Whateley, age 72 (at time of death in 1924)

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Staff 80%, damage 1D8+1.

Spells: Augur, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Call Yog-Sothoth, Cause Blindness, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Death Spell, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Shrivelling, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Warding.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Drive Sleigh 65%, First Aid 25%, History 15%, Library Use 10%, Occult 25%, Persuade 25%.

Lavinia Whateley, age 47 (at time of death in 1926)

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 8 INT 8 POW 7
DEX 10 APP 8 EDU 4 SAN 0 HP 8

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Scratch at Eyes 55%, damage 1D3.

Spells: Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Evil Eye.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Occult 15%, Pick Pocket 25%, Sneak 65%.

The Son of Yog-Sothoth

STR 35 CON 30 SIZ 50 INT 21 POW 24
DEX 21 HP 40 Move 9

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

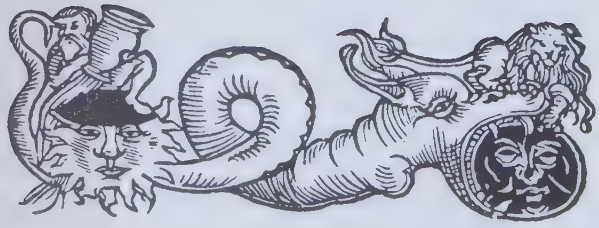
Weapon: Grasp and Suck 100%, 1D6+4D6 crushing damage every round plus 1D10 points of blood drain every round after the first

Armor: None, but cannot be harmed by physical weapons. Enchanted weapons do only minimum damage. The creature is susceptible to magic, but only when visible. It is normally totally invisible except when feeding.

Spells: Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Death Spell, Implant Fear, Stop Heart, Voorish Sign.

Sanity Loss: When invisible 1/1D8, visible 1D8/3D10.

[See "New Creatures" in Appendix 3.]



Appendix 2:

Mysteries, Legends, & Rumors

This collection of hints and clues are provided for use by the keeper. They are intended to help or confuse the investigators. The rumors are grouped by their region of origin: either the village or any of the nine areas defined by the book. A number in parentheses indicates which entry explains the rumor in more detail. Although grouped by area, any rumor might be encountered anywhere in the township. There are no rumors about the Believers listed. The only people who might gossip about the group are those few families who fear them. These people fear retribution and will not speak up unless the investigators have somehow gained their confidence.

The Village

- Years ago, some of the Bishops were buried in specially built coffins filled with alcohol (Dunwich Cemetery).
- The Farmer twins, nine-year-old Martha and Shirley, sometimes speak cryptic portents of the future (12).
- Seventeen-year-old Robert Bishop is in trouble and has been ordered by the squire to join the army (23).
- Sally Baker is touched in the head and exhibits more than one personality (27).
- Old Walter Bishop has been acting strangely, and he is often seen wandering the streets late at night (40).
- John Bishop's wife didn't die accidentally (42).
- Counterfeiting tools were discovered in the old Bishop house in 1809 (47).
- The squire keeps a certain object in his house that was once demanded by Ezra Whateley. It is this cursed object that brought about the downfall of Dunwich (51).
- The Gardner sisters are terrible gossips (57).

- Virginia Adams is a no-good slut who keeps luring husbands away from their families (59).
- Virginia Adams has been meeting with a man from North Ridge (59).
- Virginia Adams has been seen in the company of J. B. Monroe (59 & 115).
- The "old Whitney place" is haunted by the ghost of Jed Whitney, the former owner who hung himself here ten years ago (85). (This story is usually only told by children.)
- Old Lady Conley is a witch (88). (This story is usually only told by children.)
- Little Becky Whateley, 14, is pregnant again, maybe by her father or one of the local boys. No one knows what becomes of the babies (89).
- Mother Bishop is 125 years old and knows many things. She has a large collection of ancient books (92).
- The big mill up the river is haunted by the ghosts of the six boys murdered there in 1806. Ghostly screams can sometimes be heard, and blood appears on the walls (M4).

Region 1: Northwest

- J.B. Monroe, 21, is a vicious youth and has been banned from the village by Squire Whateley (115).
- George Judson set fire to his brother's farm, killing the entire family (117).
- Amos Whateley runs a still and cheats his customers on the quantities (119).
- There's a strange stone statue in the backyard of the Hobrowski farm (120).
- Seth and Amos Whateley, brothers, have a long-standing feud over some money (123).
- West of Talbot Road, south of Divide Ridge, there's a clearing surrounded by ancient oaks with faces carved in them (Druid's Grove).

Region 2: North

- Silas Bishop once saw Lavinia and the young Wilbur Whateley running naked up the side of Sentinel Hill (202).
- The Wilson and Dunstable families are a dangerous bunch of hill people. They are probably murderers and maybe cannibals (203 & 204).
- There are healing baths just above Sulphur Swamp, good for the soul and the body.
- A mystererious pool has three inlets but no visible outlets.
- Wonder Creek springs from the side of Pyramid Mountain. The water is near-boiling hot, and the spring never freezes over.
- The air around Sulphur Swamp is poisonous.
- A panther has been seen around the area of Panther Creek.

Region 3: Northeast

- The houses near Wizard's Hill are abandoned and haunted by the ghosts of Jacob Whateley's victims (301 & 302).
- Old Granny Barnes lives far out in the woods. She is occasionally helped by Fred Farr, her nearest neighbor (308).
- A mysterious, aged Indian has been seen in this area (309).
- Snake Bog is so-named because of the unusual number of serpents that inhabit the area around Snake Pond.
- Pyramid Mountain is always the last prominence to be covered by snow in winter, and the first to thaw at the onset of spring.

Region 4: West

- There is a long-standing feud between the Prescott and Dunlock families.
- Irene Place can foretell the future by examining the entrails of animals (407).
- Joshua Place is the best dowser in the valley (407).
- Angie Dunlock gave birth last year to a still-born monster. Her father, Caleb, put it in jar of alcohol and sold it to a carnival passing through Aylesbury (408).
- Abraham Dunlock runs cock fights at his farm every Sunday afternoon.
- James Prescott regularly beats his wife, Beryl (419).

- Jonah Prescott has a mysterious cave on his property. This man is said to have explored most of the caves and mines in the valley (420).
- Little Jennifer Prescott was lost in 1924 after wandering into the abandoned mine on the south face of Harsen's Peak (424).
- Jubal Hutchins' fair young bride is only thirteen years old (425).
- An ancient oak, called the Witch Tree, stands on the property of Markham Prescott. The tree is believed to have killed a state surveyor who attempted to attach a marker to it (426).
- Calvin Prescott keeps three wives at his farm (439).
- Cyril Hutchins keeps his insane uncle, Caleb, locked away in the cellar of his house (442).
- Caleb Hutchins once used dynamite to try and blow up the standing stones atop Mt. Hutchins, and he was struck dead on the spot.
- Over the years, several children have drowned near the same bend in the Miskatonic River. Their bodies were never recovered.

Region 5: Central

- Curtis Whateley has been acting strangely ever since the events of the Dunwich Horror. It is said that he never sleeps at all—just like his cousin, Wilbur (502).
- The ruins of the Whateley house are covered with a strange, sticky goo. This substance seems to wax and wane with the phases of the moon (503). There are traces of this stuff on the ruins of Seth Bishop's house as well (506).
- The Whateley's gold came from a buried treasure they discovered. (This rumor is generally disbelieved after the discovery of counterfeiting tools in the house of Tracer Bishop in 1809.) (503)
- The Whateleys had a secret mine from which they supplied themselves with gold (503).
- Zebulon Whateley seems to know more about the Dunwich Horror than he tells (507). His house has numerous strange objects in it.
- Willy Harsen murdered his wife and her Aylesbury lover, burying the bodies in a remote location near Harris Road (509).
- Charlie and Ethel are a couple of the "good Potters" (514), unlike Charlie's nephews, Temple, Jubal, and Jedediah.
- Charlie Potter tried to salvage some of the timbers of the Whateley ruins, but found them unusable due to the slimy substance that clings to them (514).
- Norman Stubbs, angered at his wife's incessant gossiping, cut out her tongue with a knife (521).
- The two Stubbs brothers, Norman and Vernon, are notorious poachers (521, 522 & Region 7).
- Abner Brown was murdered several years ago by Matthew Potter, Temple's father (526).
- Atop Sentinel Hill, there is a strange slab of stone covered with carvings. It has been here since before the coming of the white man.
- Recently, a ghost has been seen haunting Cold Spring Glen. It is believed to be one of the policemen killed by lightning last fall.
- The Devil's Hopyard, on the side of Bishop Mountain, is a place where nothing grows. Animals that are kept there too long sometimes go mad.

Region 6: East

- Jaspar Bentley is the last living member of the Bentleys who unsuccessfully searched for the source of the Whateley gold. He used to work in his grandfather's mines. Both his father and grandfather were killed by a cave-in (603).
- Duncan Abbott has a strange and unwholesome fascination for a face carved in the stone on the mountain behind his house (609).
- The water at the old Johnson farm suddenly turned bad one day and poisoned the entire family (610).
- Sharon Osgood is "not right in the head." She lives with a son that no one has seen for years. The son is believed long dead, the last in a series of tragedies that beset them after a meteor passed over their house in June of 1882 (611).
- Wizard's Hill is haunted by the ghost of Jacob Whateley.
- The water in Harsen's pond is poisoned.

Region 7: Southwest

- Two years ago Jack Harris went crazy and murdered his entire family before killing himself (713).

- Wild dogs have been roaming the area, killing livestock.

Region 8: South

- Argus and Marvel Barnes have been crazy ever since eating those malformed chickens a few years ago (807).
- Hiram Callahan is a mean old hermit (812).
- Gabriel and Honor Frye's herd has been stricken by a mysterious disease for the third year (817).
- Annabelle Bishop is a full-blooded Indian and knows old legends about the area (819).
- Three strange cairns of stone stand near Squaw Creek.

Region 9: Southeast

- A little girl, Lindy Perkins, disappeared last year, showing up at her home days later (907).
- William Jenkins disappeared last year in Harsen's Swamp, probably a victim of quicksand (914).
- Temple Potter, along with his cousins, Jubal and Jedediah, are troublemakers and criminals (916 & 917).
- A huge stone head lies on its side in Harsen's Swamp.
- A monster inhabits Harsen's Swamp.
- Several people have disappeared over the years while in the vicinity of Indian Hill.
- There is a mine in the area where a little girl was once lost.

Appendix 3: d20 System Conversions

The d20 version of *H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich* works best with 1st to 3rd level characters. A group of low-level investigators should be able to spend a considerable amount of time gathering information in Dunwich before drawing guns or starting fights. However, a few powerful creatures (and a god) are lurking in this book, so wise investigators should follow the time-honored *Call of Cthulhu* tradition of running from anything more powerful than they are.

Variant Rule: Taking Away "Taking 10"

Most of the skill checks in this book are also scaled for low-level characters. Gamemasters who allow higher-level characters should consider using a variant rule, one that eliminates "taking 10" on skill checks. Adventures play out somewhat differently when characters do not automatically succeed at every Gather Information or Research check. Under this variant, skill checks that would otherwise seem superfluous become more challenging. Language checks (such as a roll to Read Hyperborean) should be an exception.

The GM should continue to allow characters to "take 20"(at least, when it's normally an option). This drastically reduces the time spent on tiresome, repetitive tasks like searching abandoned farmhouses and fiddling with locked doors.

For characters above 6th level, the GM should consider occasionally raising a skill check's DC by 5, as well as raising the character level of Dunwich's more infamous citizens.

New Characters

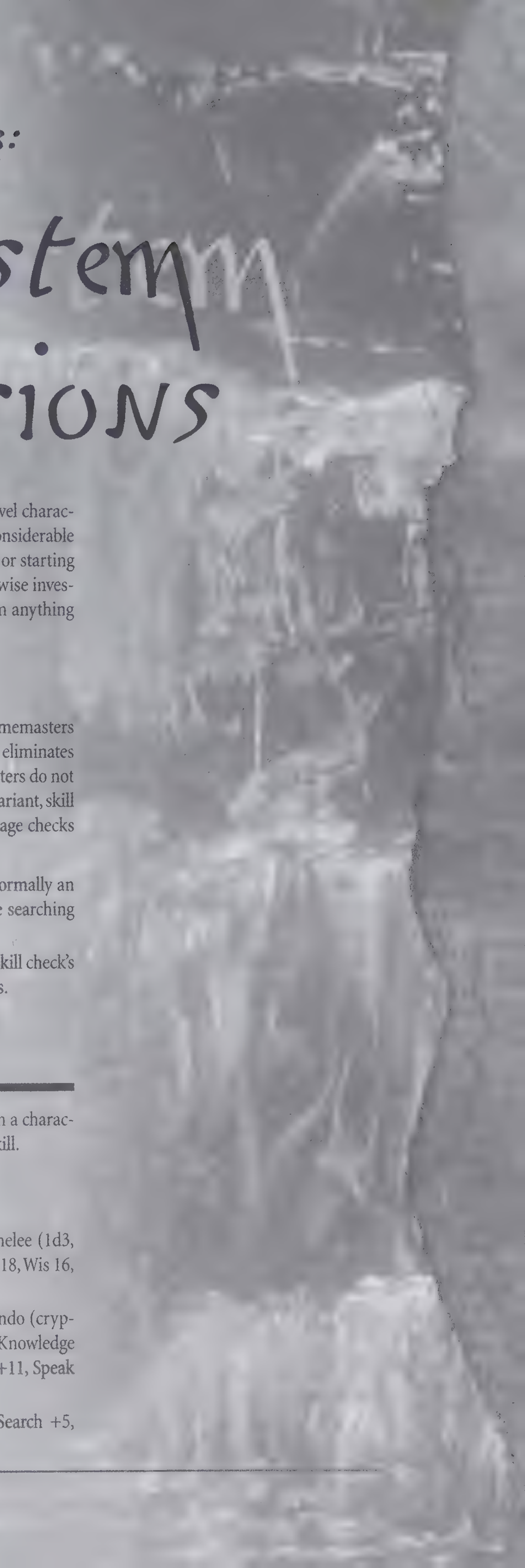
The following characters were created using the Defense bonus variant rule. When a character has Speak Language for his or her native language, it's treated as a 13th core skill.

#1. Dr. Henry Armitage, University Librarian, age 73

4th-level Defense Option; 12 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk. -2 melee (1d3, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +7; SZ M; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 8, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 13. San 55.

Core Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +3, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +8, Innuendo (cryptography) +10, Knowledge (art [literature]) +10, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (occult) +5, Research +11, Sense Motive +5, Speak English +11, Speak French +11, Speak German +9, Speak Greek +9, Speak Latin +11.

Non-Core Skills: Concentrate +0, Craft (chemistry) +5, Listen +3, Spot +3, Search +5, Spellcraft +5.



Feats: Dodge, Run, Trustworthy

Spells: Banishment of Yte Etad, Create Powder of Ibn-Ghazi.

#2. Garson Casterwell, Scholar and Linguist, age 28

3rd-level Defense Option; 19 h.p.; Init +2; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –2 melee (1d3+1, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +4; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 14. San 62.

Core Skills: Craft (photography) +6, Craft (writing) +4, Cthulhu Mythos +3, Drive +7, Jump +6, Knowledge (anthropology) +8, Knowledge (archaeology) +9, Knowledge (history) +11, Research +9, Ride +2, Speak English +12, Speak French +9, Speak Greek +9, Speak Latin +9.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (occult) +4, Knowledge (geology) +4, Listen +3, Speak Hyperborean +6, Spot +3, Swim +2.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [history]), Skill Emphasis (Speak English), Skill Emphasis (Speak Latin).

#3. Peter Crait, Local Hunter and Tracker, age 44

3rd-level Offense Option; 22 h.p.; Init +3; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +5 melee (1d4+2, hunting knife) or +6 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +3; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 10. San 45.

Core Skills: Climb +8, Escape Artist +3, Hide +11, Jump +8, Knowledge (occult) +6, Listen +8, Move Silently +11, Search +0, Spot +8, Swim +2, Use Rope +3, Wilderness Lore +8.

Feats: Stealthy, Track, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (shotgun).

#4. Marie Bishop, Schoolmarm

1st-level Defense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +1; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –4 melee (1d2, metal-edged ruler) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +7; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 13. San 85.

Core Skills: Concentrate +6, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Diplomacy +8, Drive +4, Knowledge (accounting) +7, Knowledge (anthropology) +4, Knowledge (archaeology) +4, Knowledge (astronomy) +6, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (occult) +7, Research +10, Ride +5, Spellcraft +7.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (law) +4, Listen +5, Search +4, Spot +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Diplomacy), Skill Emphasis (Research).

Spells: Augury, Bind Enemy, Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Warding the Evil Eye.

#5. Squire Whateley, Town Squire

3rd-level Offense Option; 13 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 20 ft. (walks with cane); Atk. +3 melee (1d6, cavalry saber), +3 ranged (2d8, Colt M1917 revolver); SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14. San 54.

Core Skills: Bluff +1, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +10, Knowledge (accounting) +8, Knowledge (law) +8, Knowledge (occult) +3, Listen +4, Research +6, Ride +9, Sense Motive +8, Spot +4, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Ride), Trustworthy, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (pistol).

#6. Red Croft, The Squire's Man

2nd-level Offense Option; 11 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +5 melee (1d2+2 subdual, whip) or +0 melee (1d3+2, punch); SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M: Str 14, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9. San 45.

Core Skills: Animal Empathy +2, Climb +7, Drive Carriage +7, Jump +6, Listen +5, Repair +5, Ride +6, Search +3, Spot +3, Wilderness Lore +2.

Feats: Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip), Weapon Focus (whip), Weapon Proficiency (melee).

Note: A whip has a x2 critical mod and deals subdual damage. It deals no damage to any creature with a +1 armor bonus or at least a +3 natural armor bonus. Although Red keeps it in hand, treat it as a projectile weapon with a maximum range of 15 feet and no range penalties. Because the whip can wrap around an enemy's leg or other limb, Red can make trip attacks with it. If Red is tripped during his own trip attempt, he can drop the whip to avoid being tripped. Red gets a +2 bonus on opposed attack rolls when attempting to disarm an opponent (including the roll to keep from being disarmed if Red fails to disarm his opponent).

#7. Virginia, Town Vamp

1st-level Defense Option; 10 h.p.; Init +2; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –4 melee (1d2, fingernails) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4; SZ M: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 15. San 55.

Core Skills: Bluff +6, Concentrate +5, Cthulhu Mythos +2, Diplomacy +6, Hide +8, Knowledge (biology) +3, Knowledge (occult) +9, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +4, Spot +4, Spellcraft +6.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [occult]), Stealthy.

Spells: Augury, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Warding.

#8. Anthony Ames, Petty Thief

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +2; AC 14 (+2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –4 melee (1d3, pocket knife) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will –1; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 9. San 40.

Core Skills: Climb +7, Escape Artist +6, Hide +8, Innuendo +3, Jump +4, Listen +2, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +6, Search +1, Sleight of Hand +5, Use Rope +3.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Climb), Stealthy.

#9. Lemuel Whateley, Troublesome Local

1st-level Defense Option; 9 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –1 melee (1d6, shovel) or +0 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will –1; SZ M; Str 16, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 8. San 33.

Core Skills: Climb +3, Hide +6, Jump +3, Listen +5, Ride +4, Sleight of Hand +4, Search –1, Sneak +6, Spot –1, Swim +3, Tumble +4, Wilderness Lore +3.

Feats: Alertness, Stealthy.

#10. Abigail Conley, The Witch-Woman

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init –1; AC 11 (–1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –5 melee (1d6, walking stick); SV Fort +0, Ref –1, Will +5; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 8. San 30.

Core Skills: Bluff +6, Concentrate +2, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Hide +5, Knowledge (astronomy) +2, Knowledge (occult) +5, Knowledge (pharmacy) +2, Listen +7, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Spellcraft +3, Spot +7, Wilderness Lore +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Bluff), Stealthy.

Spells: Augury, Blind, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Evil Eye, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Warding the Evil Eye.

#11. Cap Pritchett, Postman

1st-level Defense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +0; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 30 ft.; Atk –4 melee (1d3 subdual, riding crop) or –3 ranged (2d8, .45 revolver); SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +1; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 14. San 62.

Core Skills: Animal Empathy +3, Bluff +3, Diplomacy +9, Drive Carriage +8, Handle Animal +3, Knowledge (accounting) +3, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (occult) +1, Listen +7, Ride +5, Search +0, Spot +7, Wilderness Lore +2.

Feats: Alertness, Skill Emphasis (Diplomacy), Skill Emphasis (Drive Carriage).

#12. Mother Bishop, Witness to History

1st-level Defense Option; 4 h.p.; Init –2; AC 10 (–2 Dex, +2 Def); Spd 20 ft.; Atk –6 melee (anything); SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +6; SZ M; Str 7, Dex 6, Con 7, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 10. San 62.

Core Skills: Concentrate +3, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information (Dunwich Secrets) +10, Innuendo +8, Knowledge (astronomy) +4, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (occult) +10, Knowledge (pharmacy) +4, Listen +8, Sense Motive +8, Spellcraft +7, Wilderness Lore +8.

Non-Core Skill: Heal +5.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [occult]), Trustworthy.

#13a. Noah (Wizard) Whateley, Before His Death

4th-level Offense Option; 16 h.p.; Init –1; AC 9 (–1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +4 melee (1d6, staff) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +8; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 9, Con 11, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 8. San 0.

Core Skills: Concentrate +7, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Diplomacy +0, Drive Sleigh +6, Heal +11, Hide +6, Innuendo +10, Knowledge (occult) +11, Listen +11, Move Silently +6, Research +10, Spellcraft +10, Spot +11.

Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Mobility, Weapon Proficiency (melee).

Wizard Whateley's Spells: Augury, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Call Yog-Sothoth, Blind, Contact Nyarlathotep, Death by Flames, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Evil Eye, Freak Weather, Mindblast, Lame Animal, Shrivelling, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/bind Star Vampire, Warding the Evil Eye.

Note to the Keeper: Consider adding spells like Deflect Harm and Flesh Ward to make encounters with The corpse of Wizard Whateley more difficult.

#13b. The Corpse of Wizard Whateley

Resurrected Intelligent Undead; HD 4d12; 26 h.p.; Init –2; Spd. 40 ft.; AC 8 (–2 Dex); Atk +1 melee (1d6–2, slam or staff); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., undead traits; SV Fort —, Ref –1, Will +9; SZ M; Str 7, Dex 6, Con —, Int 17, Wis 20, Cha 6. San 0. CR 3.

Core Skills: Concentrate +6, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Diplomacy –2, Drive Sleigh +5, Heal +11, Hide +5, Innuendo +10, Knowledge (occult) +11, Listen +12, Move Silently +5, Research +10, Spellcraft +10, Spot +12.

Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Mobility, Weapon Proficiency (staff).

Artifact: Hyperborean Ferronniére—Resurrects the dead when screwed into a human subject's skull. Resurrection inflicts a permanent drain of 1d4 to Strength, Dexterity, and Charisma and reduces Sanity to 0. The resurrected corpse becomes undead; as part of this, it gains undead traits, its Hit Die changes to a d12, and it no longer has a Constitution score.

At first, the weak-willed undead has one-fourth its previous Wisdom (round down). It serves as a slave to the first voice it hears upon resurrection. Once each week, the subject can attempt a Will save (DC 20); if the check succeeds, the undead not only regains its former Wisdom, but also gains a +2 bonus to Wisdom from the artifact. The corpse slowly regenerates flesh over time, but if the artifact is removed, the body crumbles to dust.

#14. J. B. Monroe, Bad Seed

1st-level Offense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, club) or +3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2; SZ M; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 13. San 33.

Core Skills: Bluff +2, Climb +8, Drive +2, Escape Artist +5, Hide +8, Jump +8, Listen +2, Move Silently +8, Search +0, Spot +2, Use Rope +2, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Athletic, Stealthy, Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#15. Amos Whateley, Illiterate Gold Digger

1st-level Offense Option; 8 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Spd 30 ft.; Atk +2 melee (1d6+2, pickaxe) or +0 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will –1; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 8. San 28.

Core Skills: Bluff +6, Climb +2, Craft (woodwork) +3, Disable Device +1, Drive +0, Gather Information +3, Hide +6, Listen –1, Move Silently +6, Repair +1, Spot +3, Use Rope +1.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Bluff), Stealthy, Weapon Proficiency (melee).

#16. Roger McClean, Escaped Con

3rd-level Offense Option; 19 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d3+2, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +0; SZ M; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 9. San 55.

Core Skills: Bluff +5, Climb +2, Disable Device +3, Escape Artist +7, Hide +10, Jump +8, Listen +6, Move Silently +10, Repair +6, Search +0, Spot +0, Tumble +6.

Feats: Martial Arts, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (punch).

#17. Chester Hutchins, Troublesome Brawler

3rd-level Offense Option; 19 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Atk +8 melee (1d3+4, punch) or +3 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will –1; SZ M; Str 18, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 9. San 40.

Core Skills: Climb +10, Craft (woodwork) +5, Drive +2, Gather Information +0, Hide +3, Jump +10, Listen +5, Move Silently +3, Spot +5, Swim +4, Use Rope +2, Wilderness Lore +1.

Feats: Martial Arts, Weapon Focus (punch), Toughness.

#18. The Witch Tree, Huge Evil Plant

HD 4d8+20; 40 h.p.; Init –1; Spd —; AC 13 (–1 Dex, –1 size, +4 natural armor); Atk +12/+7/+2 melee (2d6+9, 3 branches); SQ Blindsight, plant traits; Reach 10 ft.; SV Fort +9, Ref +0, Will +8; SZ H; Str 28, Dex 8, Con 20, Int 3, Wis 25, Cha 1. CR 3.

Skills: Concentrate +5, Wilderness Lore +7.

Feats: None.

Spells: Charm Animal, Clutch of Nyogtha, Death by Flames, Freak Weather, Mindblast.

#19. Zebulon Whateley, Experimental Brewer

1st-level Defense Option; 6 h.p.; Init +1; AC 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Def); Atk –4 melee (1d3–1, punch) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +2; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 13. San 50.

Core Skills: Craft (brewing) +7, Diplomacy +5, Drive +5, Gather Information +5, Heal +9, Knowledge (astronomy) +4, Knowledge (occult) +6, Knowledge (pharmacy) +10, Listen +3, Repair +3, Spot +3, Wilderness Lore +6.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Heal), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [pharmacy]).

#20. Roger Axwater, Maniac Cop

1st-level Offense Option; 7 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atk +6 melee (1d3+5, punch) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 20, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 4, San 2.

Core Skills: Climb +5, Gather Information +1, Hide +11, Intimidate +1, Jump +5, Listen +0, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +5, Search +4, Sense Motive +4, Spot +0, Wilderness Lore +4.

Feats: Martial Arts, Skill Emphasis (Hide), Stealthy.

#21. Norman Stubbs, Big Brother

3rd-level Offense Option; 19 h.p.; Init +0; AC 10; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, club) or +4 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +0; SZ M; Str 17, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 7. San 30.

Core Skills: Climb +3, Craft (woodwork) +4, Escape Artist +3, Hide +6, Jump +3, Knowledge (biology) +1, Listen +5, Move Silently +6, Spot +5, Use Rope +3, Wilderness Lore +8.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Wilderness Lore), Track, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (shotgun).

#22. Jack Hartwell, Best Shot in Dunwich

4th-level Offense Option; Init +4; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Atk –3 melee (1d3+1, punch) or +9 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +2, Ref +8, Will +2; SZ M; Str 13, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 11. San 70.

Skills: Climb +8, Hide +11, Jump +2, Listen +8, Move Silently +11, Performance (harmonica) +1, Ride +7, Search +3, Spot +8, Swim +8, Use Rope +9, Wilderness Lore +8.

Feats: WP (shotgun), Track, Weapon Focus (shotgun).

#23. The Hartwell Boys, Damn Fine Hunters

3rd-level Offense Option; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +0 melee (1d3+1, punch) or +6 ranged (2d10, rifle); [Terry has +7 ranged (3d6, shotgun)]; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 11. San 65.

Skills: Climb +2, Craft +1, Hide +5, Jump +1, Listen +7, Move Silently +5, Ride +8, Search +7, Spot +7, Swim +2, Use Rope +2, Wilderness Lore +7.

Feats: WP (rifle), WP (shotgun); Harrison also has Weapon Focus (rifle); Alex has Track; Terry has Dodge.

#24. Callech, Resurrected Intelligent Undead Druid

HD 6d12; 39 h.p.; Init +1; Spd. 40 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atk +3 melee (1d6, cudgel) or +1 ranged; SQ Darkvision 60 ft., undead traits; SV Fort —, Ref +6, Will +10; SZ M; Str 10, Dex 12, Con —, Int 17, Wis 20, Cha 12. CR 5.

Core Skills: Animal Empathy +10, Concentration +10, Cthulhu Mythos +4, Diplomacy +10, Handle Animal +10, Heal +9, Hide +12, Listen +7, Move Silently +12, Knowledge (biology) +12, Spellcraft +12, Spot +7, Wilderness Lore +15.

Feats: Combat Casting, Skill Emphasis (Wilderness Lore), Stealthy, Track, Weapon Proficiency (melee).

Spells: Augury, Blight Crop, Call Dark Young/Horned Man, Charm Animal, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Fire Vampire, Death by Flames, Dream Vision, Freak Weather, Healing Touch, Lame Animal, Mindblast.

#25. Ned Allen, Veteran of the Great War

3rd-level Offense Option; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk –1 melee (1d3+2, punch) or +6 ranged (rifle, 2d10); SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +0; SZ M; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 13. San 35.

Skills: Climb +5, Heal +5, Hide +10, Jump +5, Knowledge (geography) +1, Listen +5, Move Silently +10, Spot +5, Swim +5, Ride +8, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +5.

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Focus (M1 Garand Rifle), Weapon Proficiency (rifle), Weapon Proficiency (throw).

#26. Jubal & Jedediah Potter; Psychopathic Kinfolk

1st-level Offense Option; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, long knife) or +3 ranged (2d10, rifle); SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will –2; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 6, Cha 8. San 25.

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (tanning) +2, Craft (trapmaking) +2, Disable Device +2, Escape Artist +3, Hide +4, Innuendo +2, Move Silently +4, Open Lock +4, Ride +6, Sleight of Hand +6, Use Rope +5.

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (rifle).

#27. Temple Potter, Degenerate Psychopath

3rd-level Offense Option; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +5 melee (1d3+1, razor) or +5 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will –1; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 6, Cha 8. San 20.

Skills: Bluff +5, Climb +7, Craft (pottery) +3, Craft (tanning) +3, Escape Artist +7, Hide +10, Innuendo +4, Listen +4, Move Silently +10, Open Lock +6, Sense Motive +4, Spot +4.

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Focus (razor), Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (rifle).

#28. Dr. Francis Morgan, Two-Fisted Archaeologist

2nd-level Offense Option; 15 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +5 melee (1d3+3, fisticuffs) or +4 ranged (2d10, rifle; or 3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +3; SZ M; Str 16, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 14. San 69.

Core Skills: Climb +8, Cthulhu Mythos +3, Drive +7, Heal +5, Jump +8, Knowledge (anthropology) +4, Knowledge (archaeology) +8, Knowledge (geography) +4, Knowledge (medicine) +4, Listen +8, Pilot (aircraft) +4, Ride +4, Spot +8.

Non-Core Skills: Hide +3, Move Silently +3, Read Assyrian Cuneiform +4, Read Egyptian Hieroglyphics +4, Speak Arabic +4, Speak Hebrew +4, Speak Swahili +4, Speak Spanish +4.

Feats: Martial Arts, Weapon Proficiency (rifle), Weapon Proficiency (shotgun).

#29. Dr. Warren Rice, Steadfast Scholar

2nd-level Defense Option; 11 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Atk –2 melee (1d3+1, punch) or +1 ranged; SV Fort +1*, Ref +3, Will +5; SZ M; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 12. San 61.

Core Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +3, Drive +3, Knowledge (anthropology) +3, Knowledge (archaeology) +3, Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (occult) +3, Listen +7, Research +11, Speak Arabic +6, Speak Greek +7, Speak Hebrew +7, Speak Latin +10, Spot +7.

Non-Core Skills: Climb +1, Ride +1, Search +4.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Speak Latin), Skill Emphasis (Research).

** Dr. Rice is prone to fainting at inopportune moments.*

#30. Wilbur Whateley,
Shortly Before His Unfortunate Demise, age 15

2nd-level Offense Option; 18 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +5 melee (1d3+3, punch) or +4 ranged (2d8, revolver); SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +7; SZ M; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 7. San 0.

Core Skills: Climb +8, Cthulhu Mythos +8, Drive Wagon +6, Hide +6, Jump +8, Knowledge (occult) +5, Listen +11, Move Silently +4, Read Aklo +8, Speak English +9, Speak Latin +8, Spellcraft +5, Spot +7.

Non-Core Skills: Knowledge (astronomy) +6, Knowledge (history) +6, Research +6, Speak Arabic +6, Speak Greek +6, Sense Motive +5.

Feats: Martial Artist, Skill Emphasis (Listen), Weapon Proficiency (pistol).

Spells: Augury, Blight Crop, Blind, Call Yog-Sothoth, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Nyarlathotep, Create Gate, Death by Flames, Call Byakhee/Star Vampire, Create Dust of Ibn-Ghazi, Evil Eye, Lame Animal, Mmindblast, Voorish Sign, Warding the Evil Eye, Wither Limb.

#31. Lavinia Whateley, Devoted Mother

1st-level Defense Option; 5 h.p.; Init +0; AC 12 (+2 Def); Atk –5 melee (1d2, scratching at your face) or +0 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +1; SZ M; Str 9, Dex 10, Con 8, Int 8, Wis 7, Cha 8. San 0.

Core Skills: Cthulhu Mythos +3, Hide +4, Knowledge (occult) +3, Listen +3, Move Silently +4, Spellcraft +3, Spot +3, Wilderness Lore +2.

Feats: Dodge, Run.

#32. Isaiah Bishop, Ancient Cannibal

3rd-level Defense Option; 25 h.p.; Init –4; AC 8 (–4 Dex, +2 Def); Atk –2 melee (1d4, claw hammer); SV Fort +7, Ref –3, Will +5; SZ M; Str 5, Dex 2, Con 18, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 1. San 0.

Core Skills: Bluff –2, Craft (cooking) +7, Cthulhu Mythos +2, Hide +2, Knowledge (anthropology) +3, Knowledge (occult) +5, Listen +13, Move Silently +2, Search +7, Spot +10, Use Rope +2.

Feats: Alertness, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Skill Emphasis (Listen).

Spells: Call Horned Man, Clutch of Nyogtha, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Food of Life, Warding the Evil Eye.

#33. David Ray Condon, Apprentice Cannibal

1st-level Offense Option; 11 h.p.; Init +2; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +3 melee (1d6, fireplace poker) or +2 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +1; SZ M; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 8. San 0.

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (cooking) +1, Cthulhu Mythos +1, Drive +6, Hide +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (occult) +1, Listen +5, Move Silently +6, Spot +5, Wilderness Lore +1.

Feats: Dodge, Martial Arts, Weapon Proficiency (melee).

Spells: Evil Eye, Food of Life.

#34. Vernon Stubbs, Little Brother

3rd-level Offense Option; 9 h.p.; Init +1; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Atk +4 melee (1d3+3, punch) or +4 ranged (3d6, shotgun); SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +0; SZ M; Str 17, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 8. San 28.

Skills: Climb +6, Hide +7, Jump +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Spot +6, Swim +6, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +5.

Feats: Martial Arts, Track, Weapon Proficiency (melee), Weapon Proficiency (shotgun).

#35. Zadagrool, Resurrected Undead Hyperborean Wizard

HD 6d12; 42 h.p.; Init +0; Spd. 40 ft.; AC 10 (–2 Dex, +2 Def); Atk +3 melee (1d6, jeweled dagger); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., undead traits; SV Fort—, Ref +2, Will +9; SZ M; Str 11, Dex 11, Con —, Int 19, Wis 18, Cha 12. San 0. CR 5.

Skills: Alchemy +8*, Bluff +10, Concentration +10, Craft (jewelry) +12, Cthulhu Mythos +3, Diplomacy +10, Hide +9, Knowledge (history [Hyperborean]) +7, Knowledge (occult) +10, Knowledge (pharmacy) +11, Move Silently +9, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +12, Wilderness Lore +12.

Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Mobility, Spell Penetration**.

Spells: Blind, Cloud Memory, Contact Cthulhu, Nyarlathotep, Tsathoggua, Create Gate, Create Time Gate, Death by Flames, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Flesh Ward, Obscuring Mist, Shriveling, Suggestion, Call Byakhee/Dimensional Shambler/Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Warding the Evil Eye, Wither Limb.

** Treat as Knowledge (chemistry).*

*** Zadagrool has +2 bonus to caster checks to beat a creature's spell resistance. It's useful against mi-go and the Son of Yog-Sothoth.*

New Creatures

The Son of Yog-Sothoth, Gargantuan Outsider

Spd 45 ft, 45 ft. climb, 15 ft. fly (perfect); HD 16d8+112; 184 h.p.; Init –2; AC 4 (–4 size, –2 Dex); Atk +12 melee (2d8+11, slam); SQ Constitution drain, damage resistance 10/+1, invisible at will, SR 25 when invisible, fast healing 5, fire resistance 5, cold resistance 5, alter size; SV Fort +17, Ref +8, Will +17; 40 ft. by 40 ft./25 ft; SZ G; Str 33, Dex 6, Con 24, Int 21, Wis 24, Cha —. CR 17.

Feats: Cleave, Expertise, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (slam), Power Attack.

Spell: Call Yog-Sothoth ("F-F-FATHER!")

Sanity Loss: When invisible 1/1D8; when visible 1D8/3D10.

Special Qualities:

Alternate Form (Sp): As a standard action, the Son of Yog-Sothoh can take on the appearance of a Medium-size, vaguely humanoid figure.

Improved Grab (Ex): If the Son of Yog-Sothoth hits an opponent smaller than it with a tentacle, it deals normal damage and attempts to start a grapple as a free action without allowing its opponent a free attack. The creature uses a tentacle to hold the opponent. Assuming the victim doesn't break free on its action, the creature can inflict 2d8+11 damage or use Constitution Drain each round.

Constitution Drain (Ex): Once the creature has held an opponent with improved grab, it can permanently drain a living victim of 1d6 points of Constitution per round.

Invisible at Will (Ex): Unless feeding, the Son of Yog-Sothoth is naturally invisible. This means it gains a +2 bonus to all attack rolls made while invisible unless its target can somehow see invisible creatures (via the powder of Ibn-Ghazi or some similar means). Defenders lose all Dexterity bonuses to their Defense. Invisible creatures gain 100% concealment and can only be attacked if their foes have some means of guessing their location; even then, all such attacks suffer a 50% miss chance.

Spell Resistance 25 When Invisible (Ex): The Son of Yog-Sothoth has Spell Resistance 25, but only when invisible. The creature can avoid the effects of spells (and spell-like abilities) that directly affect it. To determine if a spell (or spell-like ability) works, the spellcaster makes a level check (d20+caster level). If the result equals or exceeds the creature's spell resistance rating (or "SR"), the spell works normally, although the creature is still allowed a saving throw.

Abhoth, Source of Uncleanness; Colossal Aberration

HD 32d8+320; 464 h.p.; Init –5; Spd. —; AC 5 (–5 Dex, –8 size, +8 divine); Atk. +22/+17/+12/+7/+2 melee (2d6+15, slam); Reach 6 ft.; SQ Darkvision 120 ft., damage resistance 20/+2 or fire, divine qualities, fire resistance 10, remote communication, spawn children of Abhoth, SR 20, teleport; SV Fort +56, Ref +5, Will +32; SZ C; Str 40, Dex 1, Con 100, Int 13, Wis 50, Cha —. CR 21.

Skills: Concentrate +28, Wilderness Lore +13.

Spells: Nightmare, Send Dreams.

Sanity Loss: 1d3/1d20.

Special Qualities: Spawn Children of Abhoth—One per round, as a free action, Abhoth can spawn an aberration as its "child." For

CofC, any of the eleven creatures listed below should suffice. Abhoth typically belches forth these monsters for its amusement, then promptly devours the child moments later, savoring its suffering as it dies. Roll initiative when a child is spawn; that is the initiative count when it acts on the following turn.

Children of Abhoth

Flying Spawn of Abhoth, Large Aberration

HD 3d8+9; 22 h.p.; Init +1; Spd. 30 ft., 120 ft. flying; Atk. +2 melee (1d4+4, claws), –3 melee (2d6+2, bite); SQ Blindsight; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +0; SZ L; Str 19, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 5, Wis 4, Cha 4. CR 3.

Skills: Hide –1, Listen +0, Move Silently +3, Search +0, Spot +0.

Feats: None.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6.

Crawling Spawn of Abhoth, Tiny Vermin

Spd 40 ft.; HD 1d8; 4 h.p.; Init +0; AC 16 (+4 size, +2 natural armor); Atk +9 melee (1d3 dmg, bite); SQ Darkvision 60 ft.; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will –3; Str 6, Dex 11, Con 10, Int —, Wis 2, Cha 4. CR 1.

Skills: Hide +23, Move Silently +15.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2.

One-Eyed Slime, Large Ooze

HD 2d10; 26 h.p.; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 9 (+10 Dex, –1 size); Atk +6 melee (1d8, slam) or +1 ranged (1d6, flung acidic goo, 10 ft. range); SQ Blindsight; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will –1; Str 20, Dex 10, Con 15, Int —, Wis 6, Cha 1. CR 2.

Skills: None.

Feats: None.

Special Qualities: Oozes are immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, and stunning. They have no clear front or back and are therefore not subject to critical hits.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4.

A Flapping Thing, Medium-size aberration

HD 2d8+2; 11 h.p.; Init +2; Spd 40 ft, 120 ft. flying (good); AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk +0 melee (1d3–1, 2 wing slams), –2 melee (2d4–1, bite); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., improved grab; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3; SZ M; Str 8, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 4. CR 2.

Skills: Hide +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Search +8, Spot +6.

Feats: Flyby Attack, Multiattack.

Special Qualities: Improved grab—If a flapping thing hits an opponent smaller than it with a bite attack, it deals normal damage and attempts to start a grapple as a free action without allowing its opponent a free attack. The creature uses its beak to hold the opponent. Assuming the victim doesn't break free on its action, the creature can automatically inflict 2d4–1 damage each round.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4.

Two-Legged Crawler, Tiny aberration

HD 1d8; 5 h.p.; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Atk +4 melee (1d4, bite); SQ Darkvision 60 ft.; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +2; SZ M; Str 4, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 4. CR 1.

Skills: Hide +16, Jump +1, Listen +4, Move Silently +8, Search +5, Spot +4.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite).

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3.

Two-Headed Snake Thing, Large-size aberration

HD 2d8+8; 17 h.p.; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 11 (+2 Dex, –1 size); Atk +4 melee (1d3+4, 4 claws), –1 melee (1d6+4, 2 bites); SQ Darkvision 60 ft.; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +3; SZ L; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 4. CR 3.

Skills: Hide +1, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Search +5, Spot +4.

Feats: Power Attack.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6.

A Flopping Limb, Small aberration

HD 1d8; 5 h.p.; Init +3; Spd 20 ft.; AC 14 (+3 Dex, +1 size); Atk +4 melee (1d3–1, flopping appendage); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., improved grab; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +1; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 4. CR 1.

Skills: Climb +2, Escape Artist +7, Hide +11, Jump +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +7, Spot +3.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (grapple).

Special Qualities: Improved Grab—If a flopping limb hits an opponent smaller than it with a slam attack, it deals normal damage and attempts to start a grapple as a free action without allowing its opponent a free attack. The creature uses its appendages to hold the opponent. Assuming the victim doesn't break free on its action, the creature can automatically strangle its victim for 1d3–1 damage each round.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d3

Torso Being, Small aberration

HD 2d8; 9 h.p.; Init +4; Spd 10 ft.; AC 15 (+4 Dex, +1 size); Atk +0 melee (1d6, bite); SQ Darkvision 60 ft.; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; SZ M; Str 6, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 4. CR 1.

Skills: Hide +12, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Spot +4.

Feats: None.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d3.

The Cackler, Small aberration

HD 2d8; 9 h.p.; Init +3; Spd 40 ft.; AC 15 (+3 Dex, +1 size, +1 natural); Atk +1 melee (1d3–1, 2 claws), –4 melee (1d6, bite); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., improved grab, pounce, rake; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +3; SZ S; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8. CR 2.

Skills: Climb +3, Hide +11, Jump +3, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Spot +4, Tumble +7.

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Finesse (claws).

Special Qualities:

Pounce (Ex): If the cackler leaps upon a foe during the first round of combat, it can make a full attack even if it has already taken a move action.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, the cackler must hit with its bite attack. If it gets a hold, it can automatically inflict 1d6 damage or rake with its claws each round.

Rake (Ex): If the cackler gets a hold, it can make two rake attacks (+1 melee) with its claws for 1d3+1 damage each.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4.

Fanged Salamander, Small aberration

HD 2d8; 9 h.p.; Init +0; Spd 40 ft., 80 ft. swim; AC 14 (+3 Dex, +1 size); Atk +4 melee (1d6, bite); SQ Darkvision 60 ft.; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +3; SZ S; Str 6, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 3, Wis 10, Cha 4. CR 2.

Skills: Hide +8, Move Silently +4, Swim +2.

Feats: None.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2.

Spawn of the Great Hall, Large aberration

2d8+6 HD; 15 h.p.; Init +1; Spd 50 ft.; Atk +3 melee (1d4+2, slam), +1 melee (2d6+2, bite); SQ Blindsight; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will 0; SZ L; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 6, Cha 4. CR 2.

Skills: Hide +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +6, Search +5, Spot +3, Wilderness Lore +3.

Feats: Multiattack, Track.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6.

Notes on Converting Spells

Augur

Substitute Augury.

Awake Abhoth

Components: V, S

Cost: 8 Con and 1d10+2 Sanity

Casting Time: 6 hours

Range: Unlimited (no line of sight needed)

Target: Abhoth

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

This spell awakens the sleeping god Abhoth for the great feast for which it waits. Unlike Call Deity, this spell does not bring Abhoth to the caster's location, although Abhoth is certainly aware of the caster and his whereabouts.

This spell was cut from the d20 version of the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Bind Enemy

This spell is found in the d20 core rulebook.

Blight Crop

Components: V, S

Cost: 6 Str and 1d4 San

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 50 miles

Target: One acre of vegetation

Duration: One season

Saving Throw: None

This spell causes one acre of vegetation to slowly wither and die. Blooding the witch who cast the spell stops its effect and allows the crop to recover. This spell can be reversed and used to enhance a crop.

The d100 version of this spell costs 12 magic points and 1d4 SAN.

Cause Blindness

Substitute Blind.

Charm Animal

[Mind-Affecting]

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Target: One person

Duration: 1 hour/level

Saving Throw: Will negates

This charm makes an animal regard you as its trusted friend and ally. If the creature is currently being threatened or attacked by you or your allies, it receives a +5 bonus on its saving throw.

The spell does not enable you to control the charmed animal as if it is an automaton, but it perceives your words and actions in the most favorable way. You can try to give the subject orders, but you must win an opposed Charisma check to convince it to do anything he wouldn't ordinarily do. (Retries not allowed.) A charmed animal never obeys suicidal or obviously harmful orders. Any act by you or your apparent allies that threatens the charmed animal breaks the spell. For the duration of this spell, the animal has a rudimentary understanding of your language, as though it had Int 3.

This spell is a variant of charm person or animal from the *D&D Players' Handbook.*

Call Horned Man

This is a contact deity spell for Nyarlathotep. When successful, this spell brings the Horned Man, a non-malignant form of Nyarlathotep. If the Horned Man appears at one of the believer ceremonies, he will choose one of the members to engage in a private "dance." This dance means different things to different people. Marie Bishop's dance with the Horned Man is distinctly different than Virginia Adams'. Being chosen to dance with the Horned Man grants 2 temporary points of Strength, Intelligence, or Wisdom for a full month. [d100 characters gain 1 permanent point of POW instead.] Individuals who have drunk of the fungus-based liquor made by Zebulon Whateley can see the Horned Man.

Death Spell

This spell is known as Death by Flames in the d20 system.

Dream Vision

This spell is a variant of nightmare. The caster has the option of sending a vision that doesn't cost San loss. Traditionally, the caster sends a dream with portents of a possible future.

Evil Eye

This spell is found in the d20 core rulebook.

Food of Life

Components: V, S, F

Cost: 10 Int and 1d8+1San

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: Touch

Target: You

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

This spell is used to unnaturally extend the life span of an individual. The ritual includes a cannibalistic feast. Successful use of the spell allows the individual to add a year of life for every 200 pounds of cooked human flesh he consumes. The caster must consume most of one human body as part of the ritual. Some versions of the spell allow the caster to gain a month of life for every 20 pounds of human flesh he consumes.

The d20 version of this spell originally appeared in Delta Green d20.

Freak Weather

This spell is a variant of Control Weather. The caster has no direct control over the effect, save for its location. The caster can cause the effects to manifest within two miles.

Healing

Substitute healing touch.

Implant Fear

Substitute mindblast.

Lame Animal

Components: V

Cost: 4 Str and 1d4 San

Casting Time: 1 hour

Range: 50 miles

Target: One animal

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will

This spell causes a horse or cow to suffer from painful inflamation of tendons and ligaments, effectively reducing its Strength and Dexterity by 6. The spell can be reserved to cure an animal affected by this spell or a similar affliction. The d100 version of this spell costs 10 magic points and 1d10 San.

Stop Heart

Substitute clutch of Nyogtha.

Warding

This spell is known as warding the evil eye in the d20 system.

Appendix 4:

Player Handouts

Dunwich Papers #1

Contacts in Aylesbury

The Aylesbury Transcript—
Editor Carver Daniels, reference

State Police Post—
Ask for Capt. Miller

Whateley's Attorney—
Peter Markovitch

Dunwich Papers 2

Contacts in Dunwich

Squire Whateley—
head of village

Joe Osborn—
owner of general store

The following people were witness to events involving myself, Dr. Morgan, and Professor Rice.

- Wesley Corey (508)
- Will Hutchins (434)
- Henry Wheeler (513)
- Earl Sawyer (504)
- George Corey (510)
- Curtis Whateley (502)
- Sam Hutchins (433)
- Fred Farr (303)

Places of Interest

- The Frye Ruins (505)
- Cold Spring Glen (Region 5)
- The Bishop Ruins (506)
- The Whateley Ruins (503)
- Sentinel Hill (Region 5)

Dunwich Papers #3

A Report by the Federal Draft Board (1917)

. . . Numerous cases of close family members inbreeding may be blamed for the general decline in the health and strength of the population. Illiteracy is extremely high. A sense of decay seems to hang in the very air. Under the circumstances it is impossible to establish the parentage of some individuals with any degree of certainty. Incest is frequent.

. . . In several cases the individual in question was discovered to have been dead for several years. Apparently no official records of these deaths exist.

. . . In one case, a young boy named Wilbur Whateley, this nearly consistent pattern of degeneracy was extremely marked. A quick examination of this individual was made by our physician, Major Crombley, which left the doctor shaken by his findings. Apparently the internal organs of the Whateley child were so badly displaced that Major Crombley experienced great difficulty in even finding a heartbeat. When finally located, the pulse was so rapid and erratic that Dr. Crombley later expressed doubts that the boy would survive to adulthood. The examination was interrupted by the boy's grandfather, an aged rustic, who, along with the boy's albino mother, ran us off the property.

In conclusion, it is the opinion of this board that no attempt has been made on the part of Squire Sawyer Whateley or the rest of the local board to avoid its obligations to national service. In fact, they might nearly be accused of processing inductees of questionable fitness. After having personally witnessed the conditions in the township, I recommend that the local board be released from the obligation of its normal quota and be advised to henceforth process as many healthy draftees as possible under the circumstances that prevail.

Dunwich Papers #5

(article dated 1917)

ARKHAM ADVERTISER

. . . Our guide, Earl Sawyer, pointed out the way as our motor bounced along the two-track "road" that wound along the edge of a dark, forested vale called Cold Spring Glen. Once past the glen the road curved to the right and we suddenly felt as though we had been swallowed up by the strange domed hills looming on either side of us.

The Whateley house itself is a huge and decaying edifice, over two centuries old and built into the very side of the hill. We stood and waited while Mr. Sawyer knocked at the door and called out. After a moment the door opened inward and we stood face to face with Old Noah Whateley, a man people hereabouts call a wizard.

And much like a wizard he looked, what with his long, stark white beard, and bearing in his gnarled hand a wooden staff covered with strange signs and numbers. At first we were refused an interview with the man's grandson but soon . . . .

. . . Aside from Wilbur's astonishing growth rate (although there is reason to believe that he is somewhat older than stated) he showed marked signs of high intelligence, despite a visage some would describe as less than promising.

Dunwich Papers #6

Excerpts from Wilbur Whateley's Diary

Oct. 31, 1926

The meddlesome one is gone. I carried her to the top of the hill last night and there chanted until They came. Others, not seen before, came with them but I was prepared.

Lavinia offered much resistance but was no match for the whole of us. She went miserably but it's now over. I disposed of ~~the~~ what was left in the usual manner.

November 2, 1925

Visited by the Squire and cousin Tristram today. They asked questions about the Streeter child and I told them I knew nothing. If only they could imagine what became of them I'm sure their poor minds would be blasted beyond recognition. Cousin Tristram looked in the old furnace but of course found nothing. They left soon after.

June 3, 1925

I found the way to the depths today and saw that One that dwells within the hills. Vast is He, but still asleep. I have been promised that He will awake when the time approaches. I have constructed a doorway that I may reach Him easier in the future.

February 18, 1924

An accident yesterday while grandfather and I were making the gold. Fortunately none of us were hurt. I will be happy when the Change comes and no longer will I have to do such things as this. Many in the village still lust after the secret of the gold but if they knew the truth of the future, gold would be like dust to them.

Dunwich Papers #4

Indian Tribes of Ancient Massachusetts, excerpt

. . . Among some of the more persistent tales told by the tribes native to north central Massachusetts is the story of the lost tribe called variously Chettawat or Quetowat. This tribe was supposed to have dwelt here long before any of the present-day Indians. According to the legend this ancient tribe was ruled by a group of black-robed priests who had been fathered by strange men who had come from across the great sea. These strange men had been led to this land through their dreams and said they had been told that this place was a paradise promised to them by their god.

This tribe began to worship this god, said to live beneath the hills, and the descendants of the black-robed men led the people. The legend holds that when the first white men came to these shores the tribe was in great fear. They prayed to their god and he answered their prayers, opening a door on top of a hill revealing a golden paradise where the people would be safe from the newcomers. All the people of the tribe entered the paradise, the door closed behind them and they were never seen again. The legend says they still dwell in a great city beneath the ground, built for them by the god that lives in the hills.

Dunwich Papers #7

Unaussprechlichen Kulten, excerpt

. . . Though not all the druids fell to the Roman swords. Long told is the tale of the eleven black robed men who set sail from the western shore of Hibernia in search of the place revealed to them in their dreams. They crossed the great ocean then unknown to man and after long days found the shore of a wild country. Sailing north beyond a great hook of land they found the shining river their dreams had spoken of. They followed it upstream to where the land grew dark with ancient trees and great hills. Here they discovered what they sought, the paradise of their dreams, far from their Roman persecutors. They brought the people of this land their wisdom and knowledge and taught them of the gods which were to be worshipped.

Dunwich Papers #9

from the *Aylesbury Transcript,* Dec. 1924

Murder Suspect Found Guilty!

A long and confusing murder trial was brought to and end today when Judge Orrin Crockett sentenced Matthew Potter to life imprisonment for the cold-blooded murder of Abner Brown, both residents of Dunwich township. Potter stood silent as the sentence was read but members of his family hooted and jeered the Honorable Judge Crockett, interrupting the proceedings. Temple Potter, the convicted man's son, had to be forcibly escorted from the courtroom before sentencing could be finished.

It will be remembered that Matthew Potter had been accused of murdering the elderly Brown while the latter was walking in the road near his home in Dunwich on last March 14th. Potter had apparently hidden behind some trees while awaiting his victim. As Brown passed by, Potter leapt upon him from behind, striking him repeatedly with a rock. Brown's body was found the following morning, lying in the road, left where he had been slain.

The irony of the story is that it appears that Brown was a victim of mistaken identity. Testimony from various witnesses seemed to establish that there had been a long-running feud between Potter and one Noah Whateley, also of the township of Dunwich, and since deceased. It is generally believed that Whateley had been Potter's intended victim. According to one witness, Potter had recently, while trespassing on Whateley's property, been shot at by the owner. Witnesses interviewed by this reporter claimed that Potter was searching for a treasure long rumored to be kept by this same Noah Whateley. Potter denied these allegations. The family of the deceased Noah Whateley declined to comment.

Dunwich Papers #8

DE VERMIIS MYSTERIIS, EXCERPT

THE PRIESTS AND WIZARDS OF HYPERBOREA, PERSECUTED BY THE RULING FACTION OF THE ELK-GODDESS, SOUGHT ESCAPE FROM THE LAND. DREAMS CAME TO SOME OF THEM, PROMISING REFUGE AND PEACE IN A LAND FAR TO THE WEST, INLAND FROM A GREAT HOOK OF LAND EXTENDED INTO THE SEA. THROUGH A SERIES OF MYSTICAL PORTALS THE HYPERBOREANS FOUND THEIR WAY TO THIS PLACE AND HERE BUILT A GREAT COLONY THEY CALLED KRANNORIA WHERE THEY COULD WORSHIP AS THEY WOULD. FOR MANY CENTURIES KRANNORIA WAS A THING OF BEAUTY AND GRACE BUT THE STARS CHANGED AND THE COLONY FELL TO A GREAT DOOM. IT IS SAID THAT IN A SINGLE NIGHT THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF KRANNORIA DISAPPEARED.

Dunwich Papers #10

from the *Aylesbury Transcript,* Feb. 7, 1928

Dunwich Man Arrested After Standoff With Police

Police yesterday took into custody Mr. Temple Potter after a brief standoff at the man's home in Dunwich Township. Potter was wanted in connection with the supposed abduction of Lindy Perkins, a twelve year old girl who lives near the Potter farm. Witnesses say that Potter, armed with a shotgun, held off four State Police officers for nearly an hour before he was finally persuaded to give himself up. Potter's two cousins were also in the house at the time but apparently took no part in the standoff. After questioning, the two were released. Temple Potter was taken into custody.

The Perkins girl, it may be remembered, disappeared six days ago, while walking to town on an errand. Both the Perkins and the Potter farms are located southeast of the village of Dunwich in the vicinity of Indian Hill. Massive search efforts were made but to no avail. Two days ago the girl was found wandering in a field, apparently not too worse for wear. However, when questioned, she was unresponsive and seemed unable to speak. She has since been released from the hospital and allowed to return home but has yet to utter a word.

It is theorized by police that Potter held the girl captive in his home until releasing her on the 24th. Police believe she had been freed only hours before she was discovered in the field. A witness is rumored to have seen the girl at the house during the period of her disappearance but his identity is being kept secret.

Dunwich Papers #11

from the *Aylesbury Transcript,*
Sept. 15, 17, & 21, 1928

Five State Police Officers Missing

It was learned today that five Massachusetts State Police officers who had been dispatched to Dunwich have failed to return. Additional officers were sent to investigate and although they found the abandoned car, no trace of the missing policemen was discovered. Listed as missing are officers Crawford Hoover, Tuttle Woodbine, Peter Starck, Bradford Gamble, and Roger Axwater.

Five Missing Officers Believed Dead

An unverified report today claims that the bodies of the five missing police officers have been recovered and delivered to the morgue at Aylesbury Hospital. There is no word on the cause of their deaths. The officers have been missing for two days.

Missing Police Officers Confirmed Dead!

It was announced today that the five missing state police officers are dead. Killed in the line of duty were officers Roger Axwater, Bradford Gamble, Crawford Hoover, Peter Starck, and Sergeant Tuttle Woodbine. As first reported in this paper, the officers' bodies were discovered four days ago in Dunwich and secretly returned to Aylesbury. The bodies were found at the bottom of Cold Spring Glen, located just west of Dunwich.

Assistant Coroner Dr. Houghton stated that the bodies were badly burned and has ruled that the cause of the officer's deaths was a massive stroke of lightning which apparently struck the bottom of the glen. Dr. Houghton declined to explain the delay in announcing the deaths of the officers.

Dunwich Papers #12

Coroner's Report on the Five Police Officers

In general the bodies of the officers appear to have been physically separated, the largest fragment weighing slightly less than 2 pounds, 2 ounces. While the combined weight of the five officers was something around 898 pounds, the total weight of the tissue and bone retrieved from the glen weighs slightly more than 200 pounds, indicating a loss of nearly 700 pounds. The tissue was thoroughly cleansed of blood, due to unusually heavy rains, accounting for some loss of total weight. Most of the fragments show evidence of burns and it can only be assumed that the deaths were caused by a lightning stroke of massive proportion. Only this amount of power could so thoroughly dismember and actually melt five human beings.

Dental fragments and a few surviving portions of fingerprints positively identify four of the officers. The fifth, Axwater, could not be absolutely identified but under the circumstances it is not to be wondered at. In some instances only a single tooth or partial fingerprint was used to identify an individual and it is not surprising that no identifiable fragment of one of the men could be found. The Office of the Coroner is convinced beyond a doubt that the remains of all five officers have been discovered.

Dunwich Papers #13

Police Reports Regarding the Missing Officers

. . . The five officers, dispatched to investigate a reported disturbance at the Elmer Frye farm in Dunwich, were last seen on the morning of Sept. 14, 1928.

. . . On the morning of September 15th several calls were made to Dunwich but the switchboard was constantly busy. Later, there was no answer. A car with four officers was then dispatched but experienced mechanical difficulties which forced it to return to the station, arriving back here after dark. Telephone contact was later made and it was learned that the five officers had not been seen since the afternoon of Sept. 14.

. . . On the morning of Sept. 16 investigating officers contacted one Elam Hutchins who led the officers to the Frye farm. The farmhouse was in ruins and the abandoned police vehicle found parked nearby. According to Hutchins, the officers had left the car to investigate a wide, cleared path leading down into a neighboring glen.

. . . At the bottom of the glen, near a spot the locals call Rocky Falls, what are now thought to be the remains of the five missing officers were discovered. The assistant coroner, Dr. Houghton, was contacted and after making an initial examination ordered the remains brought back to Aylesbury.

. . . Official cause of death: Lightning stroke. Case closed.

"All Rumors Are True!"

Chaosium Gazette

2002 EDITION, VOL. 4

RECENT 2002 RELEASES

d20 Cthulhu GM Screen

#8801 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-159-X

CORE ITEM FOR PLAYERS AND GAMEMASTERS — This essential supplement for the d20 edition of Call of Cthulhu contains the most important tables & rules synopses to make d20 Cthulhu game sessions easier & more enjoyable for the GM. Includes the 32 page adventure "The Lost temple of Yig", character sheets, NPC records, Monster Sheets, conversion notes between d20 Call of Cthulhu and the Classic Basic Roleplaying Call of Cthulhu, and more. Official d20 Call of Cthulhu errata. Includes the Vanguard Club, a prestigious exploration society.

The D20 Cthulhu GM Screen is fully compatible with the d20 version of CALL OF CTHULHU published by Wizard's of the Coast, produced under license from Chaosium Inc.

Features:

- Sturdy three-fold screen will stand up to years of use.
- A complete 32 page d20 Call of Cthulhu adventure by Aaron Rosenberg.
- Based upon the writings of H.P. Lovecraft and his circle of Cthulhu Mythos writers.
- Fully compatible with the d20 Call of Cthulhu published by Wizard's of the Coast produced under license from Chaosium Inc.
- Official guidelines for converting Chaosium's Classic Call of Cthulhu adventures and sourcebooks to d20 Call of Cthulhu - so d20 GM's can use previously printed adventures and sourcebooks for their d20 Cthulhu campaigns.
- The only d20 GM screen published for Call of Cthulhu d20.

Slaves of Fate

#2018 $15.95 ISBN 1-56882-154-9

Far out to sea, captive on an Vilmirian slave ship, the adventurers' troubles are just beginning. If judged worthy they are destined for the slave markets of corrupt and terrifying Pan Tang, If not, they will be callously slaughtered at sea, their souls left for the dread undead galleys of the god Pyaray, Tentacled Whisperer of Impossible Secrets.

While struggling to escape before matters get any worse, the Chaos goddess Eequor, Blue Lady of Dismay, takes an interest in the adventurers' plight. Their fates are forever changed. A d20 adventure for character for levels 1-3.

The Book of Eibon

#6026 $17.95 ISBN 1-56882-129-8

Tales of lore tell of the *Book of Eibon*, a tome so ancient that it was originally written in the Hyperborean language of Tsath-Yo, long before Atlantis was born from the sea. It goes by dozens of names and predates even the *Necronomicon* and *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*. Now, Chaosium reveals the true secrets of the *Book of Eibon* for the first time.

The contents of the *Book of Eibon* are primarily the work of Clark Ashton Smith, one of the most famous authors of *Weird Tales* and the inventor of the *Book of Eibon*, as well as Lin Carter, esteemed fantasy and horror editor Robert Price, Richard Tierney, Joseph Pulver, and a number of other authors have helped complete the text, resulting in a tome that reveals all the secrets of the Cthulhu Mythos, from the history of the first alien races to come to Earth, to the histories of the Elder Magi of Hyperborea, and the and the story of Eibon's life and death.

H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands

#2394 $34.95 ISBN 1-56882-157-3

We all dream. For some, dreams can become reality. H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands provides everything needed for Call of Cthulhu investigators to travel down the seven hundred steps, through the Gates of Deeper Slumber, and into the realm of dreams. Includes a travelogue of the dreamlands, a huge gazetteer, dreamlands character creation rules, over thirty prominent NPC's, over 60 monsters who dwell within the dreamlands, descriptions of the dreamlands gods and their cults, six adventures to help jump start a dreamlands campaign, and a new full-color fold out map of the Dreamlands by Andy Hopp. 256 pages; Hardcover.

COMING SOON FOR CALL OF CTHULHU

The Creature Companion

#2375 $21.95 ISBN 1-56882-133-6

We are not alone. The universe teems with life. We name them Outer Gods, Elder Gods, Great Old Ones, Avatars, Servitor Races, Independent Races, and they are all either malevolent or uncaring.

This monstrous collection is a compendium of creatures, drawn together from fiction spanning over seventy years and from over ten years of Call of Cthulhu scenarios. Learn the secrets of the monsters of the mythos.

Parts of this book were originally published as Ye Booke of Monstres I and II. This new volume also contains: several new creatures; the field notes of Sir Hansen Poplan; and four color plates featuring Azathoth's court, Cthulhu, the Haunter of the Dark, and Shub-Niggurath.

WWW.CHAOSIUM.COM

H. P. Lovecraft's
Miskatonic University™

#2389 $39.95 ISBN 1-56882-140-9

A 1920's HARDBACK GUIDE—A sourcebook detailing the campus, courses, students and personnel of one of the world's most prestigious institutions of deeper learning. Filled with data on various University departments and professors, this book weaves the details drawn from Lovecraft's Mythos tales with the Call of Cthulhu game background to create an indispensible sourcebook.

Keeper's Companion II

#2395 $23.95 ISBN 1-56882-186-7

A CORE BOOK FOR KEEPERS, VOL. 2—New to Call of Cthulhu? A battle-scarred veteran of many campaigns? Here are essential background articles useful to most keepers.

"The History Behind Prohibition" - A lengthy article bringing anti-alcohol advocates, law enforcement, gangsters, rum-runners, and consumers into focus. Lots of good stories.

"The Keeper's Master List of Call of Cthulhu Scenarios" - Lists are alphabetical by the following topics: scenario era; creature / maniacs / great old ones; legendary heroes and villains; cults / sects / secret societies; Mythos tomes; fictitious locations; and Mythos books from publishers other than Chaosium.

"Iron: a Survey of Civilian Small Arms Used in the 1890's, 1920's, and the Present". Practicalities of firearms; common malfunctions; new skills Handloading and Gunsmithing. Firearms considered are likely to be encountered or thought specially useful by investigators. Insightful discussions of nine specific rifles, five shotguns, ten handguns, a sniper rifle, and the Thompson submachine gun. Hot load damage values for most weapons, along with comparative ratings for noise, maintenance, powder, reloading per round, more, plus standard stats.

"Medical Examiner's Report" discusses the unusual corpse recovered by the Essex County Sheriff's Department, as does "Dr. Lippincot's Diary" from another point of view. Also a short article on deep one / human reproduction.

Brian Sammon's "Mythos Collector" submits write-ups for the Book of Iod, Chronike von Nath, Confessions of the Mad Monk Clinthanus, Letters of Nestar, The Nyhargo Codex, Soul of Chaos, Testament of Carnamago, The Tunneler Below, Visions From Yaddith, Von denen Verdammten, as well as for more than a dozen new spells.

And More: - "Mythos ex Machina" gathers about forty examples of alien technology from Cthulhu supplements. Gordon Olmstead-Dean outlines the odd connections between H. P. Lovecraft and the Satanists HPL never knew, in "LaVey, Satanism, and the Big Squid". Closing articles consider zeppelins in reality and game. Indexed.

Pulp Cthulhu

#8800 $29.95 ISBN 1-56882-159-X

A CORE SOURCE BOOK FOR d20 CALL OF CTHULHU—In 1933, the world lies in economic ruin and political chaos. A brave few fight a secret war on behalf of humanity. Alone or in small bands, anonymous heroes battle unspeakable cults, mad scientists, and their monstrous allies. Daring men and women are all that stand between us and those who seek to unleash dark horrors upon our planet. Their hard-won victories may yet save us. This is their story.

PULP CTHULHU presents background and adventures for the decade of the 1930's, melding the classic Chaosium CALL OF CTHULHU setting with the new CALL OF CTHULHU d20 rules from Wizard's of the Coast. It provides guidelines for the use of cults, mad scientists, and pulp heroes in a classic game of Lovecraftian Horror. It explains how to create secret societies of investigators devoted to fighting the Mythos, and details three such groups, ready-made for dropping into any ongoing CALL OF CTHULHU campaign that has reached the fateful year of 1929. Finally, it provides three adventures involving pulp action in 1930's settings, including Shanghai.

PULP CTHULHU is fully compatible with upcoming version of CALL OF CTHULHU published by Wizard's of the Coast, produced under license from Chaosium Inc.

Secrets of San Francisco

#2378 $16.95 ISBN 1-56882-136-0

For some, San Francisco is the Paris of the West, where immigrants and outcasts reinvent themselves to make a cosmopolitan haven for refugees of every nation—and all their gods. For others, it is the golden gateway to the inscrutable Orient, and the unwitting heir to many of its darkest mysteries. But for those who know where to look, The City is a house of doorways, leading to secrets beneath the Earth and sea, and outside time and space.

This book will give you all the background essential for a 1920's Bay Area campaign, including history, maps, research venues, scenario hooks, and the outlandish urban legends that make San Francisco unique among all the cities of the world.

Secrets of Japan

#2392 $27.95 ISBN 1-56882-156-5

MODERN-DAY EXPLORATION OF THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN—As we start the twenty-first century few corners of the world remain unexplored and unilluminated by the lamp of reason in this scientific age. The fewer places there are to hide, the more bewildering and shocking the experience when we suddenly face cosmic terror.

In this meticulously-researched sourcebook you will find a comprehensive portrayal of the culture, history, and people of Japan presented in a Lovecraftian setting. SECRETS FOF JAPAN presents a new world of possibilities for keepers and investigators wishing to take their adventures East.

COMING SOON FOR
CALL OF CTHULHU FICTION

Encyclopedia Cthulhiana

#6022 $16.95 ISBN 1-56882-119-0

The Cthulhu Mythos was first created by H.P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), a Providence author considered by many to be the finest horror story writer of the twentieth century. Lovecraft's tales are a blend of fantasy, science fiction, and horror, with the latter being especially prominent. His tales describe a pantheon of powerful beings known as the Great Old Ones.

Since Lovecraft's time the Cthulhu Mythos has grown exponentially, until it has become increasingly difficult to keep track of, even for devoted fans. Many writers have contributed to it, including Robert E. Howard, Robert Bloch, Brian Lumley, and Stephen King. This book is the

WWW.CHAOSIUM.COM

first major attempt in many years to provide a comprehensive guide to H.P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos.

This second edition of *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana* has been extensively revised and contains over a hundred and fifty additional pages and scores of new entries. New features includes thumbnail illustrations of the most important signs and symbols and a timeline of the Cthulhu Mythos spanning billions of years. Many entries have been revised to reflect our latest understanding of the Mythos, and the infamous *Necronomicon* appendix has been greatly expanded. Also present for the first time is "A Brief History of the Cthulhu Mythos", which examines the evolution of the genre from the 1920's to today.

The Necronomicon, 2nd edition

#6034 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-162-X

EXPANDED AND CORRECTED—Although skeptics claim that the *Necronomicon* is a fantastic tome created by H. P. Lovecraft, true seekers into the esoteric mysteries of the world know the truth: the *Necronomicon* is the blasphemous tome of forbidden knowledge written by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred. Even today, after attempts over the centuries to destroy any and all copies in any language, some few copies still exist, secreted away.

Within this book you will find stories about the *Necronomicon*, different versions of the *Necronomicon*, and two essays on this blasphemous tome. Nearly 600 pages.

Disciples of Cthulhu II

#6033 $13.95 ISBN 1-56882-143-3

Bad things tend happen to people who go where they are not wanted, or who over-stay their welcome once they reach their destination. This book contains thirteen new personal explorations of the Cthulhu Mythos. As its title suggests, this is a companion volume to Edward P. Berglund's earlier classic Mythos collection, *The Disciples of Cthulhu*. Both books are published by Chaosium, but their contents are entirely different. All of the stories in Cthulhu II are original and have never been published before. All the stories record the dire fates of people whose destinies intertwine with the Mythos.

The White People & Other Tales

#6035 $14.95 ISBN 1-56882-147-6

THE BEST WEIRD TALES OF ARTHUR MACHEN, VOL 2.—Born in Wales in 1863, Machen was a London journalist for much of his life. Among his fiction, he may be best known for the allusive, haunting title story of this book, "The White People", which H. P. Lovecraft thought to be the second greatest horror story ever written (after Blackwood's "The Willows"). This wide ranging collection also includes the crystalline novelette "A Fragment of Life", the "Angel of Mons" (a story so coolly reported that it was imagined true by millions in the grim initial days of the Great War), and "The Great Return", telling of the stately visions which graced the Welsh village of Llantristant for a time. Four more tales and the poetical "Ornaments in Jade" are all finely told. This is the second of three Machen volumes edited by S. T. Joshi and published by Chaosium; the first volume is *The Three Impostors*. 312 pages.

RECOMMENDED TITLES
CALL OF CTHULHU

Adventures in Arkham Country

#2342 $19.95 ISBN 1-56882-004-6

FIVE ADVENTURES IN LOCVECRAFT COUNTRY—There is, in the state of Massachusetts, a valley along a river called the Miskatonic. It is shunned by its neighbors, for it's cities are the focus of many dark legends. Dream-filled Kingsport, decadent Dunwich, Falcon Point, witch Haunted Arkham, and ruined Innsmouth are all spoken of only in whispers lest one be overheard. Few realize that the whispered legends of the Miskatonic Valley hide truths more sinister yet.

Within this book you will find five adventures running the length of the Miskatonic Valley. Investigators can visit Arkham, Bolton, Dunwich, Falcon Point, Kingsport, and even the Dreamlands. Ancient temples, degenerate deep ones, strange disappearances, and a murderous sorcerer are just some of the perils travelers in Arkham Country will face.

This supplement is part of our Lovecraft Country series of gamebooks, which features background and adventures in Lovecraft's Miskatonic Valley. Other books in the series include *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham, Escape from Innsmouth (#2371), Dead Reckonings (#2373)*, and *Before The Fall (#2377)*.

Escape From Innsmouth, Second Edition

#2371 $22.95 ISBN 1-56882-115-8

FIVE INTERWOVEN ADVENTURES, FOR EXPERIENCED PLAYERS—Innsmouth was once a prosperous trading town located on the north coast of Massachusetts. Early in the 19th century her great sailing ships traveled the world in search of trade and treasure. A series of mishaps brought the town to the brink of financial ruin, but it was saved when Captain Obed Marsh discovered a secret source of gold among the islands of the South Pacific. Some whisper that old Obed Marsh made a pact with the devil. The truth is much more sinister.

Escape from Innsmouth details Lovecraft's New England town of Innsmouth. A comprehensive atlas of the town is supplemented with complete statistics for numerous townspeople.

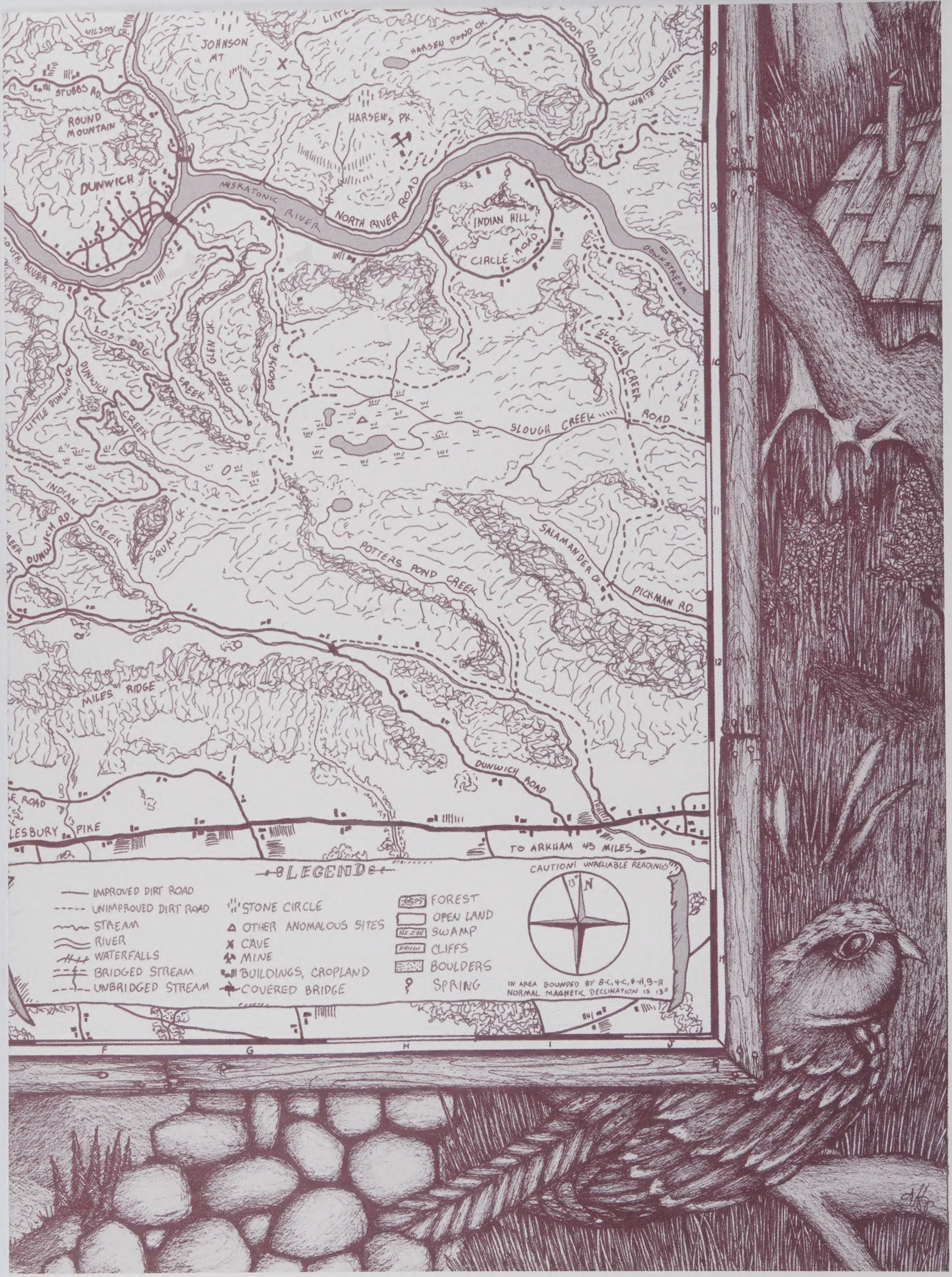
Unseen Masters

#2384 $23.95 ISBN 1-56882-120-4

AWARD-WINNING MODERN-DAY ADVENTURE—Three mini-campaigns set in modern New York State lead investigators through serial murder investigations, madness, and into the middle of an ancient conflict between bitter rivals. Along the way investigators will be aided by mysterious allies, face the Cult of the Sacred Light and the Black Brotherhood, and confront immortal horrors beyond time and space. These three scenarios can be combined to form a modern NY state campaign.

Unseen Masters won both the the ***Mary Seeman Award***, given by the University of Toronto for outstanding achievement in Psychiatry and the Humanities; and the ***Origins Award*** for Best Roleplaying Adventure.

WWW.CHAOSIUM.COM


WILSON CK.
JOHNSON MT
HARSEN POND CK.
HOOK ROAD
WHITE CREEK
STUBBS RD.
ROUND MOUNTAIN
HARSEN'S PK.
DUNWICH
MISKATONIC RIVER
NORTH RIVER ROAD
INDIAN HILL
CIRCLE ROAD
DOWNSTREAM
SOUTH RIVER RD.
LOST DOG CREEK
DEEP GLEN CK.
GROUSE CK.
LITTLE DUNWICH CK.
DUNWICH CREEK
SLOUGH CREEK ROAD
SLOUGH CREEK
INDIAN CREEK
DUNWICH RD.
SQUAW CK.
SALAMANDER CK.
POTTERS POND CREEK
PICKMAN RD.
MILES RIDGE
DUNWICH ROAD
AYLESBURY PIKE
TO ARKHAM 45 MILES
LEGEND
IMPROVED DIRT ROAD
UNIMPROVED DIRT ROAD
STREAM
RIVER
WATERFALLS
BRIDGED STREAM
UNBRIDGED STREAM
STONE CIRCLE
OTHER ANOMALOUS SITES
CAVE
MINE
BUILDINGS, CROPLAND
COVERED BRIDGE
FOREST
OPEN LAND
SWAMP
CLIFFS
BOULDERS
SPRING
CAUTION! UNRELIABLE READINGS
13°
N
IN AREA BOUNDED BY 8-C, 4-C, 8-H, 9-H
NORMAL MAGNETIC DECLINATION IS 13°
F
G
H
I
J
8
9
10
11
12
13
14

H. P. Lovecraft's

DUNWICH

Dunwich is a small village located along the Miskatonic, upriver from Arkham. Until 1806, Dunwich was a thriving community, boasting many mills and the powerful Whateley family.

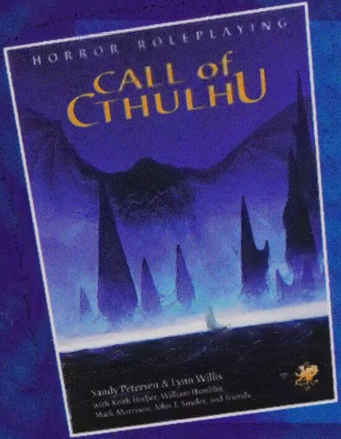
Those among the Whateleys came to know dark secrets about the world, and they fell into the worship of unwholesome creatures from other times and places. Retreating to the hills and forests surrounding the town, they betrayed their uncorrupted kin.

Prosperity fled, and a dark despair seized the people. What remains is a skeleton town, mills closed, its citizens without hope or future. However, secrets of the Mythos survive, to be discovered by brave and enterprising investigators.

H.P. Lovecraft's DUNWICH begins with "The Dunwich Horror," Lovecraft's masterful tale of life in the town and its surrounds. It expands upon the story with extensive information about the town: pertinent buildings, useful people, and important locations are described in detail. A 17x22" map depicts the area for miles around, and two scenarios are included. All statistics and gameplay notes for d20 Cthulhu are also provided.

CALL OF CTHULHU

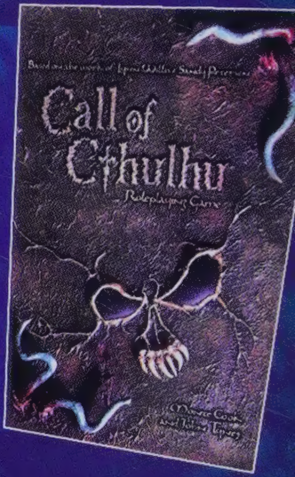
HORROR SOURCEBOOK



Over a hundred supplements have been created for this award-winning game, now available in Chaosium's classic hardback edition and the new d20 System edition.

ONE WORLD, TWO SYSTEMS

This book is usable for all *CALL OF CTHULHU* players, whether you enjoy Chaosium's classic edition or the new d20 Cthulhu. Upcoming titles in this line explore locales such as *H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham* and *H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport*, and include *Pulp Cthulhu*, our 1930's sourcebook, and the just-released *D20 Cthulhu Gamemaster Pack*.

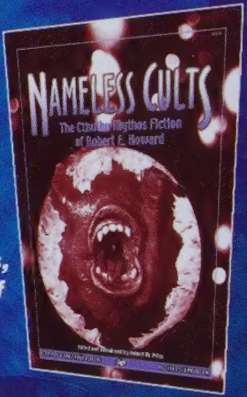


CTHULHU FICTION

THE BOOK OF EIBON

There are now thirty books in the well received *Call of Cthulhu®* fiction line. Some titles trace the evolution of Mythos concepts such as Hastur, Nyarlathotep, and Cthulhu. Others are all-new short story anthologies. Still others are single-author collections spotlighting individual masters of horror and fantasy. Very popular selections include the award-winning *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana* and *The Necronomicon.*

Among the newest releases are *The Book of Eibon, Nameless Cults*, and *Song of Cthulhu*. New books are coming: watch for *Disciples of Cthulhu II, The Tsathoggua Cycle*, our second Arthur Machen volume *The White People and Other Tales*, and more.



ISBN 1-56882-164-6
52595
9 781568 821641
0802-8802CH25.95 • MADE IN USA

Chaosium Inc.
900 Murmansk St., Oakland CA 94607
www.chaosium.com

BRP™
A Basic Roleplaying Game

d20 system

'd20 System' and the d20 System logo are trademarks owned by Wizards of the Coast and are used with permission.
'Call of Cthulhu' is a trademark of Chaosium Inc.